Sept. 30, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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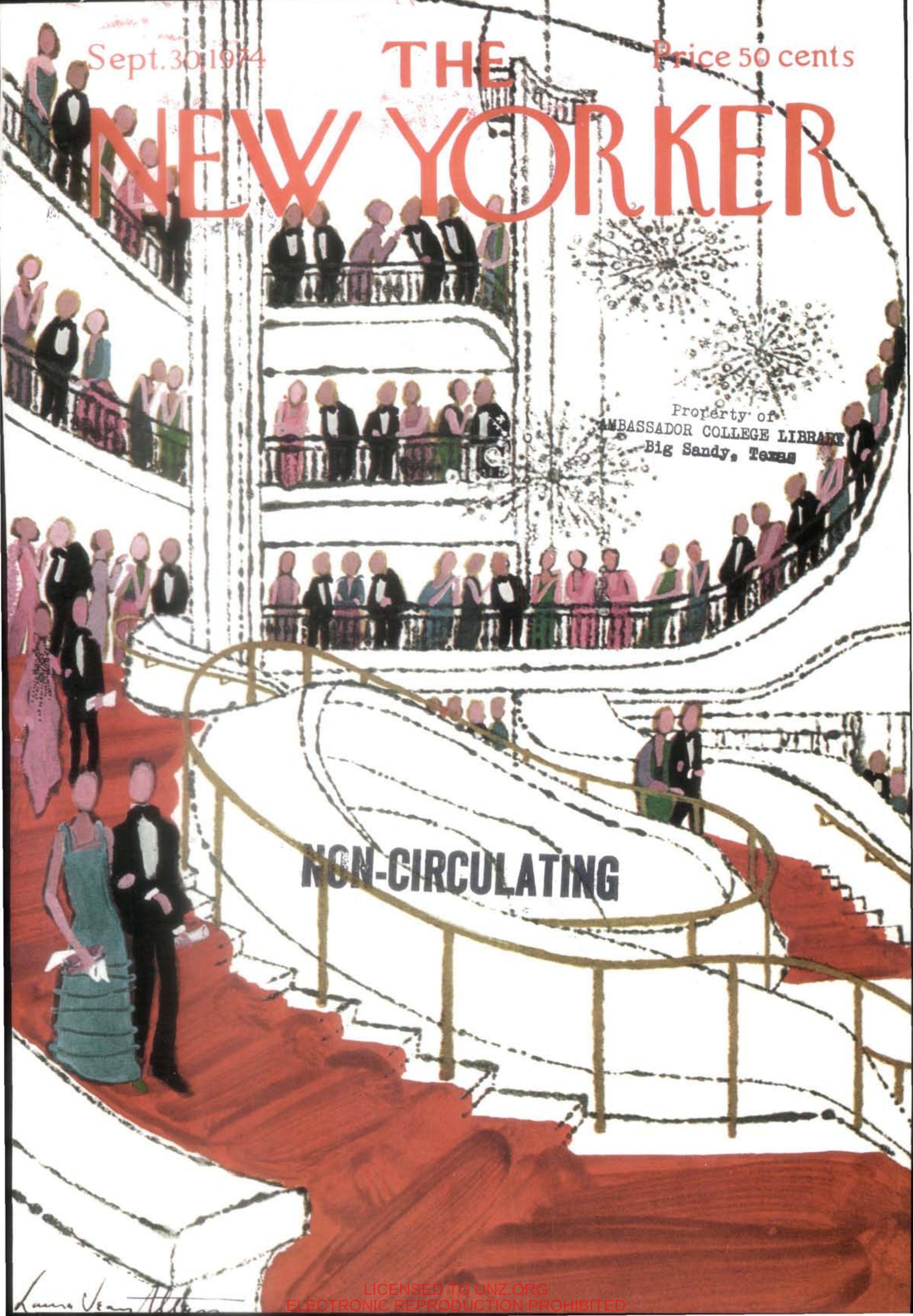

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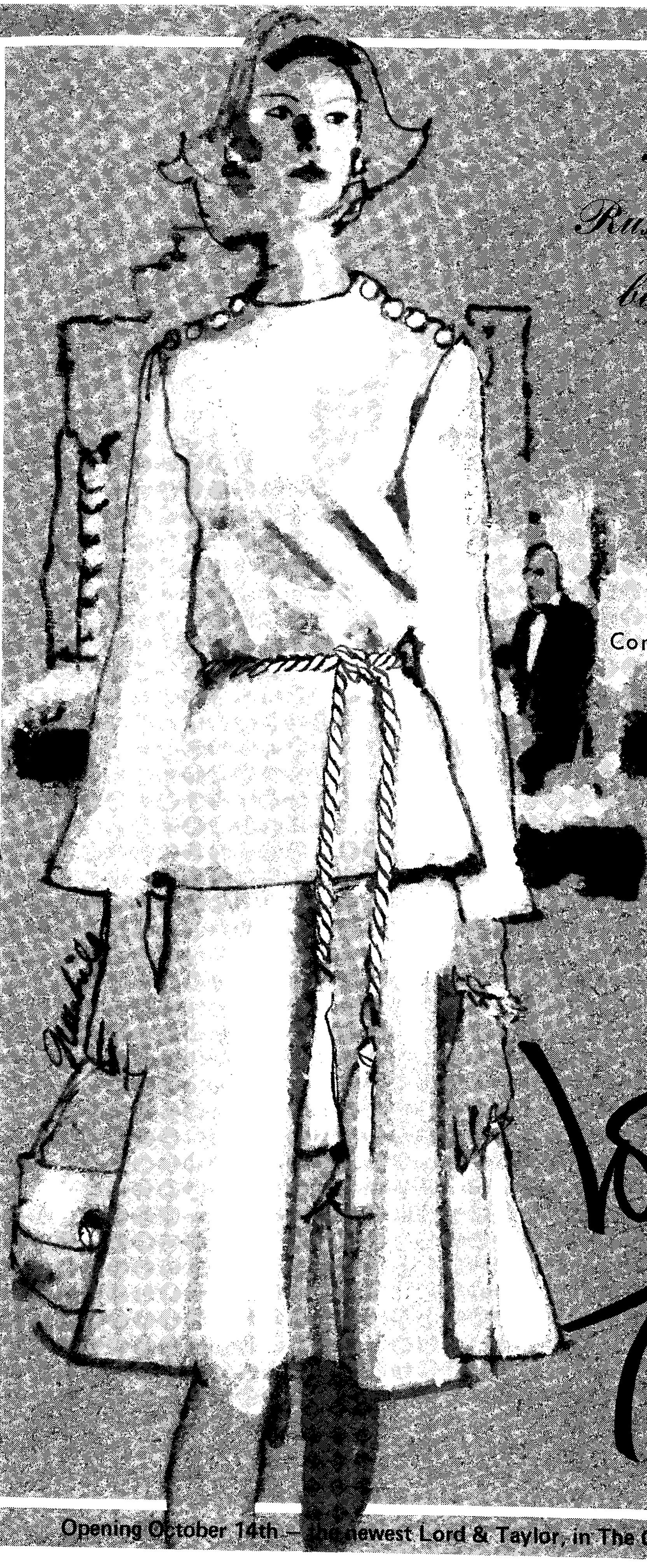

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 5.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—The American Shakespeare Theatre's eight-week revival of Tennessee Williams' play. Elizabeth Ashley, Keir Dullea, Fred Gwynne, and Kate Reid head a cast directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gypsy—Angela Lansbury in a ten-week engagement of the musical taken from Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography, with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Directed by Mr. Laurents. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea and Jason—The Robinson Jeffers version of the Euripides play, adapted and directed by Eugenie Leontovich. With Maria Aho, Richmond F. Johnson, and Lilia Skala. Previews Friday through Tuesday, Sept. 27-Oct. 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naomi Court—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. Reopens Friday, Sept. 27. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Ted Schwartz in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,001 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays

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DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., James Stevenson, Frank Modell, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, Stan Hunt, Leslie Starke, George Booth, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, Syd Hoff, Robert Weber, Dean Vietor, Henry Martin, Nurit Karlin, William O'Brian, William Hamilton, Edward Koren*

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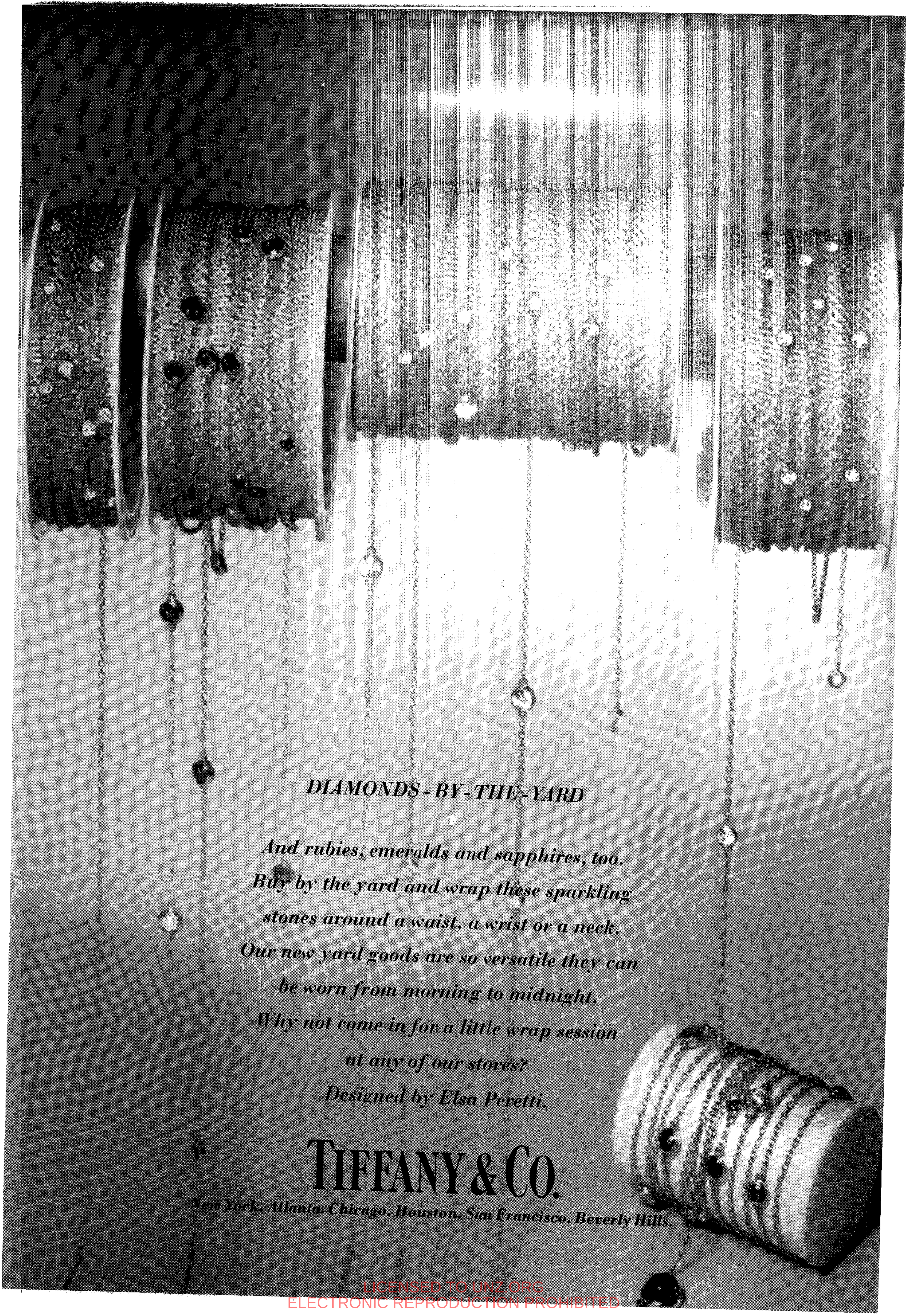*DIAMONDS - BY - THE - YARD*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies." Opens Thursday, Sept. 26, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 6. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra performances Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 10:30 A.M.)

DANCE

SLASK—A Polish folk troupe of a hundred and twenty singers, dancers, and musicians, in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 2-4, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

CHET BAKER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

BARBARA CARROLL—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, through Saturday, Sept. 28.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

GIL EVANS—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, at ten, through Sunday, Sept. 29.

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Violin, with the Diz Disley trio, beginning Monday, Sept. 30.

SONNY GREER / RUSSELL PROCOPE / BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

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TINY GRIMES—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

LEE KONITZ—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three. . . . ¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

ELLIS LARKINS—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

PEGGY LEE—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Singing at dinner and supper, except Sundays and Mondays.

JUNIOR MANCE—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, from nine to three, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

SONNY ROLLINS—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, through Saturday, Sept. 28.

JIMMY ROWLES—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 1.

ZOOT SIMS—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax, with guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, from nine-thirty to one, through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). With pianist Dave McKenna, drummer Ray Mosca, and bassist Major Holley. From nine-fifteen to one, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 1.

MEL TORMÉ—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Sept. 28.

McCOY TYNER—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 1.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

DICK WELLSTOOD—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with trumpeter Billy Butterfield, saxophonist Kenny Davern, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole. From nine-fifteen to one, through Saturday, Sept. 28.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains comfortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, even a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, and portraits of sailing ships. Pianist Cedar Walton's trio performs Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff features reliable, straight-ahead jazz most every night from nine to three. Junior Mance, who plays a vigorously bluesy piano, leads a trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Tenor saxophonist David Schnitter, a young bop traditionalist, works with a quartet Sunday, Sept. 29, and Tuesday, Oct. 1. On Monday, Sept. 30, the Cedar Walton quartet takes over.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A goodly portion of the seating here—sometimes as much as fifty per cent and more—is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house or sell out the shows and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. The club is closed on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25-26, but reopens to present folk-rocker Tom Rush and singer Diana Marcovitz Friday through Sunday, Sept. 27-29. Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, Esther Phillips, a blues singer with a style reminiscent of Dinah Washington, alternates with New York City, a fledgling rhythm-and-blues group. On Thursday, Oct. 3, guitarist Pat Martino, a highly acclaimed young jazzman, comes in opposite the invigorating Joe Farrell jazz quartet. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the musical collaborations of pianist Jimmy Rowles, who plays with a singular harmonic sense and a near-Tatum-light touch, and bassist Bill Takas. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. While that drummer (and proprietor) is away on a three-month tour of Japan and Europe, another drummer, Grady Tate, has charge of a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 28. Starting Monday, Sept. 30, jazz violinist Stephane Grappelli, having come over from Europe, will play with the Diz Disley trio opposite a trio led by saxophonist Ronnie Scott, who is on leave from his London club. Two shows Mondays through Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—What might easily pass for a peaceable room of aging dignity, were it not for its spirited musical offerings. There are upholstered side chairs, love seats at tables, and a line of banquettes flanking pastel muralled walls. Barbara Carroll, who plays a solid, full-bodied piano, is assisted by a bassist through Saturday, Sept. 28. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, Bobby Short and his loyal sidemen, drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer, return to reëstablish their reign here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools decorate this often highly animated establishment. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffi-

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'ULTIMA' II / CHARLES REVSON

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dent strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Benny Moten, play together from eight to one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman admirably presides over the keyboard. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Alaina Reed, a young, vivacious singer, is onstage at nine and midnight through Saturday, Sept. 28. Wayland Flowers, a puppeteer, starts performing on Thursday, Oct. 3. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with the late Duke Ellington from 1919 to 1951 and who looks and sounds about twenty years younger than his age; Russell Procope (on alto saxophone and clarinet), who served the Ellington reed section well from 1945; and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard graduate and former student of Willie the Lion Smith. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Alto-sax master Lee Konitz is here from nine-thirty with his trio on Mondays and Tuesdays, as is Lynn Crane, who sings along. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gene Roland's quartet plays from six to nine. Snacks.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, with black-tied waiters and a gowned-and-jewelled hostess, this club offers a somewhat formal setting for jazz. Sonny Rollins, still a hard-driving tenor saxophonist, occasionally lapses into rock as he works with his young, spirited quartet. Guitarist Attila Zoller alternates with him through Saturday, Sept. 28. On Sundays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing sextet led by clarinettist Art Miller, has the place to itself. Music from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and nine-thirty to three-thirty Fridays through Sundays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward, whose fastidious piano musings pour out into the street through an open doorway, is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine drops in to sing. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Eddie Locke, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. On Sundays, the Frankie Dash quartet turns up. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The ownership of this rock, folk, and blues café has recently changed, and it appears—for the moment, anyway—that the club is alive and stands a respectable chance of fully recuperating. Banjo wizard Eric Weissberg leads his half-rock, half-bluegrass, often half-together band called Deliverance through Monday, Sept. 30. Folklorist and singer of old-fashioned bawdy songs Oscar Brand trades sets with Weissberg and company. On Wednesday, Oct. 2, Buzzy Linhart, a buffoonish folk-rocker, begins scatting, yodelling, and singing, in alternation with Randy Richards' rock assemblage. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

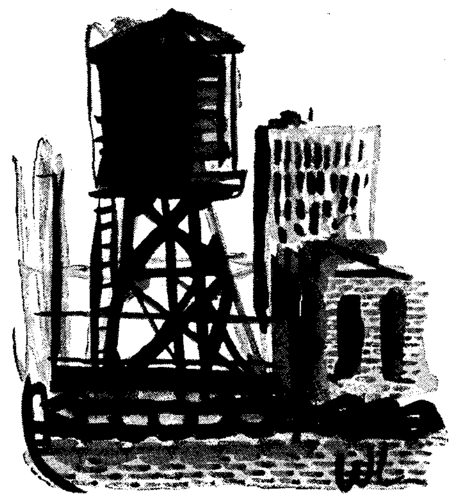
MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century with music that comes from much later eras. Pianist Dick Wellstood, along with Billy Butterfield on trumpet, soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole, offers up Chicago jazz through Saturday, Sept. 28. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, pianist Dave McKenna, Ray Mosca on drums, and bassist Major Holley begin playing together. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Organist Charles Earland heads up his advanced, robust quintet through Saturday, Sept. 28. On Monday, Sept. 30, Esther Marrow begins singing impeccable rhythm-and-blues numbers with support from her able backup unit. Music from ten to three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Manhattan Transfer, a two-year-old vocal-and-instrumental group, celebrates the forties and swing jazz. The four vocalists—two women, all feathered, sequined, and slinky, and two men in dashing tails (with pomaded hair and lip makeup)—sing, scat, sway, dance, and snap fingers in front of a casually attired four-man ensemble—guitar, piano, bass, and drums. The period pieces they perform—and perform very well—include "Java Jive," "House of Blue Lights," "Candy," and "Give Me Some Skins." Raun MacKinnon and her folk-rock ensemble alternates with M.T. through Saturday, Sept. 28. Helen Gallagher, a successful musical-comedy actress, will begin singing here on Tuesday, Oct. 1. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, at nine and eleven, Mirabai, a young, engaging singer, takes the stage. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a town house evoke a lived-in elegance. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays with tenor master Zoot Sims until Saturday, Sept. 28, after which Sims moves on to Michael's Pub. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, singer and pianist Dardanelle starts performing opposite Pizzarelli. Nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St. at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Chet Baker, still a fifties cool (but really hot) trumpeter and singer, works with a trio Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz performs with his combo. Fridays and Saturdays, David Friedman works out on the vibraharp with his trio. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma trade guitar solos on Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.



VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Pianist, composer, sage Gil Evans is here with his fifteen-piece aggregation through Sunday, Sept. 29. Evans, looking more like a prematurely gray rock star than the sixty-two-year-old jazz patriarch he is, leads one of the very few up-to-date big bands. To the extent that some of his writing does incorporate rock, it is a genuine development, not merely an appendage of riffs. And Evans can still evoke that rich, lush lyricism and resonance of texture that have lured such pacesetters as Miles Davis to work with him in the past. In addition to his assortment of tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizer, Evans has surrounded himself with some of the best young soloists around. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, the brilliant McCoy Tyner begins guiding his quartet through labyrinthine sets. Mondays are, as always, given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band and their intense, gifted vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, pianist Brooks Kerr, and trumpeter Franc Williams get together for swing sessions. Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with his trio Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, Sammy Price, the boogie-woogie-piano-playing pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908), and now of Morningside Heights, cuts loose with trumpeter Ed Lewis, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, and drummer Ditto. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

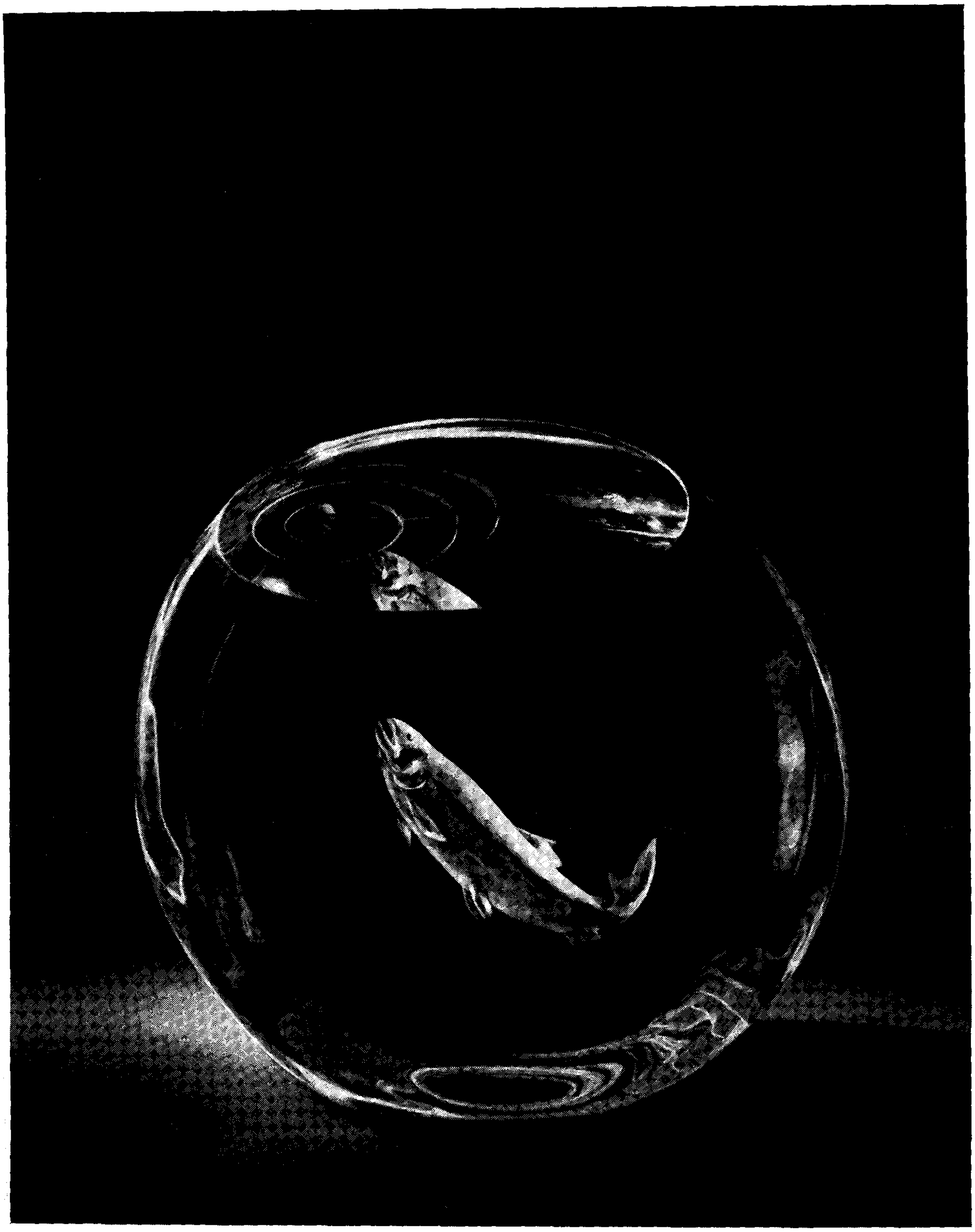
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner's new dance threesome spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ.** The music runs from nine to five-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there is Don Cornell launching into song at will—well, anyway, at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The rest of the time, the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide the dance music. On Monday, Sept. 30, Carmel Quinn will start singing in lieu of Mr. Cornell. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Frank Sinatra, Jr., is onstage at dinner and supper. A dance band commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the well-nourished **MAISONETTE,** Mel Tormé will be singing at dinner and supper through Saturday, Sept. 28. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, soprano Lana Cantrell ascends the podium. The dance music issues



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from the Anthony Terini quartet. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Singer-pianists Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson are paired in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** Tuesdays through Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and midnight.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The redoubtable Peggy Lee is doing two turns an evening in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** Dance tunes by Bob Rosengarden's orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HERBERT AACH—Acrylic paintings. Through Oct. 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNETTI—Nine works in mixed mediums by an Italian; first one-man show here. Through Oct. 12. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

PEGGY BACON—Witty portrayals of many art and literary notables of the twenties and thirties, plus paintings by other artists working in the same period. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HELEN BELING—Abstract sculptures. Through Oct. 9. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIMI BOYER AND PHILIP BOYER—Pastels of birds by Mrs. Boyer and photographs of birds by her husband. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALEXANDER BROOK—Still-lifes. Through Oct. 12. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

LEONARD CREO—Paintings of a small Welsh village where this American artist currently lives. Through Oct. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

LJUBA—Surrealist paintings and aquatints. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARBARA PHILLIPS PERLE—Wood carvings and bronze and terra-cotta reliefs, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARJORIE PORTNOW—Landscapes of Vermont and upstate New York done in oil on Masonite. Through Oct. 10. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD SEGALMAN—Watercolors, mostly of single figures clad in denim or flowing white dresses, lolling on sun-dappled meadows. Through Oct. 19. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER YOUNG—Lyrical abstractions. Through Monday, Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists and guest artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . **BARTHOLET**, 55 E. 76th St.: A brownstone apartment crammed with paintings and other memorabilia of *la Belle Epoque*, arranged to emphasize works by The Eight, particularly John Sloan and Arthur B. Davies, and also ringing in later artists, like Ben Shahn and Joseph Stella. Through Oct. 15. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Mixed mediums on paper by Hyman Bloom, Herbert Katzman, Jacob Lawrence, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Appel, Calder, Feininger, and others. Through Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, and other painters. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Oil and acrylic paintings, plus sculptures, by the gallery artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and cover paintings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.). . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works on paper by T. Addison Richards, Alice Trumbull Mason, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Old and modern drawings by Bosch, Klee, de Kooning, and others. Through Oct. 12. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Davis, Marin, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Pieces by, among others, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Oct. 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

DAVID ARMSTRONG—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

OLLE BAERTLING—Paintings and sculptures. Through Oct. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KOSSO ELOUL—Sculptures, graphics, and photomontage proposals for monumental sculptures. Through Oct. 10. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHERRON FRANCIS—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLETUS JOHNSON—Miniature façades of imaginary movie palaces in their golden era, precise in architectural detail and hauntingly illuminated. Through Oct. 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIA LE COMTE—A tea party of life-size painted wood cutouts of celebrities—Martha, Rocky, Sophia, Andy, and so on—seated around a dinner table presided over at one end by a glum King Faisal and at the other by a faunish Picasso. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT LOBE / ROBERT CRONIN—Large wood geometrical forms. / Small, lively wall sculptures made of split reed and string, some of them calligraphic in spirit and some of them resembling delicate Eskimo utensils. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

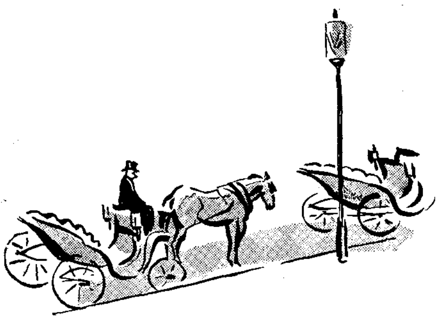
MARIANN MILLER—Photo-Realist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL TAGGART—Paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOAN THORNE—Abstract paintings and mixed mediums on paper; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American drawings by Shahn, Hopper, Hassam, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by thirteen artists from the Marlborough Godard Gallery of Montreal and Toronto. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 28.

SCULPTURE—Over a hundred and fifty African pieces, including examples from private and museum collections. Through Oct. 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)



GALLERIES—SoHo

ROBERT STUART COHEN / GEORGE SZEKELEY—Paintings and collages. / Liquid paint wrapped in plastic packages. Through Oct. 10. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS FRUCHTER—Sculptures. Through Thursday, Oct. 3. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HENDRICKS—Paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

YAN HSIA / NORMAN TUCK / A. H. GORSON (1872-1933)—Photo-Realist paintings with blurred, out-of-focus figures in the foreground. / Large whirligig sculptures, reminiscent of the spinning jenny. / Early twentieth-century paintings of the industrial landscape. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (O. K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GORDON MATTA-CLARK—Fragments of totalled buildings arranged by the artist. Through Oct. 16. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

BILL MCGEE—Minimal color-field paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX SIBURNEY—Photo-Realist paintings based on vacation snapshots taken by friends of the stay-at-home artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Portraits and nudes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD TUM SUDEN / ALAN SIEGEL—Abstract paintings. / Painted wood and metal figures arrayed in sandboxes, plus color-field paintings with figures. Through Thursday, Oct. 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM WILSON—Realist paintings, mostly of nude lovers half hidden behind strips of trompe-l'oeil wrapping paper. Through Thursday, Oct. 3. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHE ZACHARIAS—Large abstract paintings. Through Friday, Oct. 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Gordon Hart, Bob Duran, Paul Mogensen, and Clark Murray showing paintings and metal sculptures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, Lynda Benglis, Robert Grosvenor, and other gallery artists. Through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Six Swiss artists. Starts Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **55 MERCER STREET**: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Alice Adams, Tom Doyle, Susan Smith, Martin Bressler, and others. Through Oct. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY**, 167 Spring St.: Paintings, sculptures, and environmental pieces. Through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SOUTH HOUSTON GALLERY**, 98 Prince St.: Richard Rappaport showing large paintings, plus a group show of paintings and sculptures by Therese Schwartz, Liz Whitney Quisgard, Paul Sisko, and Donald Cameron. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Painted wood, stone, metal, and plaster pieces by Nancy Azara, Henry Chalfant, John McNally, and others. Through Oct. 9. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GEORGE MITTENDORF—Clusters of bowed aluminum strips held in tension by steel wire. Through Friday, Sept. 27. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ARNOLD NEWMAN—Recent photographs by a fifty-six-year-old professional who worked for *Life* and *Harper's Bazaar* and has made some of the best-known portraits of our time. (Among them is the picture of Stravinsky leaning on the open grand piano, of which

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John Szarkowski wittily said, "It was an original and very handsome picture, and doubtless greatly enhanced Stravinsky's popular image as a piano player.") Newman carefully builds each portrait around some manifestation or intimation of the subject's work, an approach that has come to be called "environmental portraiture," but that it would be more accurate to call "metaphorical portraiture," since one thing is being expressed in terms of another. The method has its dangers, and Newman doesn't always skirt them. The portraits in the present show, however—of artists, art dealers, and other figures in the art world—entirely avoid the banality and crudity that has crept into some of Newman's past work, and they may well constitute the highest achievement of his career. The "equivalents" that Stieglitz foggily pontificated about after taking some pictures of clouds (which, as far as one can see, are just pictures of clouds) are clearly achieved in these portraits of artists—among them Trova, Nevelson, Tworkov, Indiana, Albers, and Kline—that at once evoke and equal in strength and authority the abstract paintings of the subjects. It could be objected that the artists, who often appear in a corner of the picture as tiny, almost peripheral figures, dwarfed by enormous canvases and the vast spaces of gallery walls and floors, don't look like anyone in particular, that they could be people found on the street and put into the composition for scale or a formal-design purpose, and that one receives no sense of their individuality and humanity. The objection is well taken—only it misses the very point of these remarkable experiments in portraying the artist as artist. Through Oct. 12. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELLIOTT ERWITT—This large exhibition, entirely devoted to photographs of dogs, charmingly illustrates the universality of the man-dog relationship, and will elicit grudging admiration even from the viewer whose best friend is a man or a woman. The pictures were taken all over the world, and dogs of every breed, occupation, and economic situation are represented, always shown in the context of the man-made or man-dominated environment that the dog—whether a pampered poodle having his hair done or a pitifully thin stray trotting down the street looking gallantly debonair—has fully, one could almost say manfully, come to accept. A book of these photographs has been published by Viking, with an introduction by P. G. Wodehouse, under the undignified title "Son of Bitch." Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

ANDY WARHOL—The artist's usual heartwarming vision of American life, this time in the form of Polaroid snapshots of simple country people like Truman Capote, Lee Radziwill, Lady Keith, Diana Vreeland, Rudolf Nureyev, Rex Reed, Terry Southern, Joe Dallesandro, and Larry Rivers, shown enjoying themselves at various catered affairs, among them a birthday party for Mick Jagger, at which a nude came out of a cake. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

GEORGE ALPERT—An exhibition of twenty-eight small, elegant black-and-white photographs, including studies of a ballet dancer and abstract compositions based on city buildings. A kind of Chicago mist pervades a number of these quiet, static pictures, which, however, were taken in Manhattan and owe their look of unreality to what Mr. Alpert calls "the secrets of the trade." Through Monday, Sept. 30. (Portogallo and Galate, 72 W. 45th St. Closed Saturdays.)

C. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL) (1832-98) / **JULIA MARGARET CAMERON** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit examining the ways that billboards and road signs have been portrayed by about twenty photographers, including Atget, Evans, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Vintage photographs, plus scenes of Kansas by Brian Lanker. Through Oct. 27. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Bert Stern and others. Through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sunday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Nine lithographs by the Japanese artist Shusaku Arakawa. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 27-29, from 6 to 11, for the final times this season. John Watts will play his own works on an ARP Synthesizer on Friday and Saturday at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—One hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Fantasy paintings in acrylic on canvas, metal, wood, and Plexiglas, plus pencil on paper, by Jim Nutt, an original member of Chicago's "Hairy Who" group. Through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Graphic works from 1965 to the present, by Alex Katz. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ An environmental exhibition by Jim Roche. Starts Saturday, Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Abstractions by younger artists, among them David Diao, Joan Snyder, and David Novros. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sunday, Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The scanning electron microscope can magnify objects, such as grains of sugar or a segment of a fly's eye, up to two hundred thousand times. About a hundred photographic blowups of S.E.M. magnifications are on exhibit here. Through Monday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—An educationally designed show of etchings, aquatints, and other graphics produced at Studio 2RC, in Rome, by Afro, Nevelson, Man Ray, and others. Through Oct. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1929, for instance). Through Sunday, Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by Leonid, plus a selection of works by his fellow-Neo-Romantic artists, among them Christian Bérard, Eugene Berman, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Starts Friday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ A travelling exhibition (oils, watercolors, and drawings) of landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by Henri Manguin (1874-1949), one of the original Fauves. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Approximately two thousand photographic postcards from the turn of the century to the present. Through Oct. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ "Am I in It: Gertrude Stein Is 100," a small display of the author's letters, manuscripts, plays, and operas, with some photographs by Carl Van Vechten. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Franco Tagliavini, Peter Glossop, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, John Reardon, and Robert Schmorr; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony, Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Cristina Deutekom, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Franco Tagliavini, Peter Glossop, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, John Reardon, and Robert Schmorr; Richard Woitach. . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Cristina Deutekom, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Gaetano Scano, William Justus, and Joaquin Romaguera; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8: "I Puritani," with Patricia Brooks, Diane Curry, Richard Fredricks, and David Griffith; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carol Bayard, Ruth Welting, Gary Glaze, David Rae Smith, and David Holloway; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Maralin Niska, Patricia Wise, and John Alexander; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8: "I Puritani," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Alan Titus, and Gary Glaze; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 7: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, John Alexander, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Faust," with Carol Bayard, Susanne Marsee, Kenneth Riegel, and Samuel Ramey; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Herman Malamood, Thomas Jamerson, and Willard White; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, Puli Toro, and John Stewart; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8: A new staging of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Glenys Fowles, Richard V. Taylor, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Anthony, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Howard Fried; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Herman Malamood, William Justus, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 27, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30 (all with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet); and Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30 (all with Jeffrey Siegel, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening concert of the season here, with Benita Valente and Janice Harsanyi, sopranos; Betty Allen, contralto; and Tedd Joselson, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Sept. 30, at 8:15.)

RECITALS

Virgil Fox—Organ. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Gisela May—Songs of Brecht and Tucholsky. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Note—The Quartetto Esterhazy will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Sept. 30, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Black Classics—Don Shirley, Robin Kenyatta, Joe Newman, Charles McPherson, Stella Marrs, Sandman Sims, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

Marvin Gaye—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Sept. 29, at 7 and 10:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1-2, at 8.

Hot Tuna and Kansas—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

Pharoah Sanders and Michal Urbaniak—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 27, at 8.

Jerry Jeff Walker—With Doug Sahm and the Lost Gonzo Band. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

Nektar—Academy of Music. Saturday, Sept. 28, at midnight.

Stella Marrs Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Stephane Grappelli and the Ronnie Scott Trio—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 8.

Enrico Macias—With the dancers and singers of his La Fête Oriental Company. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 1-4, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Cleo Laine with John Dankworth—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Mahavishnu Orchestra—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Les Paul and Bucky Pizzarelli—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Herbie Hancock—With Minnie Riperton. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Mountain—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.

Bruce Springsteen—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.

Country in New York—The second in a series of six concerts, this one with Willie Nelson, Crash Craddock, and the Carter Family. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 7.)

Blue Oyster Cult and T. Rex—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.

Earl Scruggs Revue and Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.

Fleetwood Mac—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 5, at midnight.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 28-29, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:05.

College Football—**FRIDAY, SEPT. 27:** Fordham vs. Widener, at Fordham, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:** Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:50. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 5:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:** Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. . . . **WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2:** New York Stars vs. Chicago Fire, at Chicago.

HOCKEY—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Monday, Sept. 30, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:05.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 25; the Frizette, Thursday, Sept. 26; the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 28; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 2; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. The Atlantic City Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 19.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: Oriental rugs and other carpets, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1-2, at 2: Netsuke, lacquer ware, and Japanese prints; from various sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 4, at 2: English and Continental silver, from the estate of Sol Hurok and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 26.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections will be Thursday, Oct. 3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Saturday, Oct. 5, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Thursday, Oct. 10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, the starting point is Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 7:30, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers and Shirley Scott's trio. (For information about tickets, call 489-0654.) . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 7:30, the Collective Black Artists Orchestra and the Jazz Adventures Orchestra (with Chet Baker). . . . Friday, Oct. 4, at 7:30, the Cedar Walton-Clifford Jordan quintet, and a jam session with Chico Hamilton, Junior Mance, Ellis Larkins, Roy Haynes, Roy Ayers, Stella Marrs, Joe Newman, Al Hibbler, and Wild Bill Davis. (For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

WALKING TOUR—"The Conservatory Gardens and the Museum of the City of New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 29. It will meet at Central Park W. and 100th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

BRYANT PARK FLOWER SHOW—Included will be exhibits by the Horticultural Society of New York, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, the City Gardens Club, and the Greater New York Orchid Society. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday through Tuesday, Oct. 3-8, from 10 to 6:30.)

BUS TOURS—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

DELACORTE GEYSER—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 26: "Brief Encounter" and "Genevieve."
Sept. 27-Oct. 1: "The African Queen" and "Dead End."
From Oct. 2: "The Conversation" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 28: "Oedipus Rex" and "Falstaff."
Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "Trader Horn" and "Mogambo."
From Oct. 2: "Flying Down to Rio" and "Swing Time."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 1: "Love and Anarchy" and "Fat City."
From Oct. 2: "Buster and Billie" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 1: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "The Paper Chase."
From Oct. 2: "Blazing Saddles" and "Blume in Love."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"California Split."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Chinatown."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 2: "California Split."
From Oct. 3: "The Abdication."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Sept. 25: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From Sept. 26: "11 Harrowhouse."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Sept. 25: "A Face in the Crowd" and "Baby Doll."
From Sept. 26: "Spellbound" and "The Paradine Case."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 30: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."
From Oct. 1: "The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Sept. 26: "Bananas," "Sleeper," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Sept. 27: "Juggernaut."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Sept. 26: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."
From Sept. 27: "Juggernaut."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Sept. 25: "The Promised Land."
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Flesh Gordon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 1: "The Longest Yard."
From Oct. 2: "The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 1: "For Pete's Sake."
From Oct. 2: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Papillon" and "The Internecine Project."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 1: "Bananas," "Sleeper," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Oct. 2: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Foxy Brown" and "Truck Turner."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 26: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."
From Sept. 27: "Juggernaut."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 1: "The Great Gatsby" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Oct. 2: "The Harder They Come."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 26: "Claudine."
Sept. 27-Oct. 1: To be announced.
From Oct. 2: "The Seduction of Mimi."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 1 at one or another of the theatres: "Animal Crackers"/"Harold and Maude" and "Play It Again, Sam"/"Going Places" and "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."... ¶ Through Sept. 28: "Meet John Doe" and "A Farewell to Arms."... ¶ Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "Jungle Book" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."
From Oct. 2: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 26: "Greaser's Palace" and "No More Excuses."
Sept. 27-29: "Putney Swope" and "Babo 73."
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Pound" and "Chafed Elbows."
From Oct. 2: "Betty Boop's Goodies of 1975."
Note: Sunday, Sept. 29, one performance, at noon: "Battling Butler."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Sept. 25: "The Girl from Petrovka."
From Sept. 26: Theatre temporarily closed.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 26: "That's Entertainment!"
From Sept. 27: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 26: "The Inspector General" and "Arsenic and Old Lace."
From Sept. 27: "That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Animal Crackers." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 1.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 25: "L'Atalante" and "Gertrud."
Sept. 26: "The Manchurian Candidate" and "Seconds."
Sept. 27: "Day for Night" and "Contempt."
Sept. 28: "Spirits of the Dead" and "Kwaidan."
Sept. 29: "Morning Glory" and "Alice Adams."
Sept. 30: "The Baker's Wife" and "Harvest."
Oct. 1: "Umberto D." and "La Terra Trema."
Oct. 2: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."
Oct. 3: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "Breathless."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 26: "The Parallax View" and "Catch-22."
From Sept. 27: "Papillon" and "The Internecine Project."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 25-26: "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach."
Sept. 27: "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" and "A Man Escaped."
Sept. 28: "Late Spring" and "Une Femme Douce."
Sept. 29: "Zazie" and "Jazz on a Summer's Day."
Sept. 30: "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach."
Oct. 1: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and "Utamaro and His Five Women."
Oct. 2: "Sambizanga" and "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman."
Oct. 3: "The Mother and the Whore."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 1: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "Little Murders."
From Oct. 2: "The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 1: "The Tamarind Seed."
From Oct. 2: "Born Losers."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Early Spring."

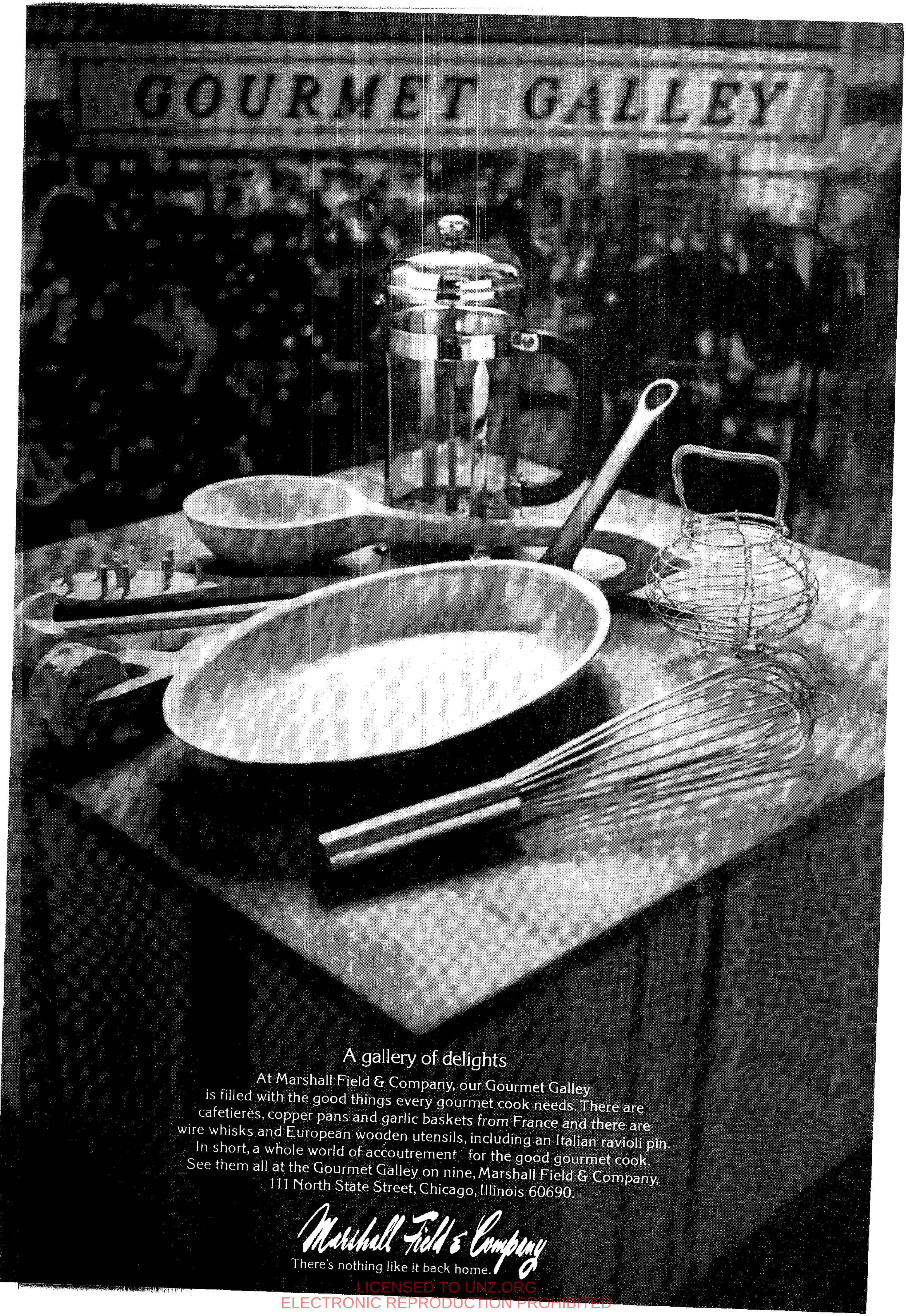
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 1: "Animal Crackers."
From Oct. 2: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 1: "Going Places" and "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."
From Oct. 2 (tentative): "Harold and Maude" and "Where's Poppa?"

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 25 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes.... ¶ Sept. 25 at 2: "The Wet Parade" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Dorothy Jordan and Lewis Stone.... ¶ Sept. 25 at 5:30: "The Murder Man" (1935), directed by Tim Whelan, with Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce.... ¶ Sept. 26 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes.... ¶ Sept. 26 at 5:30: "Nick Carter—Master Detective" (1939), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Walter Pidgeon.... ¶ Sept. 26 at 8: "Good News" (1930), directed by Nick Grinde and Edgar J. McGregor, with Bessie Love and Mary Lawlor, final sequence missing; and "Good News" (1947), directed by Charles Walters, with June Allyson and Peter Lawford.... ¶ Sept. 27 at 2: "Of Human Hearts" (1938), directed by Clarence Brown, with James Stewart and Walter Huston.... ¶ Sept. 27 at 5:30: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier.... ¶ Sept. 28 at noon: "Fièvre" (1921), a silent film, directed by Louis Delluc, no inter-titles; and "Souriante Mme. Beudet" (1922), a silent film, directed by Germaine Dulac, no inter-titles.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 3: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939), directed by Sam Wood, with Robert Donat and Greer Garson.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 5:30: "Of Human Hearts."... ¶ Sept. 29 at 12:30 and 3: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland.... ¶ Sept. 29 at 5:30: "For Me and My Gal" (1942), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 2: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945), directed by Albert Lewin, with Hurd Hatfield and George Sanders.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 5:30: "A Woman's Face" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas.... ¶ Oct. 1 at 2: "Madame X" (1937), directed by Sam Wood, with Gladys George and Warren William.... ¶ Oct. 1 at 5:30: "Tennessee Johnson" (1943), directed by William Dieterle, with Van Heflin and Ruth Hussey.... ¶ Oct. 2 at noon: "Tales of the Navajo" (1949), directed by Jack Shaidlin.... ¶ Oct. 2 at 5:30: "Madame X."... ¶ Oct. 3, three versions of "The Merry Widow"—At 2, Curtis Bernhardt's 1952 version, with Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas; at 5:30, Ernst Lubitsch's 1934 version, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; at 8, Erich von Stro-



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heim's 1925 silent version, with John Gilbert and Mae Murray. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 25 at 4 and 6: "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1969), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3 and 6: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Five programs in a series of films directed by James Irovy: Sept. 27 at 4: Excerpts from "Autobiography of a Princess" (1974) and "The Wild Party" (1974). . . . Sept. 28 at 4 and 6: "The Householder" (1963). . . . Sept. 29 at 3 and 6: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965). . . . Oct. 2 at 4 and 6: "The Guru" (1968). . . . Oct. 3 at 3 and 6: "Bombay Talkie" (1970). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 1: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman," directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 2: A program of five short films. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Friday, Sept. 27, at 9: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full" (France). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Saturday, Sept. 28, at 3: "Liebelei" (Germany, 1932). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 6, and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3: "The Night of the Scarecrow" (Brazil). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 9, and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 6: "Lacombe Lucien" (France). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 9:30, and Monday, Sept. 30, at 6:15: "Stavisky" (France/Italy). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 30, at 9:30: "Lancelot of the Lake" (France/Italy). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 6:15, and Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 9:30: "Part-Time Work of a Domestic Slave" (Germany). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 9:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 6:15: "Rome Wants Another Caesar" (Italy). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 6:15, and Friday, Oct. 4, at 9:30: "Roots" (United States). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 9:30, and Friday, Oct. 4, at 6:15: "A Bigger Splash" (Great Britain). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—With Liv Ullmann and Peter Finch, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Sutton; starting Oct. 3.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (Art; Sept. 27-Oct. 1.)

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of a giant liner called the Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. People who blamed him for taking a false route in one or two of the last films that struck them as epicene frescoes might have trusted him to get onto his own track again. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (Reviewed in these pages 9/23/74.) (Plaza.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Playboy. No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Oct. 1.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Sept. 30.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Festival; through Sept. 26.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers. Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Babo 73 (1964)—A crude, practically home-made political satire by Robert Downey, unexpectedly full of laughs. (Elgin; Sept. 27-29.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Fine Arts; Sept. 25.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (East 59th Street I; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Oct. 1.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 1.)

Battling Butler (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's favorite; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked-out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Elgin; Sunday, Sept. 29, one performance, at noon.)

Betty Boop's Goodies of 1975—Another cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including excerpts from such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, the Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Elgin; starting Oct. 2.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 2.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (6/23/73) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 2.)

Born Losers (1967)—With Tom Laughlin, directed by T. C. Frank. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 2.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Art; through Sept. 26.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (East 59th Street II, and

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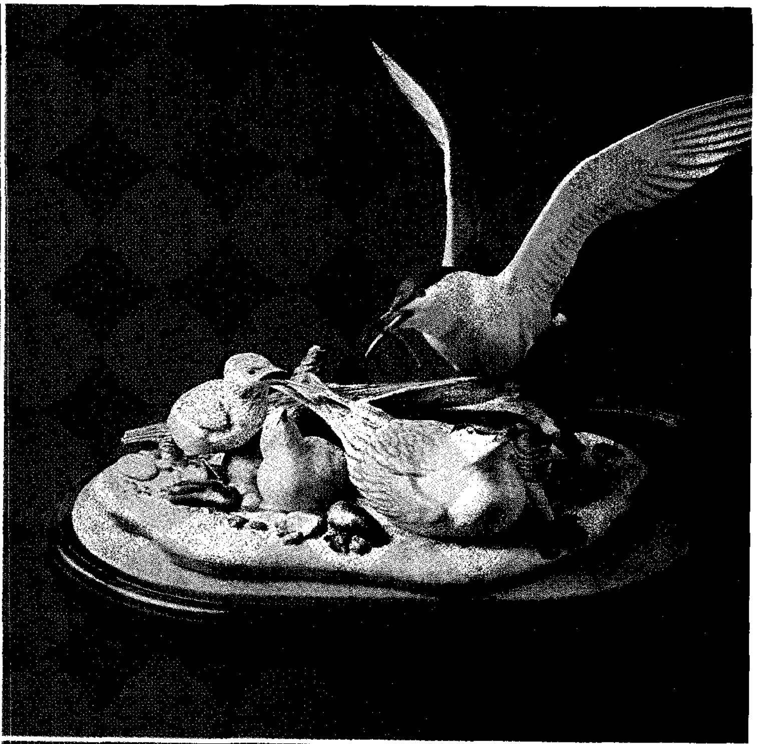
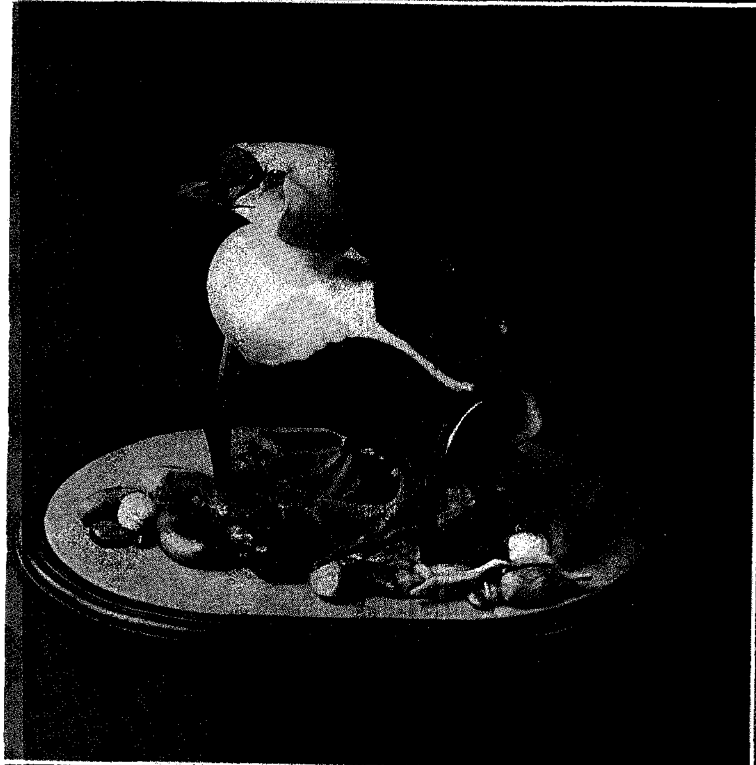
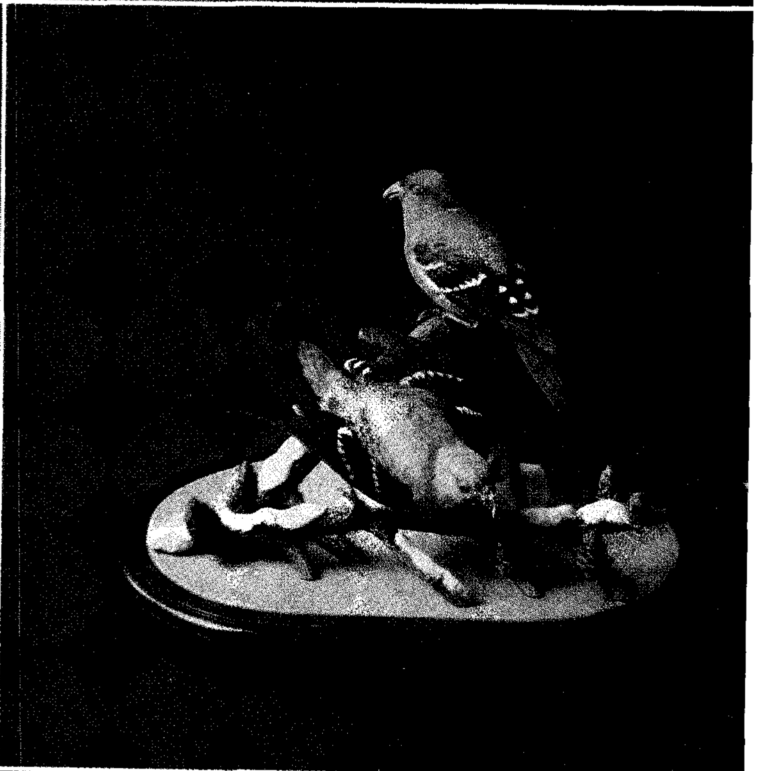

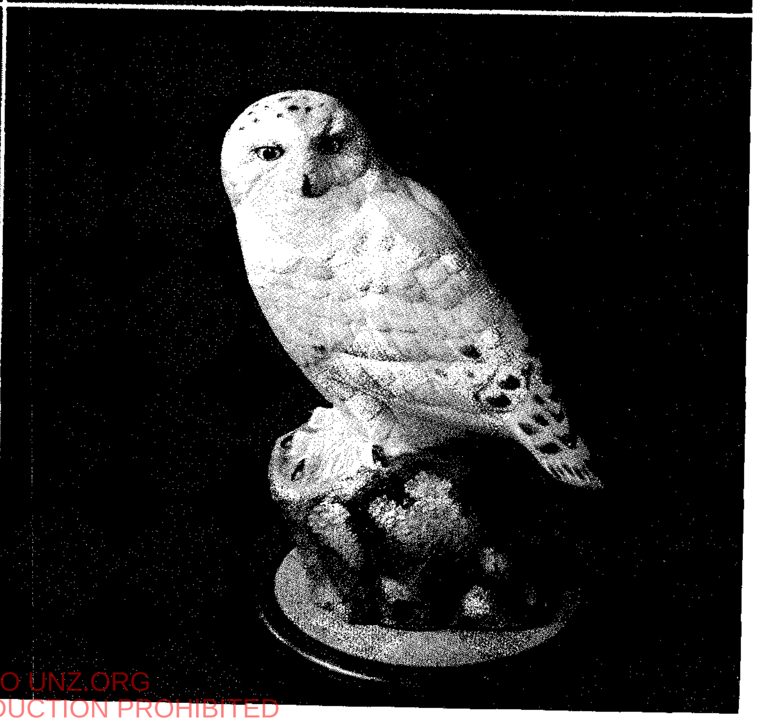

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R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Sept. 26.)

Buster and Billie—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Joan Greenfellow, directed by Daniel Petrie. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 2.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Oct. 2.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Paramount; through Sept. 26.)

Chafed Elbows (1967)—A cheerful assault on motherhood, analysis, venal surgeons, cops, Pop painters, et al. Directed by Robert Downey in a tone of cawing mockery, but not trying quite hard enough. Knockabout high spirits can't quite carry a comedy, however short and precious the supply of *comédiens* is. (Elgin; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East, and Coronet.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Greenwich; through Sept. 26.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Art; starting Oct. 2.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick; Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore; and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Art; Sept. 27-Oct. 1.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Early Spring (1956)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker.)

11 Harrowhouse—With Charles Grodin and Candice Bergen, directed by Aram Avakian. (Trans-Lux East; starting Sept. 26.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (East 59th Street I; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Oct. 1.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a billbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Fine Arts; Sept. 25.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 28.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—The American lieutenant in this early version is played by Gary Cooper—the young Gary Cooper, before he became repulsively earnest and folksy—and he's the definitive Hemingway hero. Frank Borzage, who directed, has a feeling for the tenderness of young lovers and considerable skill, but the picture, which retains much of Hemingway's dialogue while tidying up the plot and making it obvious, is rather small-scale, low-key, and unexciting. Part of the problem may be Helen Hayes as the English nurse. Even in 1932, she was already so damnably *appealing*—so wistful and whimsical and touchingly forlorn. It's strange that an actress with the endurance of an ox and probably with as much energy as Mickey Rooney should be so wan and so lacking in force. Rinaldi is played by Adolphe Menjou. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Regency; Sept. 28.)

The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Regency; Sept. 27.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Beekman.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 2.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 1.)

Foxy Brown—Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)— Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish

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locale. With Peter Boyle. (Art; starting Oct. 2.)

The Gambler—With James Caan and Lauren Hutton, directed by Karel Reisz. (Loews Tower East; starting Oct. 2.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (Art; through Sept. 26.)

Gertrud (1965)—One of the most maddening films ever made, but in some ways it's also fascinating. Gertrud (Nina Pens Rode) seeks perfect love and is contemptuous of human weakness. Carl Dreyer's last film before his death is stylized to a degree that makes it seem insanely old-fashioned and at the same time innovative. From a play by Hjalmar Söderberg. In Danish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

The Girl from Petrovka—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Music Hall; Sept. 25.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 1.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton), but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 1.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Elgin; through Sept. 26.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 2.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Oct. 2, tentative.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

Harvest (1937)—One of the true and essential French film classics. Jean Giono's novel—a love story set in an abandoned village that the lovers bring to life—was shot in Provence by Marcel Pagnol. With a superb cast, including Fernandel and Marguerite Moreno. Music by Arthur Honegger. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman (1971)—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, the Latin-American Indian language. (Regency; Oct. 2.)

I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband (1973)—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (7/30/73) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 1.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye creating some happy confusion in the Napoleonic era. (Festival; through Sept. 26.)

The Internecine Project—With James Coburn and Lee Grant, directed by Ken Hughes. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Sept. 27.)

Jazz on a Summer's Day (1960)—With Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infectiously conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. Aram Avakian edited. (Regency; Sept. 29.)

Juggernaut—With Richard Harris and Omar Sharif, directed by Richard Lester. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Sept. 27.)

Jungle Book (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by the wolves who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Calleia is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults have a good time. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

Kwaidan (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Late Spring (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a benedictive simplicity. In Japanese. (Regency; Sept. 28.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 1.)

The Longest Yard—Football in prison. If you relish the squeak of a brutally broken nose being twisted back into place, this is your picture. Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Oct. 1.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Trans-Lux East; Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 1.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (Regency; Sept. 27.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Folk humor, Frank Capra-style, is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment. Ingratiating is the word for it, and irresistible, too. Gary Cooper is the sincere greeting-card poet who comes to the big city; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Buddington Kelland *Satevepost* story. The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Mayo Methot, and Raymond Walburn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Frank Capra's attempt to repeat the country-boy-defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "Mr. Deeds" succeeded commercially, but this one has more of the heartfelt in it than is good for the stomach, and it goes on for over two hours. James Stewart is the naïve small-town hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur is the cynical young secretary who is at first horrified by his simplicity. When the young Senator's illusions are shattered, he stages a filibuster, defeats the villains, and reëstablishes the whole government on a firm and honorable basis. No one balances the ups and downs of wistful sentiment and corny humor the way Capra can—but if anyone else should learn to, kill him. Sidney Buchman wrote the screenplay, from a story by Lewis R. Foster. The cast includes Claude Rains as a corrupt senator, Guy Kibbee as a venal governor, Beulah Bondi as Ma Smith, Edward

Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Ruth Donnelly, and Eugene Pallette, who gets stuck in a phone booth. Members of the U.S. Senate were so outraged about the picture that there was actually talk of a retaliatory bill against the movie interests; the storm blew over when it became apparent that the public loved the film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Mogambo (1953)—Clark Gable as a mighty hunter in Africa, in a remake of "Red Dust," which he'd starred in twenty-one years before; Ava Gardner plays the old Jean Harlow role—the wisecracking, tough broad—and Grace Kelly does her hot-ice bit as a ladylike prig (the old Mary Astor role). Gable certainly doesn't have the animal magnetism he had in the earlier version, but when Gardner and Kelly bitch at each other, doing battle for him, they're vastly entertaining anyway. The director, John Ford, got a little carried away with African wildlife ("Red Dust" was faster and funnier), but this sexual melodrama never takes itself too seriously. With Donald Sinden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20.)

The Mother and the Whore—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Regency; Oct. 3.)

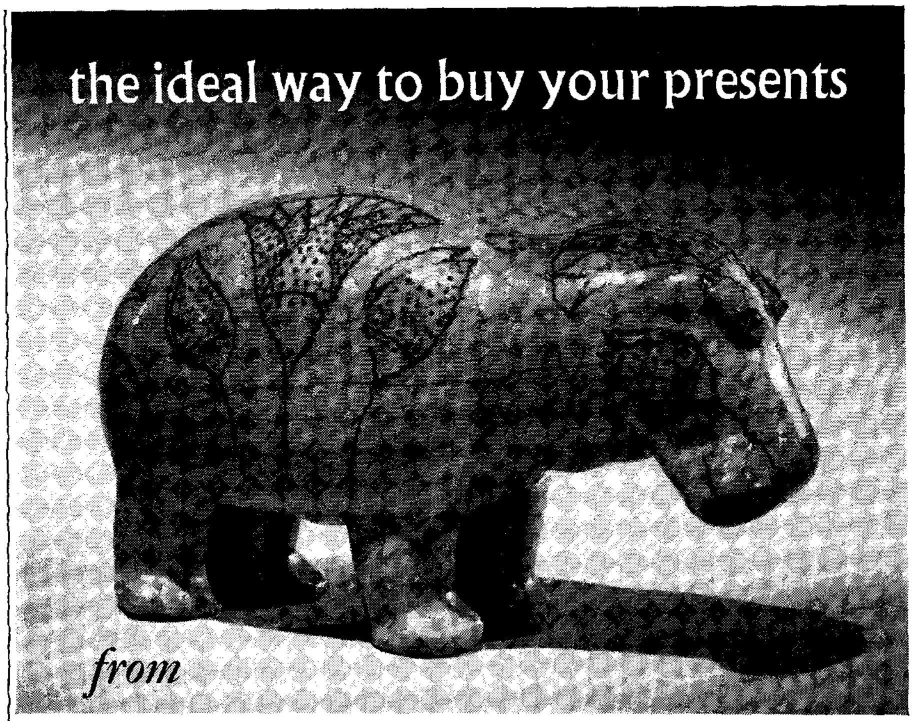
The Night Porter—With Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Liliana Cavani. (Baronet; starting Oct. 1.)

No More Excuses (1968)—Robert Downey's hour-long Surrealist potpourri of a film. No narrative, certainly no dramatic conflict, but a good many laughs. (Elgin; through Sept. 26.)

Oedipus Rex (1957)—With co-directing help from Irving Lerner, Tyrone Guthrie transcribed his famous production, as it was performed at Stratford (Canada) in 1954 and 1955. Guthrie uses the Yeats translation of Sophocles' tragedy, and the cast performs in masks. This is certainly authentic, and no doubt onstage it helps to suggest that the actors represent figures larger than life. The hypnotic effect of the masked, endlessly moving robed figures does begin to suggest a ritual experience, and the readings are very fine, but the camera destroys even ordinary stage distances and brings us smack up against painted, sculpted papier-mâché. One may feel benumbed, looking at the mouth openings for a sign of life underneath. With Douglas Campbell in the lead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 28.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Gramercy; through Oct. 1.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island, and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73)



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(Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Sept. 27.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Fine Arts; starting Sept. 26.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Paramount; through Sept. 26.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

Pound (1970)—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably standing for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigby who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (Elgin; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

The Promised Land—A Chilean film, directed by Miguel Littin. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; Sept. 25.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Elgin; Sept. 27-29.)

Sambizanga—Directed by Sarah Maldoror. In Portuguese. (Regency; Oct. 2.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarter hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. (9/23/74) (Cinema I.)

Seconds (1966)—John Frankenheimer's macabre sci-fi thriller about a diabolical conspiratorial organization that arranges for people to be "reborn" via plastic surgery. There are some good ideas tucked away inside the scrambled unpleasantness; the best of them concerns a banker (John Randolph) who is vaguely dissatisfied with his life and arranges a Faustian bargain for a second chance (he comes back as Rock Hudson) but doesn't have any conception of a new life. Unfortunately, Hudson seems dull to us as well as to himself. Frankenheimer shows off (he even stages a bacchanal), and James Wong Howe displays his camera pyrotechnics as if they were going on sale in the nation's supermarkets; Lewis John Carlino did the screenplay, from David Ely's novel. With Salome Jens, Jeff Corey, Murray Hamilton, Wesley Addy, and Will Geer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 2.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (East 59th Street I; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Oct. 1.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Fine Arts; starting Sept. 26.)

Spirits of the Dead (1969)—Three Poe stories, directed by Federico Fellini, Louis Malle, and Roger Vadim. The Fellini is nothing much for him, which is to say ten times more interesting than most—fluently comic, sober, barbed, with Terence Stamp playing a sulky English actor who has a style in high diatribe. The Vadim is absurd; the Malle rather repellent, with two jolly sequences about cutting out hearts. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach (1971)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Regency; Sept. 25-26 and Sept. 30.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 2.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—With Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw, directed by Joseph Sargent. (86th St. East; starting Oct. 2.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Juliet 1 and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 1.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Sept. 27.)

Trader Horn (1931)—An African travelogue mixed with a hokey, pop plot (from a best-seller by Ethelreda Lewis) about a missionary's daughter, captured in infancy by natives, who becomes a blond goddess of the jungle. The amiable Harry Carey played the title role, Edwina Booth the goddess. W. S. Van Dyke directed this rather primitive piece of moviemaking, packed with the perils of the jungle, which was highly publicized for its views of African animals and difficult-to-photograph areas. Afterward, it received unplanned publicity: the young actress, Edwina Booth, who had hoped this role would be a springboard to a career, had contracted a fatal disease in Africa and slowly wasted away. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

Truck Turner—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Regency; Oct. 1.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 27.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and piercing purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Utamaro and His Five Women (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (Regency; Oct. 1.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; starting Oct. 2, tentative.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (Regency; Sept. 29.)

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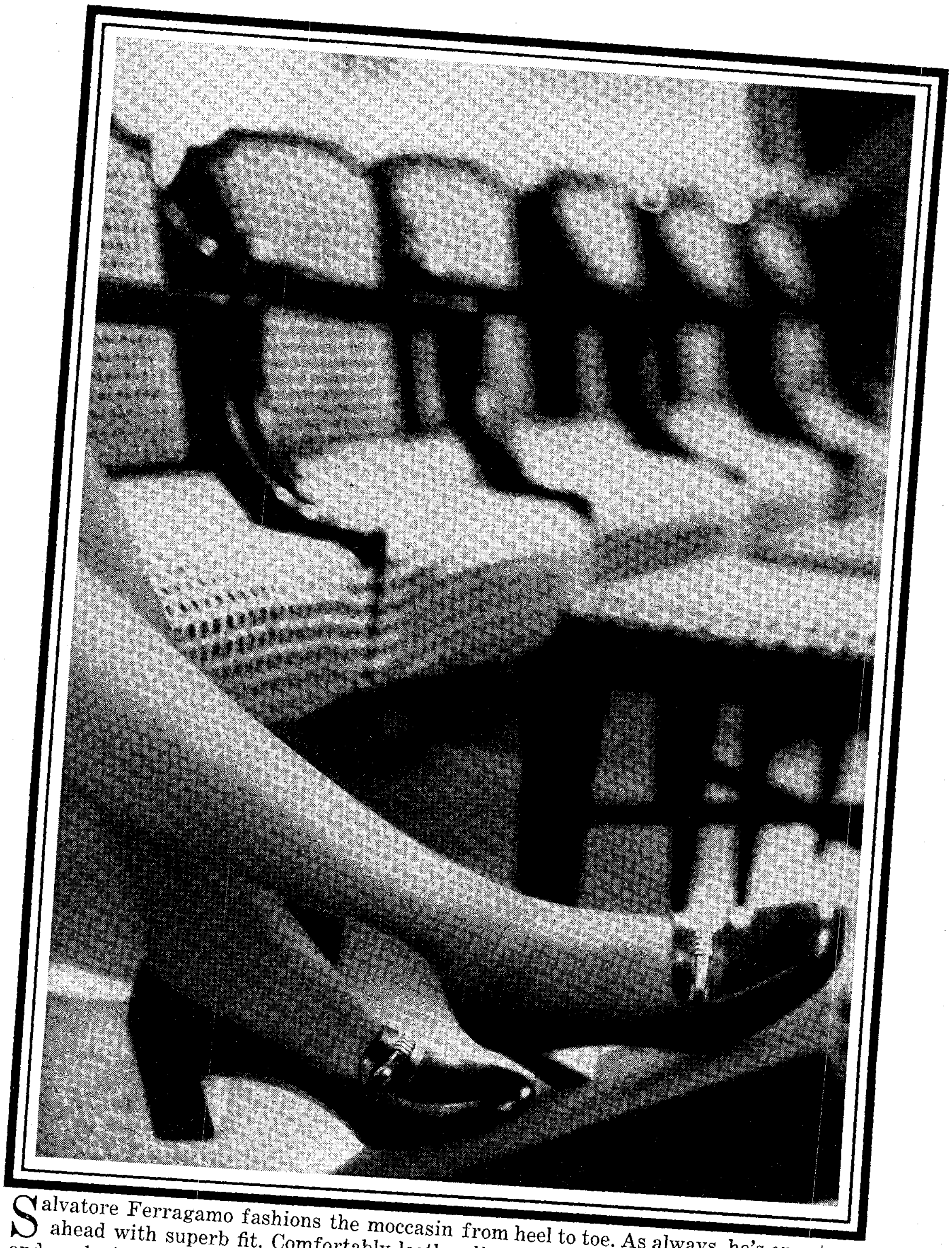

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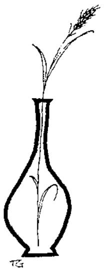
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GERALD FORD is still the thirty-eighth President of the United States, and he still seems the same agreeable man he seemed during his first days in office, yet as we listened to him at his press conference last week explaining his decision to pardon ex-President Nixon, and reflected on what has happened to his Administration following the pardon, we came to feel that, for the fourth time in not much more than a decade, the nation has suffered what amounts to the untimely loss of its President. Watching President Ford during this period has been like watching someone come down with a familiar virus. We have no name for it, but its symptoms, which have now attacked at least three of our Presidents, are all too well known. Among them are a tendency to consult only with a few anonymous White House advisers on the most important decisions, a penchant for secrecy and surprise, a willingness to ignore or contradict one's own recent public statements, and an inability to read the country's mood or anticipate the public's reactions. The nation has spent the better part of its political energy in the last few years seeking a cure for this affliction, but clearly it hasn't yet found one. And it is no comfort to note that, by the look of things, President Ford is as bewildered as we are by what has happened to him.

The magnitude of the loss, which seems at a glance so disproportionate to the single decision that precipitated it, was determined by both the peculiar nature of the Ford Administration and the peculiar nature of the pardon. The legitimacy of past Administrations has been grounded in an electoral mandate. The legitimacy of the Ford Administration, however, was grounded in the repudiation of an electoral mandate—the one given to Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew in 1972. President Ford's Administration was born out of the pure workings of the law, and his mandate, if he can be said to have had one, was the legal system itself. The people's respect for the Constitutional arrangements that put him in office, rather than any respect for Ford personally, formed the basis for the broad support he immediately received when, unelected, and all but unknown to the country, he assumed the Presidency of the United States. When he suddenly intervened in the continuation of the legal process by pardoning President Nixon, therefore, he was doing a great deal more than disposing of just another difficult issue facing his Administration. He was playing with the foundations of his own authority as President. This particular pardon, which has virtually no precedent in the history of executive clemency, was uniquely suited to the undoing of his Administration. It attacked the taproot of his legitimacy. President Ford, by declining to wait for the Watergate Special Prosecutor to bring charges, and by declining to enumerate any offenses himself in his proclamation, was obliged to pardon Mr. Nixon for crimes he "may have committed"—or, by implication, may not have committed—while in office. Such a sweeping pardon, which manages to grant boundless absolution without levelling a single accusation, is fully commensurate with the sweeping claims of privilege that were made by President Nixon when he was seeking to use the power of his office to escape accountability for his actions, and gives unexpected new life to the Nixonian philosophy of government. It grants to ex-President Nixon the immunity he was denied as President, and fully associates Ford with the conception of limitless executive power whose rejection by the country was the reason for his Presidency. Once again, the holder of more power than any other man in the world seems to look with a benevolent eye on every conceivable abuse of power.



By embracing the Nixonian philosophy, Ford joined himself to the disgraced Administration that preceded his, and disconnected himself from the nation. He established a political continuity that no one wanted, and broke the continuity of legal procedure that was the origin of his Presidency and the sole basis of his authority. We are left with something new in our experience: a rootless President, whose power is intact but who apparently does not know where it came from or what to do with it. The first man to gain the highest office in the land without running for President or Vice-President now truly governs without a mandate. At a time when the nation needs the strongest leadership it can get, its President has disabled himself. The loss to him and to the country is beyond calculation.

YEARS of official lies and deceptions lured us into the belief that a restoration of Presidential candor would promote informed public debate. President Ford has now reminded us of the useful distinction between honesty and truth by first admitting our covert "destabilization" activities in Chile and then justifying them as a response to a situation that in fact did not exist. Our C.I.A.-sponsored effort in Chile was, the President explained, an effort to preserve opposition newspapers and electronic media and also opposition political parties against an effort by the Allende government to "destroy" them. Yet throughout the Allende Administration opposition parties continued to function, the Chilean Congress conducted its business, and newspapers attacked the government. Allende struggled against his adversaries, but with methods somewhat less authoritarian than the ones our own government was using on its "enemies" during the same period. President Ford's statement was so at variance with the open historical record that he would certainly never have made it unless he believed what he said; thus it demonstrated that a sincere untruth is as damaging to public knowledge and Presidential credibility as is a deliberate lie.

Even more interesting was the President's statement that our covert opposition to Allende was in the "best interest" of the United States. What interest did he mean? Surely not our interest in the preservation of opposition political parties and press in other countries. If so, one can only stand appalled at the immense sacrifice of national interest which we have made in order to establish friendly relations with far more totalitarian and repressive governments on every continent, including the present government of Chile. Of course, the Allende government was Marxist—even, if one prefers the phrase, "Communist-dominated"—but then so are the governments of many countries with which we hopefully seek a "détente." And Chile had no designs on the territory of its Peruvian, Bolivian, or Argentine neighbors, nor was it engaged in "exporting" revolution—a product it had not even acquired for itself. Perhaps, then, we were enforcing the Monroe Doctrine. Unfortunately for this thesis, the foreign power most interested in dominating Chile was the United States. There are two remaining possibilities. We may have set out to undermine Allende because he had nationalized some American companies. It requires a startling leap of the imagination to equate the assets of Anaconda or Kennecott with the national interest, but at least the starting point is tangible, and has some precedent. The other possibility is that the election of a Marxist President in Chile was an affront to our national dignity, an act of arrogant ingratitude for our past benevolence, even a challenge to the skill and tough-mindedness of our leaders—a challenge that, Chile being a small and weak land, could be met with riskless determination. It must have been in pursuit of one of these interests—money or satisfaction—that we helped to fasten a merciless regime upon the people of Chile. One hopes, for the sake of the damaged American spirit, but even more for the Chileans' sake, that they will overthrow this regime. But they will have to do it on their own, for it is unlikely that the American government will decide that it is in our national interest to help them.

Dr. Stanton Revisited

ONE man we have no intention of losing sight of is Dr. Frank Stanton, former president of the former Columbia Broadcasting System, which is now known officially as CBS Inc. He was, for as far back as we can remember, not only the man who ran CBS but the generally acknowledged "spokesman" for the broadcasting industry as a whole. We had last seen Dr. Stanton eighteen months ago, on his final day at CBS (he had instituted one of those retirement-age rules at CBS and then followed it and left his job at the age of sixty-five), in what we thought at the time must surely be the most beautiful office in the world. We caught up with him the other day in what he calls his "retirement office," on the twenty-first floor of one of the smaller modern buildings in midtown, and we now think *it* must be the m. b. o. i. t. w. The office was almost finished, and Dr. Stanton, who has been in direct charge of designing it (he has quite a reputation for what he contributed to the designing of the CBS Building and of Lincoln Center), had the classic look of everybody we've ever known who got into the final stretch of his own work of art—a contented and happy look. He also looked no older and still in top form: still sandy-haired, pink-cheeked, straight-standing, fast-walking, and vigorous—unchanged in everything, including his strong, radio-announcer-like voice and his calming way of dress. (He was in shirtsleeves, and had on a blue-and-white striped shirt and an electric-blue necktie.) But first that office. To start with, Dr. Stanton has no name on his door—just a stainless-steel rectangular plate and a matching, streamlined door handle. The office is L-shaped, with walls and doors entirely white (sand-finished plaster or vinyl suède or Formica), with continuous white window blinds, with a Buckingham-slate floor (from Virginia), with a thick bright-green carpet (a dazzling shade of painterly green we'd never seen before), and with a view of the city (northwest) that takes in Central Park and some of the handsomer new buildings around, including CBS. The secretarial area, along the entrance: custom-made desks of white Formica (no knee-bumping, no leg-cramping, no eyesoreing), with polished stainless-steel trim and *receding* drawer pulls; white enamelled steel filing cabinets, in a side area, whose drawers are fitted with neat, snappy-looking folders (creamy white, unbent, uncrushed, uncrowded) that might tempt a person to make file-clerking his life's dream; Charles Eames lounge chairs. Then, a sitting area, at the joint of the "L," with four Le Corbusier cube chairs (designed in 1928, and made of black leather, with chrome frames, all cozy, comforting, a pleasure to sit in), and with a number of items around to stare at and be mesmerized by, including a five-foot-three-inch-high stone sculpture, by Fritz Wotruba, called "Walking Man." White Formica sliding doors lead into Dr. Stanton's inner office. His desk: a sixty-inch *squared* circular table consisting of a six-hundred-and-eighty-pound Woodbury-granite top (from New Hampshire) on a stainless-steel pedestal. Black leather Mies van der Rohe Brno chairs on stainless-steel frames. A ten-foot-long bookcase, ceiling height (eight feet four and a half inches), of white Formica, with adjustable glass shelves holding books about public affairs, journalism, broadcasting, art, and architecture. A chromed-steel sculpture (Willy Weber's "Rhythm of a Dream"), hanging on the wall behind his desk, that changes with the movement of light and/or substance in the office. Also behind Dr. Stanton's desk is a hanging wall cabinet, which reminded us of the one (wooden, with a marble top) he had in his old office at CBS. But *this* one is of stainless steel, with a mirror finish, and it weighs a thousand pounds. It's eleven feet long and has seven compartments, for telephone, engagement book, television set, and things people usually keep in desks. We were happy to recognize a few items around that Dr. Stanton had brought along from his CBS office: the nineteenth-century French brass clock, the framed group of four photographs of a beautiful little girl with braided hair done up on the back of her head (Dr. Stanton's wife as a child), the old-fashioned CBS microphone used by Ed Murrow and William Shirer in the CBS London studios during the blitz in the Second World War, and the unlighted pipe in Dr. Stanton's mouth.

We asked Dr. Stanton how long he had been working on his retirement office, and he said a little over a year. "Once I decided to develop it here, I turned to my old friend Gordon Bunshaft, senior partner at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill," he said. "Bunshaft designed Lever House, as you know, and the Manufacturers Hanover Trust at Fifth and Forty-third, and Yale's Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, among other buildings. He suggested the basic layout, materials, and colors, and selected a wonderful young architect, Carolina Woo, as the project head for the job. She did all the drawings, and designed the special secretarial desks, the steel wall cabinet, and the bookcase, and I've had

"And now, for an encore, Scott Joplin's 'Sunflower Slow Drag.'"

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a great time working with her. A very, very talented designer."

"This desk top," we said. "Did you say it's a *squared* circle?"

Dr. Stanton smiled, removed the pipe from his mouth, and reached into one of the compartments in his hanging steel cabinet and took out a small cream-colored leather bag tied at the top with a thong. He untied the bag and took out a small egg-shaped piece of bronze. "The top of the table is the same as the top of the egg," he said. "It's a super-ellipse. It's based on a mathematical formula of Piet Hein's—a scientist and poet in Denmark. I read about him eight or nine years ago in *Scientific American*, and about a traffic circle in Stockholm based on his formula. When I knew I wanted to do a top, I decided to do it in the shape of that traffic circle." He smiled again, and stood the bronze super-egg on end on his desk, and looked at the egg in admiration and wonder.

"What about the carpet?" we asked. "That green?"

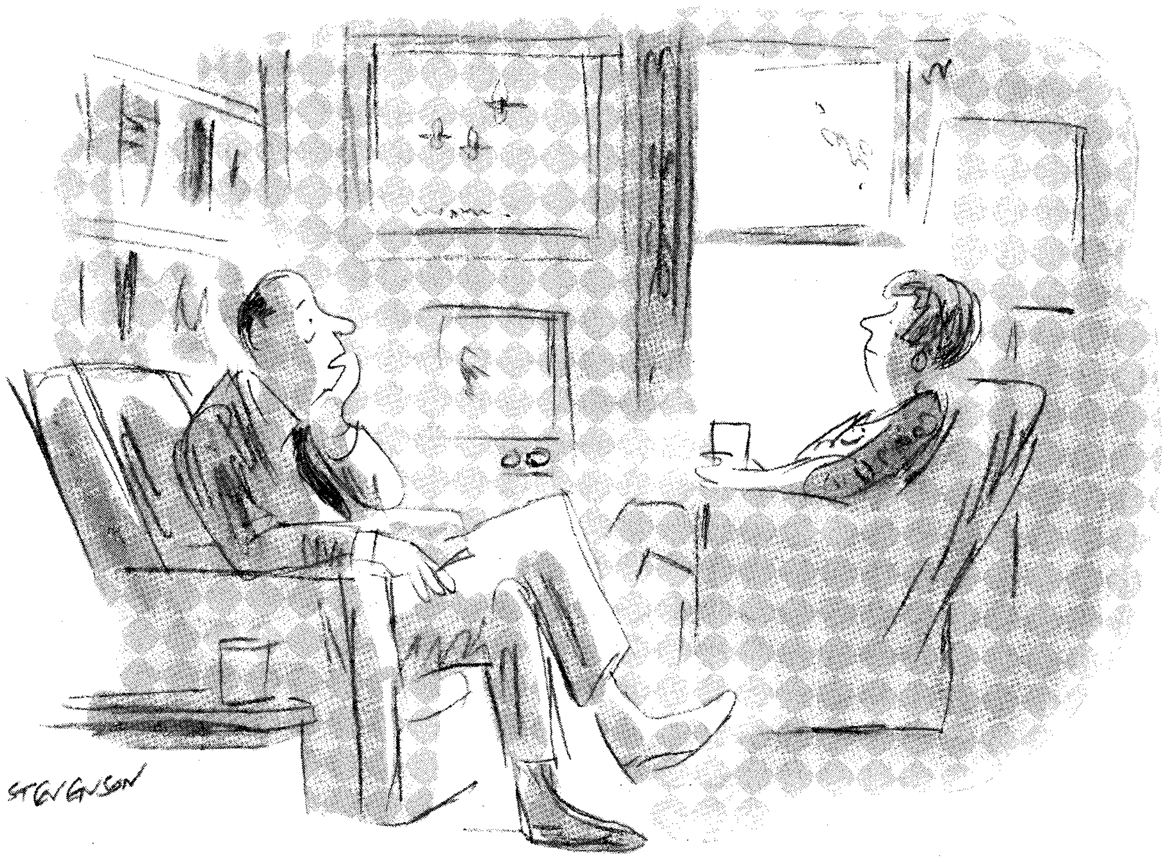
Dr. Stanton put the pipe back in his mouth and looked pensive. "I wanted to get away from the old CBS cream-and-beige," he said. "I wanted something with more strength."

"Well, what have you been doing?" we asked. "Do you miss television?"

"I miss the challenge, the sense of excitement, but there are plenty of compensations," Dr. Stanton said. "My longtime secretary—Winifred Williams—says I'm busier than I was before I left CBS. I went right into the new job of chairman of the American National Red Cross, but I average only two days a week in Washington or on the road for them. These past few months, I've been giving considerable time to the Panel on International Information, Education, and Cultural Relations at the Center for Strategic and International Studies of Georgetown University. Last fall, I was asked if I would head the study, which will cover the objectives of the entire United States Information Agency program, get the views of experienced professionals, and recommend an effective program for the future. In a rash moment, I said I would do it if they could get the money, and the project director of my choice, Dr. Walter Roberts—formerly associate director of USIA, and author of 'Tito Mihailovic and the Allies, 1941-1945.' Last spring, they got the money, and Dr. Roberts and I had to get to work. We're planning to report to Congress in a couple of months on our findings and recommendations for America's public diplomacy. We went to Europe last July and held some fascinating hearings with six of our ambassadors. Now I'm setting up a trip to Mexico, where we'll hear from our representatives in the Latin-American countries. Several leaders in Congress and in other offices of government have called for a public reëxamination of our information policies, mostly in the presentation of our foreign policies. Some of the witnesses—government leaders, former Secretaries of State, directors of the United States Information Agency, Voice of America people, and so on—have been very incisive."

"How about your work habits?" we asked. "Do you still get five and a half hours' sleep a night?"

"Somewhat less," Dr. Stanton said. "Yesterday, I was up at four-thirty in the morning, because I had to work on three drafts for the Information Panel. I had to edit them and get them ready to send to the twenty other members of the panel. I took them to Washing-



"It seems like only yesterday I was on the verge of getting it all together."

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ton in the morning, and then I went to my Red Cross office in the afternoon. I love New York, and I love being in the city. It starts with the people in this city. Meeting them. Hearing them talk. I think New York City is the center of the world. My wife and I do a lot of walking around in this city. We don't like to fight our way out to the country for three hours in traffic and fight our way back. But we do fly out for weekends in Edinburgh or in London, where we take in the shows and galleries and do a lot of walking around."

"Do you like the Red Cross job?" we asked.

Dr. Stanton didn't give us an immediate answer. Then he said, "Doing that kind of humanitarian work isn't something you think of as liking or disliking. You look upon it as a service. We've got a wonderful paid professional staff, and the other people in the organization are the most dedicated volunteers I've ever found. I do a certain amount of visiting disaster areas, getting firsthand information, when we get hit by floods, fires, tornadoes, or hurricanes. And even though we're not at war, thank God, there's a lot to do for the men and women in military service. I went to three weeks of meetings of the International Red Cross Societies in Teheran last fall, and I'll be going to Geneva in October for more meetings."

"Teheran. Geneva. Edinburgh. Commuting to Washington, D.C. London. Don't you get tired?" we asked.

"I like to move around," Dr. Stanton said.

"How about a rundown on some of your other activities?" we asked.

"Sure," he said. "Between conferences and speeches here and there, I served as chairman of the Business Committee for the Arts, and I helped plan the Federal Design Assembly, in Washington, sponsored by the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities. It's an effort to improve the design of federal graphics and architecture. This is one way of improving the environment without its costing more money. I spent the weekend in Washington as a member of the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council Committee on Biomedical Research in the Veterans Administration."

"What about broadcasting?" we asked. "Do you do anything anymore for it?"

Dr. Stanton turned the super-egg so that it stood on its opposite end. "I'm *in a whole new ballgame now*," he said. "I always found broadcasting tempting and interesting, and I haven't lost my interest, especially in the broadcast of news. I'm a director of the CBS corporation, and I'm on call as a consultant. I like to hear what the broadcast editorialists are doing. There's a whole new generation of editorial writers on television, who speak out on the important issues, and I am continuously concerned about the First Amendment rights of those who broadcast the news. But my own interest now goes beyond television and radio. Nobody has ever done a definitive book on the demographics of the news audience as a whole. It's a book *I* want to do. I'm just blocking it out now. I want to find out what kind of people get what kind of information from *all* the news media, including print."

There was a knock on the door, and a pretty young Chinese woman entered, smiling.

"This is Carolina Woo," Dr. Stanton said proudly.

Miss Woo regarded Dr. Stanton with equal pride. "I think I've found a chair for your desk," she said.

"Great!" Dr. Stanton said, standing up and taking the pipe out of his mouth. "Let's see it."

"It's nice, it's beautiful," Miss Woo said, smiling. "But I don't know why you need it. You're never going to *sit* there."

West Indian Weekend

SPEEDING BY TAXI ACROSS THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE WITH SASSY ANTIGUAN JAMAICA KINCAID—TOWARD DIMANCHE GRAS, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM, ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE SEVENTH ANNUAL WEST INDIAN-AMERICAN DAY CARNIVAL:

"THERE are several things you ought to know," said Jamaica. "First of all, you are going to see The Mighty Sparrow, who is the No. 7 calypso singer. Secondly, you are going to see 'Ole Mas.' The 'Ole Mas' is a spoof. This year, there is going to be an important 'Ole Mas' about New York Transit Authority buses. There will be men dressed as women—my friend Mr. Errol Payne told me all about it. One man will have a big over-stuffed bust. He'll have a sign saying 'I

Own de Bus.' Another man will have a big overstuffed bust trailing behind him. *He'll* have a sign saying 'I Lose de Bus.' But what I really have to do is to tell you about 'jumping up.' 'Jumping up' is a very important West Indian concept. You 'jump up' when things get to be so exciting you just can't sit still, and that happens all the time during Carnival. I love to go to Carnival now, because when I was growing up my mother *would not let me 'jump up*.' My mother was *so strict*. All I wanted was to 'jump up' at Carnival and get little patent-leather shoes from America. My mother would never let me 'jump up,' and she would never let me have shoes from America, because she said they would fall apart in the first rain. Anyway, when I was fourteen we had a real row because I wanted to march with a band at Carnival. I was going to be in a band dressed up as bees and I would have been a worker bee. It wasn't much, but my mother just wouldn't let me do it. So we compromised, and she got me a pair of plaid sneakers from America. She was right, of course. As soon as they hit water, they fell apart."

At Dimanche Gras (Threatened by Rain), on the Grounds of the Brooklyn Museum:

THERE were a lot of seats set up around a big stage in the open air. On the back of each seat was a plastic bag that read "Fred Richmond for Congress," which would become useful if it rained. Jamaica introduced us to several dignified men who wore ribboned badges reading "Carnival Improvement Committee." Then she introduced us to La Belle Christine, the limbo dancer. "I'm the famous limbo-dance artist," said Miss Christine. "I performed on Friday night. I'm adjunct-professor of Ethnic Dance at City University. I'm America's No. 1 limbo-dance artist. I design my own costumes and I do my own choreography. I've got my B.A. I'm working on my M.A. I'm in *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges: 1972-73*."

We asked Miss Christine where she came from in the Caribbean.

"I'm from Montserrat," she said. "'The Emerald Isle of Natural Beauty.'"

Then The Mighty Shadow—a young calypso singer who won the 1974 Road March in Trinidad and Tobago—came onstage. He was dressed in beige pants, a navy-blue jacket, and an orange-and-white large-brimmed hat. He sang in a rapid-fire style to music that was staccato beyond syncopation. Jamaica said he was very slick. Then Alwyn Roberts—Lord Kitchener—came on. Lord Kitchener is a famous Calypso singer who has been popular for many years. He wore white pants, a black-white-and-yellow shirt, and a maroon cap. His music had a less rapid, less staccato beat. "I like Lord Kitchener very much," Jamaica said. "You see how less slick he is? Shirt, pants, and cap. None of that jacket stuff. When I was little, it was Lord Kitchener, The Mighty Sparrow, and Lord Melody. They were the ones. Lord Kitchener and Lord Melody did songs about loose women. The Mighty Sparrow was always slipping in a little social consciousness. Remember Patrice Lumumba? The Mighty Sparrow did a song about Patrice Lumumba. Lord Melody was the raunchiest. Lord Melody did a lot of songs they wouldn't play on the radio."

The audience was very well behaved. In the audience there were people of every age—all enjoying the same thing and all well behaved. There were many men in coat and tie, and no one was sloppy. The white people in the audience weren't sloppy, but they were less well put together. Many of the white people there looked as if they were doing fieldwork for an extension course in Inter-Cultural Interaction: The Folk Experience. After Lord Kitchener performed, a man whose name we didn't catch sang a song about Trinidad called "God Bless Our Nation." The chorus went:

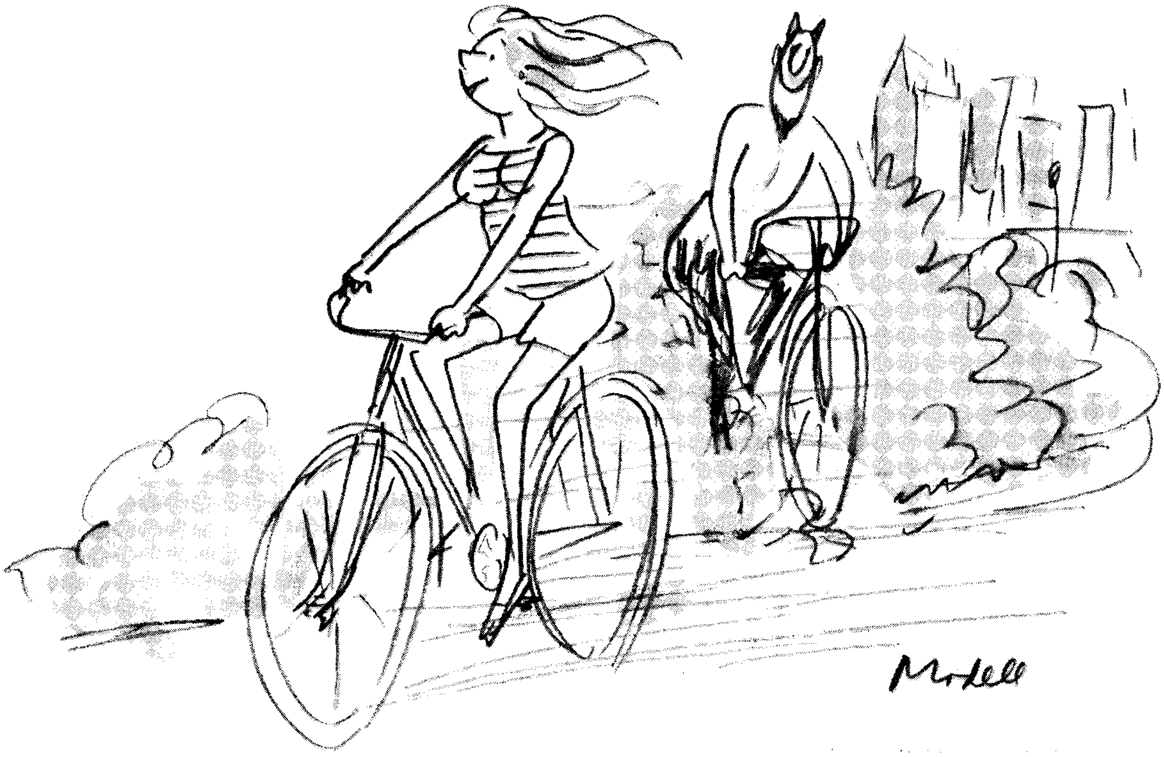
It's fantastic, yes it is, the way
 how we live as one.
In integration, our nation is
 second to none.
Yes, the Negroes, the white man,
 the Chinese, the children play
 together in the sun,
In this wonderland of calypso, in
 this wonderland of steel bands.

Then The Mighty Sparrow came on. He wore blue polyester pants and a multicolored shirt, and had a whistle around his neck. He sang a song called "Come See Miss Mary," which was—well, *suggestive*, and then he sang a song called "We Passed That Stage." He sang:

Project an image of honesty and
 courage.
Put decency on front page.
Show wisdom not rage.
You must remember we passed
 that stage.

Later (During the Rain) at Dimanche Gras:

AFTER The Mighty Sparrow went off, a light rain began to fall. A steel band began to play, and people "jumped up"—all over but especially on the stage. Many people made use of their "Fred Richmond for Congress"



plastic bags to keep the rain off their heads. One person who did this was Marcia Manners, the 1974 Carnival Queen. The band was good, and people had a fine time. It was very pleasant to "jump up" in the light rain. We had a good time talking with Ruddie King, who said he introduced steel bands in this country, and who told us how West Indian-American Day parades used to be in the old days when they were held in Harlem—starting at 110th Street and going up to 150th, ending with a celebration at the Rockland Palace. He showed us a group of props he had assembled for an "Ole Mas." There was a big clock, there was a figure of a man in a white pith helmet, there was an old pushcart, and there was an old-fashioned coal scuttle. Mr. King said that this "Ole Mas" was called "Behind Time." Then the rain got heavier. We took refuge in a booth where Mrs. Lezama, wife of Carlos Lezama, the hardworking man who organizes the Carnival each year, was presiding over pots of souse, *rôti*, and other West Indian food. We had some souse and some ginger beer made with fresh ginger, and then the rain really came down, spoiling the "Ole Mas." At five minutes past midnight, there was a cloudburst. Most people left. A dozen people went by under a tablecloth, still dancing. We left soon afterward. We found out the next day that Mr. Lezama and his co-worker Mr. Herman Hall stayed until the rain stopped, late in the morning, to properly look after the chairs, the stage, and other rented equipment.

REPORT FROM JAMAICA ON THE HISTORY OF CARNIVAL:

"ERROL PAYNE is an impressive-looking man who is the vice-president of art and culture of the West Indian-American Day Carnival Association. He is considered Trinidad and Tobago's Carnival ambassador to North America, and this is why: he has been entering costumes in band competitions since 1946; in 1956, he was made a Grand Knight of the Carnival Court for life; one of his winning costumes, 'Peacock,' was once used as a postage stamp for Trinidad and Tobago; he has had so many winning costumes that for a few years he was asked not to compete in costume contests in Trinidad and Tobago; his authority on costume-making is so widely respected that other costume-makers often come to him for assistance. So, naturally, if you want to know anything about Carnival, you ask him. This is what he says: 'Carnival started in Trinidad in the days of slavery, when the slave masters were French. Around Christmastime, the slave masters would celebrate with eating and drinking and dress themselves up in costume. The slaves would be allowed to celebrate, too, and it was the only time they could dress themselves up and pretend they were anything they wanted. A man could pretend he was a king or a prince. They didn't have fine things to dress up in, so they would use old rags and old things to do it. That was the beginning of "Ole Mas." After slavery was abolished, the ex-slaves went into the streets, singing and dancing and beating drums, and that was Carnival. It was also with the slaves that calypso music was born. If a slave master was standing in the presence of two or three slaves and they wanted to say something that they didn't want him to know about, they would start singing it in picong tone, which is broken English, and patois French. That was their way of communicating with each other without the slave master's knowing what they were saying. Ever since then, Carnival has been growing like a wild vine, and nobody can stop it!' "

EXCERPT from program of West Indian-American Day Parade down Eastern Parkway to Prospect Park:

> While it is true that Carnival is a very informal affair you are kindly urged to refrain from dancing inside of costume bands on Eastern Parkway. You may dance in front of them or behind because it is not right for bandleaders to spend months of sleepless nights, a lot of money and to work under all poor type of conditions and then the public get inside of bands on Carnival Day; Thus not allowing the bands to display their pretty costumes.

JAMAICA REPORTS ON THE WEST INDIAN-AMERICAN DAY PARADE:

"I GOT to watch the parade from the second-best platform of dignitaries. The first-best platform of dignitaries was reserved for politicians. West Indians are the only group of people I know who still have a great deal of respect for politicians, men of the cloth, and schoolteachers, and anyone who makes a career in any of the above fields automatically becomes dignified. I saw Shirley Chisholm. She sat with her legs crossed at the ankles. Howard Samuels was there. No one seemed to recognize him, and he looked like a man who had got himself invited to the wrong party. Soon after, the first float appeared. It carried the Carnival Queen and her lady-in-waiting. The Queen looked regal enough in her long white gown and silver crown, but, instead of waving to the crowd and smiling like a dummy (the way queens usually behave), she was snapping her fingers, wiggling her hips, and shuffling her feet, all at the same time. I liked her very much and personally think she's going to start a new vogue in royal public behavior. Then came the bands. Now, here, when you say bands you don't mean people playing musical instruments together in harmony but people wearing costumes in harmony. That is, they pick a theme, and each member of the band wears a costume that supports it. The bands had names like Caribbean Fragrance, Fiesta South of the Border, Vision of Beauty, The Dream of Attila, Sailors Ashore in France, Splendor in Siena, and Dreaming Through the Ages. Quite a few of these fantasies took the shape of giant insects and birds, some were fishes, and some were dragons, and some I just couldn't figure out. They were quite wild and extravagant. The colors most often used were red, orange, and yellow. Everything was trimmed with gold and silver braiding. Some costumes had such elaborate skirts that little wheels had to be attached for mobility. Soon after this wave of fabulously alarming creatures passed by, things at the dignitaries' platforms got as boring as things at dignitaries' platforms can get. The remaining bands were ten blocks away, 'jumping up' for their own pleasure, and were in no great hurry to entertain dignitaries. Mrs. Chisholm kept waving; poor Mr. Samuels looked even more lost than before. I felt hungry and went to get something to eat. I bought a rice-and-peas-and-chicken-and-pork dish from a Panamanian woman, who said that she had made it herself. It was so good I had two portions. Then I had a patty—West Indian pastry stuffed with ground meat—which I bought from Tower Isle. I was told by the woman who sold it to me that you can find Tower Isle patties in the frozen-foods department of your local supermarket. Of course, I liked that idea very much, because you know an ethnic group has made it in this country when you find its food at your local grocer. As Lord Kitchener said to me, 'accessibility is the key to success.' After that, I had a large hunk of Shabazz Bean Pie. I say, without reservation, this is the No. 1 Third World dessert. In fact, every time I have some of it I think kindly of Mr. Shabazz and everybody with an 'X' after his name."

AROUND THE HORNE

BY BILL HORNE

Note: Bill Horne is sick. Today's column is by Ed Farr.

IT'S always a temptation to second-guess a team and say where it went wrong, but it's been my philosophy not to kick a man when he's down and that goes for the Flyers, not that it wouldn't be easy to fault this player or that after losing so many games this year. I know it's considered smart in some circles to criticize the Dutchman for letting the younger ballplayers "get away with murder" who some say didn't have much so-called desire, but the season is over and I say, "Next year means new opportunities for personal growth. Let's rebuild in a spirit of optimism." In the meantime, perhaps I could make some constructive comments about the past season as one who knows the team well, having worked with the fellows on a one-to-one and group basis as manager since Dutch moved up to general manager after the 4th of July doubleheader against Pierce.

First, a word to the fans. As Dutch pointed out last spring, the Flyers only needed confidence in themselves to succeed. I felt that they might've done so had the Flyer fans shown some patience, adopted a quietly supportive role, and not demanded instant victories. Instead, after a few defeats they became bitter. They booed every mistake however unwitting, in effect sending the players the message "You are not O.K. You are bums." By the time I arrived, the players were uncertain whether they could play ball at all. Since then, we have made some progress in talking out these problems. Perhaps if the fans got to know us a little better, they could join us next year in a helpful partnership for dynamic change. That is the purpose of this article.

PITCHING: It was obvious to everyone that the pitching was not as hard as it should've been this year. Fans were quick to blame laziness or overweight. But after working with the pitchers in intensive group sessions we found that all suffered to some extent from what we have come to call "pitcher's block." Convinced that the ball would be hit anyway, they unconsciously "took something off it" (the pitch) in delivery. Typical was one right-hander whom I'll call "Phil":

PHIL:

They have always hit my knuckleball. At first I thought I was bringing my right leg over too far and dropping the elbow. But now I realize I'm withdrawing from the pitch—actually bringing both hands up in front of my face to avoid seeing it—and I don't get a good follow-through that way. I guess secretly I've always felt the knuckler was an old man's pitch and hesitated throwing it. The hesitation threw my timing way off. I guess the answer is to accept that I *am* 39 and can't reach back for the old fastball anymore. If I do, I tend to fall off the mound.

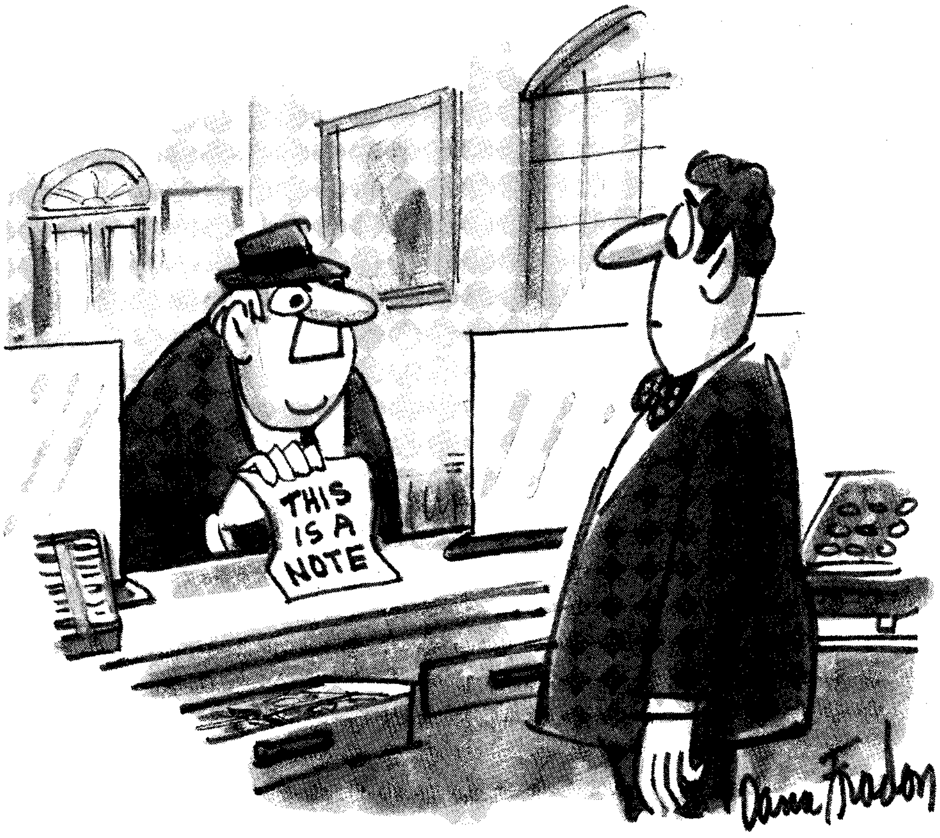
After talking with the pitchers, we agreed that pitching less hard was their way of punishing themselves for past losses and perpetuating their self-image as "bad" pitchers. We agreed that this was childish behavior, and we tried to write a new scenario, or game plan, in which the umpire was cast in the role of persecutor and a hard pitch in the strike zone would "hurt" him.

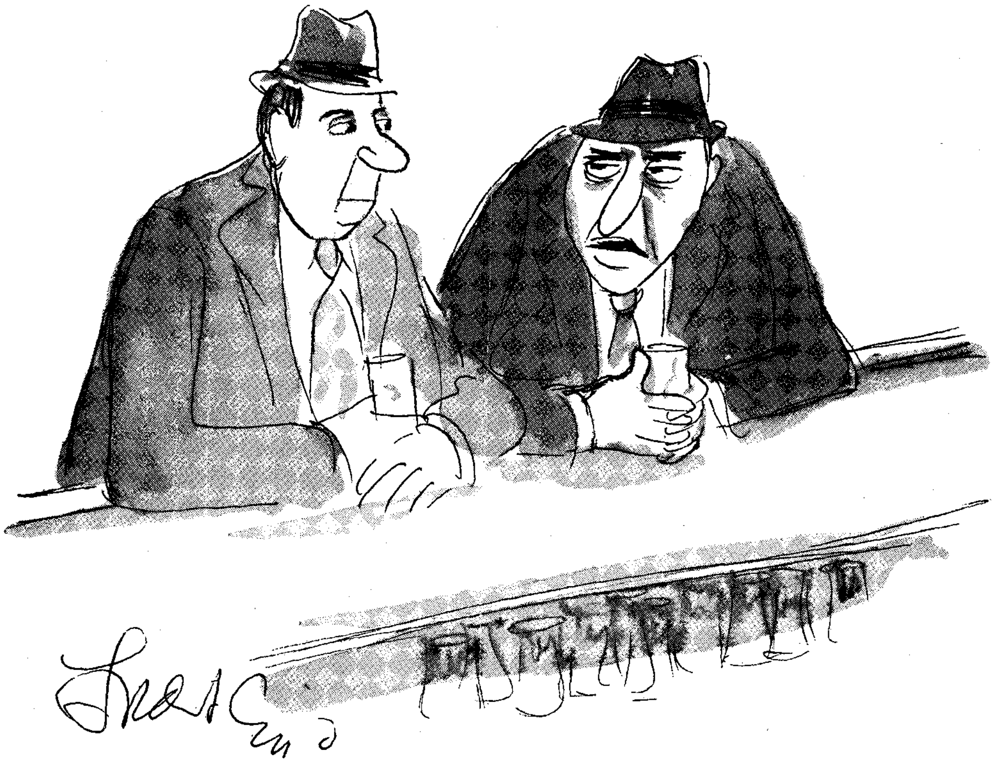
Unfortunately, we did not include the catcher (whom I'll call "Milt") in these sessions. Milt felt that the hard pitches were aimed at him personally and unconsciously tried to "escape" from them, which resulted in many passed balls. Later, after I benched him and we had more opportunity to talk, I learned that Milt's father had forced him into a catching role when he was quite young; that Milt caught his father's pitching in the driveway for practice, and whenever the boy made a mistake his father indicated disapproval by throwing harder; that Milt interpreted this as an attack on his masculinity, which he came to feel was passive and precarious and had to be defended from a crouch and, in the case of very hard pitches, by dodging to the side. With more counselling and perhaps more protective equipment, I feel that Milt can make a real contribution next year.

HITTING: Once again, the problem was obvious to everyone: Flyer hitting was consistently weak. But rather than look for the cause of the weakness, fans merely complained that the batters didn't "stand up to the pitcher" and took too many called strikes. We wanted to get the players' view of the situation, and so we asked each one to draw a picture of the way things looked to him when he came up to bat.

The pictures were very interesting. One drawing, which was typical of the rest, showed the batter hiding in a deep hole and the opposing pitcher towering over him from the top of a nearby hill (the mound). The entire field was uphill from the batter and the bases in the far distance were hundreds of yards apart.

This drawing was entitled "Safe at Home," which was just the clue we needed. Apparently, the batters did feel safer at home plate (perhaps by the very implication of its name) even if they were somewhat uncomfort-





"When I smile, my whole face lights up."

able. One player ("Fred") expressed his feelings in a poem:

> The baseball flies straight
> At me. Heavy shoes are stuck.
> How can I get out?

Obviously, this player does not mind being "in the hole." He would rather be there and then be "called out" than take his chances on the base paths, where he could be "thrown out," "picked off," caught in a "squeeze," or even "stranded."

Unfortunately, I tried to meet these fears head on rather than work around them. I told the players they must "guard" home plate, which would be "wounded" by strike balls, by striking back at the pitches, and that they could prevent the bat from swinging and missing by "choking" it. This approach failed. If a hitter got one strike against him, he felt that home plate *had* been hurt and couldn't be hurt much more by two additional strikes. And the idea of rewarding base hits with positive strokes by the first-base coach—it just didn't work because the players who most needed this reinforcement never got to first base.

Next year, if the fans will help us create a less stressful environment at the ballpark, I believe it will help give the hitters a better perspective of the field and their relation to it.

FIELDING: The rural setting of Hay Stadium has been, on the whole, relaxing and beneficial, but its use during the week as a feedlot and pasture has resulted in an uneven playing surface, especially demoralizing for the infielders. However, not all errors were due to bad hops. Infielders spoke of the ball having "eyes" and seeking holes through which to bounce for base hits. And, while they believed they could not reach the ball, they were also fearful of it hitting them, an apparent contradiction.

It seemed pointless to berate players for mistakes that stemmed from deep-seated attitudes, to tell them to respond to grounders logically and not emotionally, and so we instituted a program of simple infield exercises stressing body awareness. Working without a batter or ball and simply concentrating on movement, the infielders practiced graceful fielding and throwing motions, making impossible catches and throwing accurately while off balance. Some have come along faster than others, but at least toward the end of the season there was more action in the infield, more fluidity, more lateralness, and fewer instances of players standing in position and throwing a glove at the ball as it bounded by.

Ironically, as other players improved, the outfielders seemed to become distant and moody and to feel resentful toward balls hit to them. Previously, the low standard of play in the infield had given them a pleasurable feeling of superiority: "The infielders might miss grounders, but *we* don't, even if we do drop a few flies!" Now, with crisper infield play and better pitching, the outfielders were left with less to occupy their time. They tended to withdraw from the game and to feel that we were expecting too much of them.

"JIMMY":

> I love baseball and I love being in the outfield. It's very relaxing. But then—bang!—there's a fly ball and everyone's yelling "It's yours, it's yours" and suddenly I'm expected to perform wonders.
>
> Catching a high fly looks a lot easier than it really is, especially when you realize that if you do catch it, it's nothing, an "easy out," but if you drop it you're a bum. People sitting in the bleachers looking at you and yelling and throwing stuff over the fence—I'm sick of it! I'm sick of being treated like an animal in the zoo!

Perhaps, I thought, we do tend to brutalize outfielders. We speak of a good one as being "fast as a gazelle" or having "the eyes of a hawk" or "an arm like a rifle," and talk in terms of outfielding *instinct*, rather than outfielding intelligence and wit and creativity. Perhaps it is time we became more aware that each player, whatever his strengths or weaknesses on the field, has many fine attributes as a person. Perhaps we should begin by recognizing those attributes and reinforcing self-esteem rather than concentrating entirely on a player's faults.

Take "Bill," for instance. For weeks, we hassled him for his mistakes at third base, trying to force him into the mold of a Brooks Robinson or a Harmon Killebrew and giving him no credit for his friendly, outgoing attitude and his concern for others and willingness to offer helpful advice to other players even as his own game suffered. In effect, we were telling him, "You're not O.K. You're just a player and not even a very good one. You bobble easy ones and you swing like an old lady. You bat ninth today, buddy." Last week, I came to a decision. I told Bill, "You are O.K. You're my manager for next year, and you'll make a darn good one. You've got good ideas and you're a darn good communicator. Good luck." So Bill will handle the day-to-day decisions, and I'll be general manager and devote more time to the over-all outlook of the team. Dutch has been a good general manager and we owe a lot to him, and I feel he'll make an excellent president.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

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His voice is controlled in phrases of Gossamer Nuance.—*Van Nuys (Calif.) News.*

Who was one of the great phrase-makers of all time.

THE BIRD-WATCHERS

HOW Lavinia and I got to talking at the party about birds, I don't remember. But it was only natural that we should. She worked for the Audubon Society, and I was illustrating an anthology of bird poems for a university in Chicago. Her husband, a university administrator, was at the party, too. There he sat in an armchair, ponderous, with an empty glass in his hand. He seemed to be waiting for someone to refill it, but no one was about to. He looked into its emptiness miserably. Red-faced, sunk in the armchair, he made you wonder if he was sober enough to get up and walk over to the bottles. Finally, he managed to.

That year—my second at the university—I was living alone, my wife having decided to stay with the children in the East. I felt free—lived like a bachelor, unattached and ever looking for attachment.

As Lavinia talked about birds, I saw in her their grace, their brightness, but more especially their lightness—a light and winged poise that contrasted with the earthbound heaviness of everyone else in the room. The armchairs, the carpets seemed to claim us; we seemed part of them, part of the upholstery, the floor. But she, as she talked about the skylark, looked singularly like one, and I heard the trill of wings, the upward rush, saw the skyward spiral surge, heard the ring of joy. Looking at her, listening to her, it was hard not to believe in metempsychosis: that in another life she had been or would be a skylark. We went on to talk about other birds. In an effort to describe them, she took on some of their attitudes, turning her head quickly to this side and to that. And her laugh seemed a reflection of their delight. Sometimes a tremulous quality in her words brought to mind their twitter and their chirp. Sometimes her voice flowed liquid, shrill. Even the coral of her lips, the blue of her eyes, the yellow of her lacy dress evoked the feathery tones I had been painting. Or had I, like her husband, had too much to drink? No, I was drinking from a different source—headier, more exhilarating than wine.

"In the spring," she suddenly said with more zest and greater expectation than if she had been talking about Nureyev, "would you like to go and see the prairie chickens dance?"

"I'd love to."

"Down near a little town you never heard of, in the southern part of this state, a stretch of the prairies has been preserved for them, and there, early in the spring, very early in the morning, they dance as they do farther west all over the prairies. It's a mating dance—a strange ritual. Oh, you should see them!" She tilted her head back, her eyes closed, her mouth gaped ecstatically. "They dance and they boom," she went on.

"Boom?"

"That's the sound they make. Like a trough in the wind. Do you want to go? It's an overnight trip."

I looked at the pretty woman. "Of course I want to go."

"But I don't drive. You'll have to drive."

"I'll drive. But doesn't Doug want to go?" I said, referring to her husband.

"He isn't interested in birds," she said, and we glanced over at him on the other side of the room. And most uninterested he looked, except in the drink he was nursing. "We'll get a little party together, three or four maybe, and go."

"I thought—I hoped—you meant just you and I."

She looked at me and smiled. "Maybe I won't be able to get anybody else."

"Then we'll go alone."

She laughed noncommittally.

"Spring is such a long time off," I said. It was only September.

For several weeks after that, I didn't see her, but I sent her a poem about a skylark by Edna St. Vincent Millay. And often I thought of the dance birds whose stage was the prairie.

One day, I met Lavinia as she was going into, and I out of, a drugstore. "Have you found anyone else who wants to go see the prairie chickens?" she said.

"No."

"I haven't, either."

"Let's go alone, just you and I."

She laughed as she had at the party and squeezed my hand and left. What did she mean? That it was impossible? That her husband would never let her go with me alone? Because of the way I looked at her, I suppose, as if I were trying to draw from the sight of her pleasures that sight couldn't grant, that only touch gave. Or was it just a polite way of saying no? Perhaps. But she liked me. Once, she asked me over for supper at their house. "I'm not a very good cook," she warned me on the telephone.

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

"Oh, I'd come if you were only going to serve broken eggshells."

She greeted me with a kiss, and with a kiss we parted.

At a birthday dinner for a friend, we found that she and I were born the same year on almost the same day. The knowledge drew us closer. "You are the only one I really feel like talking to," I said to her later. "I feel the same way," she said. She told me she had been looking for someone to go on the trip with us.

"Don't look too hard," I said.

AT the end of February, Lavinia still hadn't found anyone so interested in birds as to take a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip to see them. For not only was the place far away, to see them dance we would have to get up before dawn. It would be windy and cold out on the prairie. We would have to stay pent up for hours in a little hut—a blind, she called it. It all sounded quite acceptable to me, especially if we were going to be alone.

But alone we would not be. At a party one evening, Diana—a friend of Lavinia's, an imposing woman, an inveterate bird-watcher—said she would go with us. She was a perfectly nice person, witty, good company, and about our age, but I immediately viewed her with the faint hostility teen-agers feel toward their chaperons.

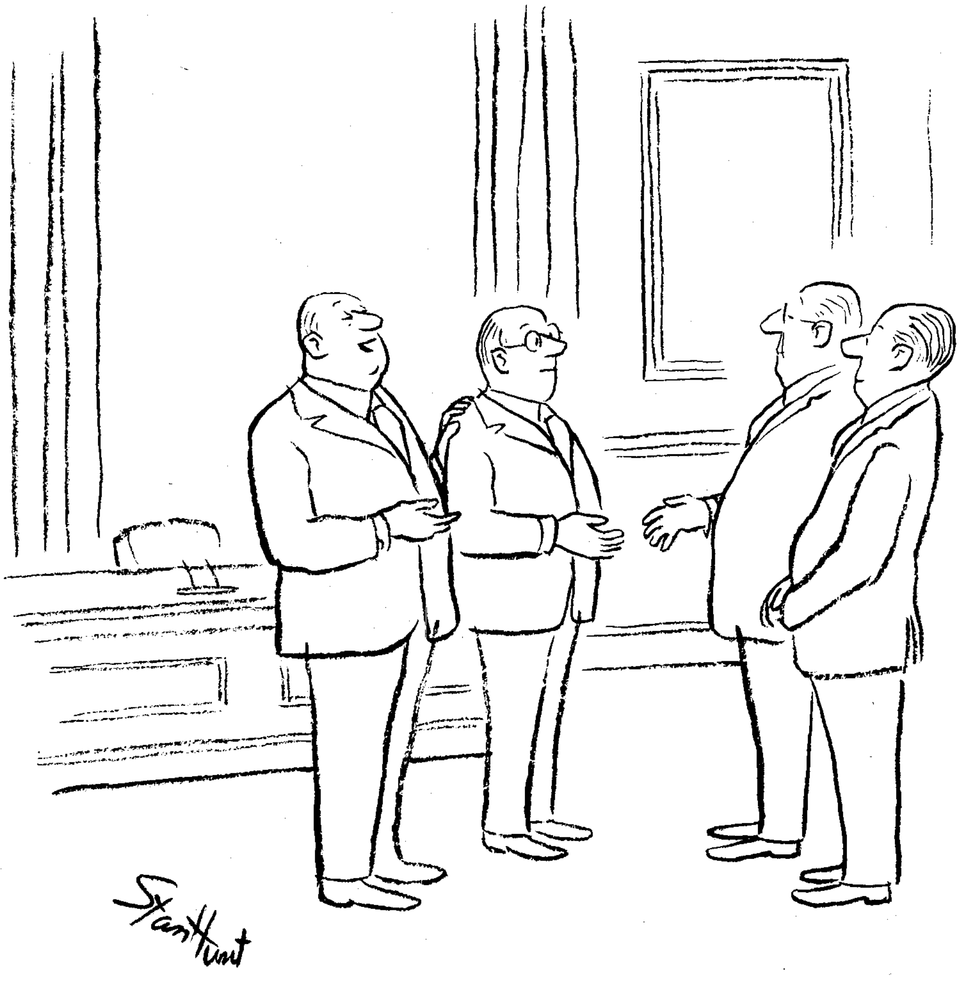
So now there were three of us, and the trip was spoiled for me before it had even started. I tried to think of a way of backing out of it. But I felt committed; they were relying on me and my car. No, I couldn't possibly back down. Arrangements were made for two rooms in a motel, and for someone from the preserve to meet us at four in the morning, in a barn. We set off, with a map and directions.

Two hundred and fifty miles. It seemed more. Illinois stretches a long way north and south. I hoped for the weather to get warmer, but it stayed the same as in Chicago. I watched for signs of spring—forsythia in bloom, greener fields, swallows—but saw none. I listened to the women talking to each other, but soon lost the trend of the conversation. I felt like a driver—their driver—left out. There they were, old friends, with their private jokes and their talk of people whom I didn't know. Two married women. Their husbands hadn't wanted to drive them, so I had. A fool. And I thought of the pretty girls I knew back at the university, half their age, half my age, too, of course, but willing to go out with me for some damn reason. Art, I suppose—art that lends fire. There was some fire in me yet, though smoldering under an ashen veil. Warmth, for God's sake, even if no searing heat. Life-engendering warmth. Was that what they saw in me? Anyway, something. Then what was I doing with these two?

We stopped for gas. Neither of them offered to chip in, and my car an old Cadillac, the price of gas almost double what it was a year ago. I tried to be cheerful. There was a beautiful sunset. In Chicago, I would probably have missed it or seen only a slight tinge of it reflected on the living-room wall. Here half the sky was the color of peach blossoms. At last, in the dark, we came to the village near which the prairie chickens lived. But though there was a motel there, we had to drive twenty more miles to a better one—the one they had reserved our rooms in. Diana said, "Once we've seen the birds we'll go back to the motel for a nap, won't we, before we start on home?" "Oh, of course," Lavinia said. Eighty miles added to the journey, I laboriously figured.

We checked in at the motel. The lady behind the counter assumed that I was with Lavinia. "You are together?" she asked. To which Lavinia, with an emphasis that sounded almost rude to me, answered, "No, he's alone. *We* are together." We registered. I carried their bags, like a lackey. "We'll call you," they said. For supper, they meant. I went into my room and looked at the two large double beds. After a while—at least twenty minutes—they phoned. They had drinks and hors d'oeuvres spread out. Rather touching. I decided that these women knew how to travel. I cheered up. I had brought along my book of bird poems, but I could see they didn't want to hear any, so I didn't even mention it. Drinks and food. Then off to dinner, and more drinks and food. Then drinks again in their bedroom. During the long winter, I had imagined that at about this point I would perform a little dance, imitative of the prairie chicken—a mating dance, just before love. Now I sighed instead, smiled faintly. The talk was about alarm clocks. We had each brought one. We decided to set them for three-fifteen.

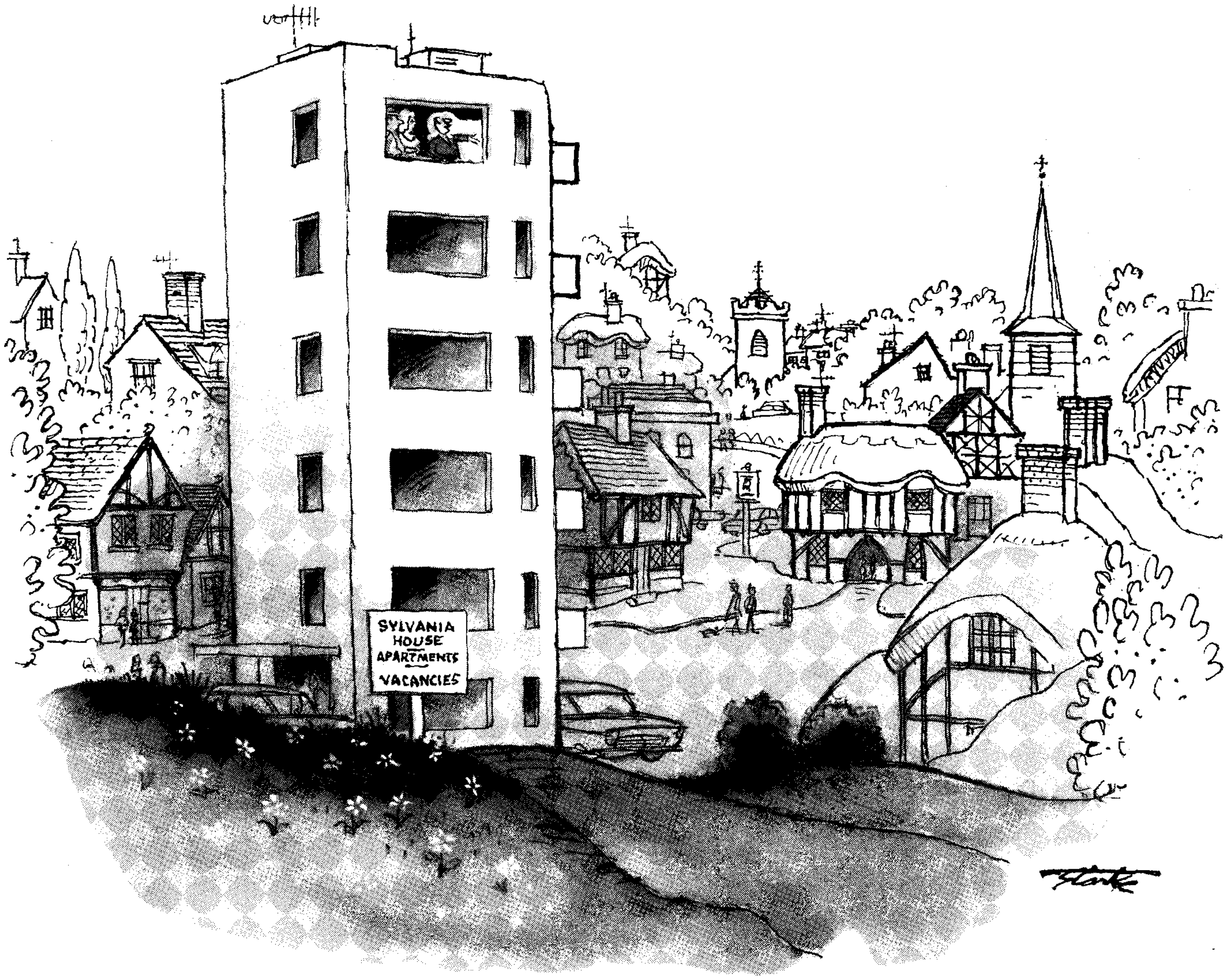
I went to sleep in my room and woke up at that time. Soon I was ready to go. When they were ready, around four, we had some instant coffee, then drove twenty miles back to the village near the preserve, only to learn that Lavinia had left in the motel the map giving directions to find the barn where we were to meet. If we returned for it, we would probably miss the whole show. Already the sky was lightening toward the east. For over an hour, we wandered along unpaved, unmarked roads in the prairie. "I wish I had a drop of cyanide," Lavinia said. I had given up all hope of finding the place when we saw a jeep with parking lights on next to a barn. Quickly we drove to it. Our man was there. He led us to the blind and left us.



"And this is my puppet, Mr. Chichester."

AT first, there seemed to be no creatures in the dim solitude but us; then, little by little, they appeared, the prairie chickens, some hundred feet away in the grass, one here, one there, in these their ancestral grounds, where perhaps for millennia they had convened. Unseen by them, we watched. About twenty were scattered through the field. Smaller than ordinary chickens—nearer the size of pigeons. No prairie hens were visible as yet, only prairie cocks. With head feathers stuck up like horns or the ears of hare, brilliant orange air sacs on each side of the neck, the rest of the body mottled rufous and black above, barred blackish and white below, with short and rounded tail, they pranced about or stood immobile and watchful. With their air sacs they hummed, they boomed. The sound rose and fell with the wind. A peculiar crooning sound. A chorus. Softer than the wind's rustle, softer than its soughing, and more tuneful. A strange, mysterious murmur of a voice, rising from the plain and ebbing, to rise again, soft, warm, and alive. The grass stirred with it. Sometimes it ceased altogether. Then mysteriously they disappeared. We didn't see them fly away. They just vanished from our sight to reappear as mysteriously a few minutes later. Had a hawk frightened them, or inadvertently had we?

And the dance? A pair of the cocks approached each other, looked at each other fiercely, leaped into the air but did not touch, came down, retreated a few steps, again went forward, stomped or, turkeylike, brushed their wings upon the ground, looked once more at one another fiercely, only to retreat. For a long while, we saw no hens. Then two appeared. Meek. Less colorful, sedate, they didn't look like creatures one should want to fight over. And, indeed, the cocks didn't seem to pay them any attention. They still wandered about the field and met and faced each other and leaped and



". . . and your view is undisturbed by the only eyesore in this lovely village."

• •

backed away, to return and leap once more and alight and back away, and wander in the field until the next encounter. Was it a dance? Lavinia called it so, and I didn't contradict her. I didn't want to appear disappointed. I wasn't really—the booming sound was filled with wonder. Still, it was strange they shouldn't mate. Lavinia had called it a mating dance, but it was clear there was no mating going on. "Why aren't they mating?" she finally said.

"Maybe we're a bad influence," I said.

Diana said nothing; she just kept on observing the birds with her binoculars. They were tireless, those two. In the cold, drafty blind, I snuggled close to Lavinia for warmth. We were there for hours—till eight o'clock. Then we returned to our motel for breakfast, a nap, and lunch, and drove back to Chicago.

I STILL see Lavinia once in a while. She sends me notes, books, poems. But it's all very innocent. Even when I think it won't be, it turns out to be. Yesterday, for instance, while her husband was away for a few days, we went out to see—just she and I this time—the woodcocks in a park not far from the city. They are supposed to rise from the ground and soar high like skylarks. At dusk and dawn, and sometimes during the night. In a show of love. But we couldn't see any. We had a drink at my place, another at her house. That she should have picked a time when her husband was away I thought significant. So I made advances, tried to make up for prairie chickens and woodcocks, too. But to no avail. "My dear, you are a dove," I said. "You and your husband, you are as paired as doves. It's no matter that he's away. Silently, invisibly, he holds you. There's nothing I can do."

"Just kiss," she said.

I kissed lips that would not part.

"Good night," I said.

Home in bed, I thought of a friend of mine who, soon after arriving from Italy to teach in Texas, bought a car. At a service station, a girl in another car happened to smile at him. He took that as an invitation and followed her when she drove away. She led him straight to a police station, where he had to do a good deal of explaining.

I went to sleep and woke to the sound of the mourning dove, how close I could not tell—hollow, airy, most immaterial of sounds, pure to the highest degree. And it made me think of Lavinia again, and of the other dove, who must be her husband, and I see him slumped in an armchair, a most unlikely dove, and I can't understand.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

DEAR PATIENT:

The Office of Professional Services has now converted to a computerized billing and collection system. At this time, all payments or other credits to your account may not appear on the bill. These credits will appear soon. However, if you submit a copy of a cancelled check or other receipt we will suppress your bill immediately.—*Note received by a patient at the Yale-New Haven Hospital.*

After the usual struggle?

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

WELCOME ABOARD THE M/V ADJARIA—II

VENICE, JUNE 4

DURING the peak of the summer, every bunk in every cabin of the Soviet cruise ship Adjaria is occupied and there are people sleeping on the floor. This was the first run of the season, and the ship, with a capacity of three hundred, had only about thirty passengers aboard. It started from and ended at Odessa, with stops at various ports from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. From the prospectus, it had seemed that all the passengers would be Russian, but there were Poles and Bulgarians and a smattering of other nationalities. Because it was not exclusively a cruise ship, passengers got on at one port of call and got off at the next, or the one after that.

At Venice, the passenger list was lengthened by three young German males with cameras, who kept strictly to themselves, took innumerable pictures, and disembarked at Dubrovnik the next day without anyone's having had a chance to get acquainted with them. Also a very shy English girl named Jane, in her late twenties, and a young Russian woman called Irina, who worked at the Fiat plant in Turin and was going home to Moscow to see her parents.

Everyone was on deck for the departure from Venice at seven in the evening—sunset time. The chef stood next to me at the railing, clicking away with the latest in cameras at one of the most heavenly sights I have ever seen. St. Mark's looked as if it had been dipped in gold. The sky was also streaked with gold. "The devil with all this!" he shouted suddenly. "The film isn't color." Though God was never invoked in the Soviet Union, the Devil still was. During the day, the Piazza San Marco had been overrun with tourists, and it was overrun with them still. From that distance, they did not look like people at all but like a vast swarm of insects. The sun set. The dinner bell had rung long ago. Yet we all lingered, transfixed, until we were far out to sea.

I had borrowed five dollars from a Polish woman named Ela. After dinner, in the dark, on the cold deck, I returned it to her, in an inexpensive gold-tooled change purse I had bought for that purpose in Venice. She invited me to sit down, only there was no empty deck chair around. Her husband offered me his, and I told him to stay where he was and perched on its edge, bundled up in my raincoat.

"How do you like the food?" she asked.

I said I thought it was delicious and why did she ask.

"Because it's so different from what we get in the Soviet Union. All winter long, the only fresh vegetables are cabbages and carrots, and they are extremely expensive. Shopping takes forever. And it isn't as if I had all the time in the world to shop. I have an administrative post at the Polish Embassy in Moscow. I am at my desk from nine in the morning until six-thirty. At night, after work, I have to stand in line interminably—for bread, if nothing else. But my husband has had tuberculosis, and he needs good food."

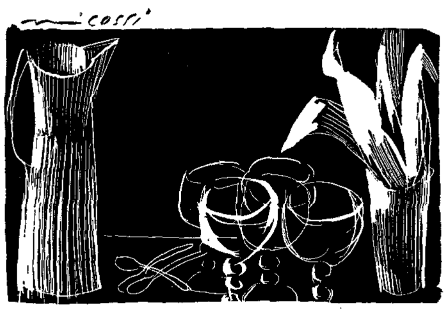
She had first attracted my attention because she was the only woman on shipboard who had what we call taste in the West. Her Russian was hesitant, and she made mistakes in grammar. I longed to ask her why she was in Moscow and not in Warsaw, and was afraid to.

"I work very hard all day long away from my apartment," she said, "and there is no one at all to help me at home, except for the woman who comes in occasionally to clean the common stairs—I don't mind paying for that, although I shouldn't have to—and to wash my floors. A cleaning woman is simply not to be had. But imagine having to cook without parsley! Imagine having to keep house in a country that doesn't sell parsley for the greater part of the year!"

Ela seemed to have planted that absent sprig of parsley in her monologue as a symbol for all that she missed in her life.

"You must come to see me in Moscow," she said. "Then you will be able to see for yourself what it is like. But let us stop being so gloomy. Let us all go dance."

I had already noticed that as soon as the tone of the conversation became heavy, the passengers would catch themselves up and immediately change the subject. As if to say, "There is enough gloom. Let us mention it, by all means. Let us be conscious of it. Let us not dwell on it."



In the music lounge, we found the two girls who had just come on board, Irina and Jane—the Russian girl in flame-red slacks, the English girl in a plum midi—sitting at a table with Victor, the purser, and Matvey, the ship's administrator. Irina—big, healthy, extroverted, and handsome—laughed very loudly at something Matvey whispered in her ear. He got up from the table and asked me to tango. He only went through the motions of a tango, but the motions were correct. The music stopped and we went back to his table. Victor was much taken with Jane. The English girl was very pale, with delicate features, a perfect nose, sherry-colored eyes, and an unexpectedly deep laugh.

Matvey asked me, "Are you coming back to Odessa with us?"

I explained that because the Soviet folders read "Odessa-Venice-Sochi" the travel bureau in Switzerland, where I live, had arranged for me to leave the ship at Sochi, on the northeastern shore of the Black Sea, thinking that the ship was going only that far. "It's such a pity," I said. "I did so want to see Yalta and Alupka."

Alupka, just outside Yalta, is the site of the Tudor-Moorish-Gothic palace built in 1837 by Count Michael Vorontzov, governor-general of New Russia and Bessarabia. It is of pale-green stone, specially quarried and brought over from the Ural Mountains. Its construction was so extravagant that when it was completed the Count locked himself up in his study with the bills, which filled several trunks, paid every single one, and then burned all the papers that would have left history a sum total of his folly.

Vorontzov was an extraordinary man, brought up in England, where his father was the Russian minister. He fought in the Napoleonic Wars, was severely wounded at Borodino, and reached the rank of field marshal. During his administration, the whole of the Crimea bloomed. When Czar Alexander exiled Pushkin from St. Petersburg to the Ukraine for his politically subversive poetry, Vorontzov received him with glacial formality, until Pushkin had a love affair with Vorontzov's wife, Elizaveta. Vorontzov then arranged to have him exiled again, this time to his mother's estate near Pskov.

"You can forget Alupka," Victor said.

"Why?"

"Last year it was closed to the public. Complete *remont.*" ("*Remont*" is a French word the Soviets used constantly. It means being "done over.")

"What about this year?" I asked.

"I don't know if they've finished yet. We have not been told."

"Actually," said Matvey, "I could arrange for you to get another visa in Athens."

I was tempted. I felt that if I had gone this far, there was no end to where I could go. "No, no," I finally said. "I'll get off at Sochi. Although I already hate the idea of leaving this ship."

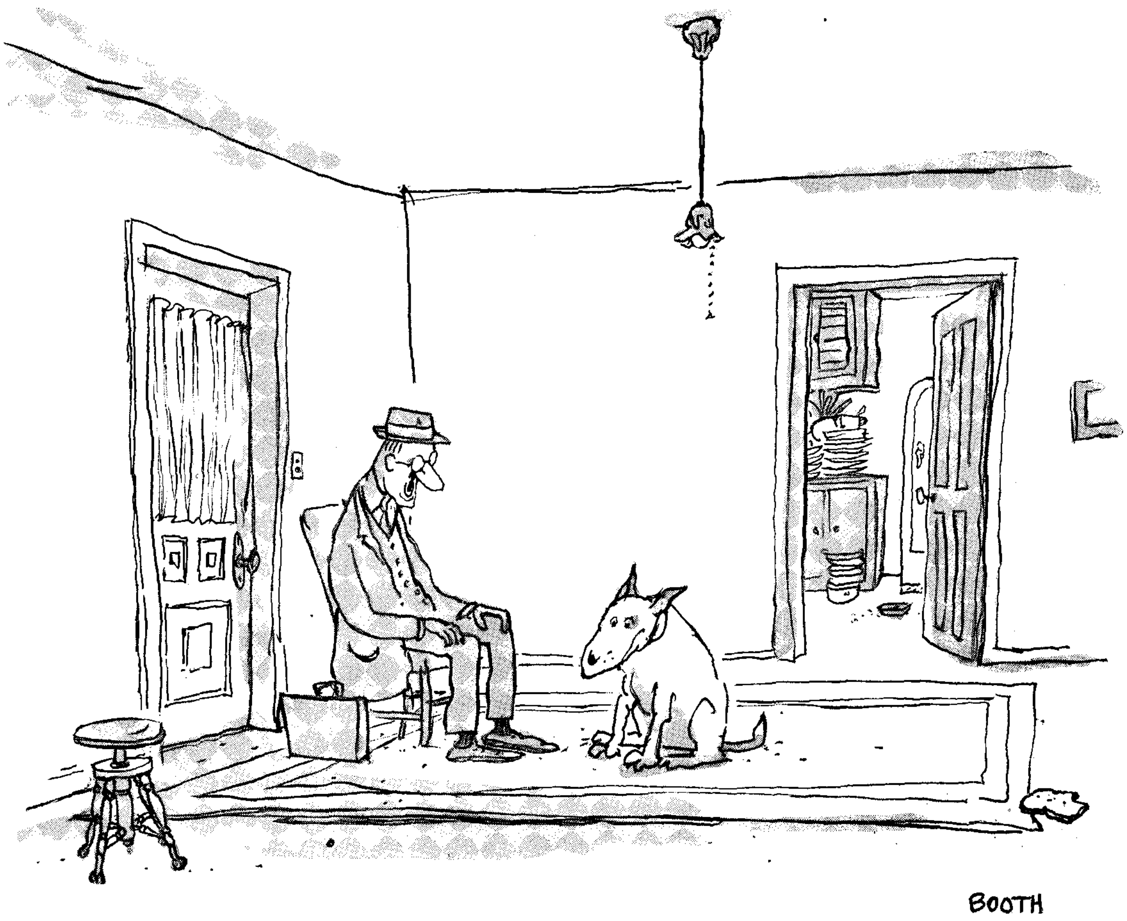
"Of course," said Matvey complacently, and led me out on the floor to a mazurka. "And will you rest in Sochi?" he asked.

"Rest? Why?"

"Because they have fantastic sanatoria, renowned the world over, for women—for women's diseases."

"But I don't have any women's diseases."

"None at all? How marvellous!" said Matvey. And we twirled.



"On my way home today on the bus, a lone grape rolled down the aisle and came to rest near my foot. It was pale green and looked to be of the seedless variety."

• •

DUBROVNIK, JUNE 5

EARLY the next morning, I was accosted by a Bulgarian woman, who wanted me to translate something for her. It turned out she was working on a highly technical paper on the lead and nicotine content of Bulgarian cigarettes. She handed me a printed article in English, and said she wanted me to translate two crucial paragraphs into Russian for her. I read through them and said that, as I couldn't understand them in English, I didn't think I could be of much help. She then asked me simply to explain the contents to her, very roughly, in Russian, and she would be able to take over from there. Which is what I did.

We passed a village nestled on the shore, and an announcement came over the loudspeaker, interrupting our work. It was in English. "This village that you see is where Marco Polo was born"—most authorities agree that he was born in Venice, but never mind—"where he was bred, and where came to him first time dreams of travelling and visiting foreign countries his work." After that, it came on in Russian, and unfortunately made more sense: "This is where Marco Polo was born, where he grew up, and where he began to dream of faraway lands."

Ela's niece was brought to me, blushing furiously, to exchange a few words in English, so that I could report to her mother on her accent. She did a little Chaplinesque dance, shuffling her feet to one side and looking at the tips of her shoes when I said, "Good morning!" After which she ran away, in spite of Ela's angry Polish rebukes.

Victor came on deck and asked me if I would be willing to help *him* with some translating.

"Right now?"

"Well, maybe we can do it tomorrow. Never now with Russians, if we can help it. You should know that. Did I ever tell you about the time we took a party of Germans to cruise the Greek Islands?"

"No, but Piotr did." Piotr was the ship's doctor.

"Yes, their bus turned over in Crete, so he was very busy for a while. All I can say is they were so well organized it was three islands in one day. Then we did it with a group of our own Soviets: one island every three days."

At two in the afternoon, we were in Dubrovnik. The chef had told me that the weather was always fair in Dubrovnik at this time of the year. "In fact, if the sky is overcast the travel agency refunds your money." I had not believed him at the time, but now I saw that both the sea and the sky were of a sharp and seemingly eternal cobalt blue.

We all sat in the anteroom of the music lounge, waiting. There was a sudden but thorough panic about dinars. Would we find a bank? A Bulgarian named Petúr rushed up to me and begged me to lend him a hundred lire. At the bottom of my travelling bag I found a crumpled bill and gave it to him. His relief was enormous. I did not understand what this was about. It was all serious business that I couldn't take seriously. There was one other American on board, a retired clothing merchant called Jimmy, and when he and I were the only passengers who had not received their passports, it was my turn to be uncomfortable. We sat in strained silence while

Victor and Matvey ran back and forth behind the glass door of the music lounge, where the usual table and chairs and Soviet flag had been set up. These were the props for the reception committee the Soviets hoped would come, each time we docked, and which never seemed to materialize. But it was easy to tell that here at least they felt they were on friendly territory. Jimmy asked how I happened to speak Russian, and I explained that my mother and grandmother were Russian, and that it was the language spoken at home when I was a child. At last Matvey issued our two passports. Why we were given passes for most of the ports and our passports for the others was something I never understood.

I shook Jimmy off by telling him that I had promised to spend the afternoon ashore with Nina Arkadievna, an elderly woman from Leningrad. It was untrue. But I knew that if I were to walk about with him the others would leave us to ourselves—strangers, speaking a foreign tongue. Besides, he was such a crashing bore. So I dashed out to try and join them. I found them all huddled around a desk inside the first door that had "EXCHANGE" printed above it. And they were in trouble. The woman behind the desk spoke only German—no Russian and no French. (Nina Arkadievna spoke a halting, heavily accented, but elegant French.) I have a block with German, but I did my best, and we soon emerged into the warm sunshine, with enough valuta to see us through another sightseeing afternoon.

We started with a fourteenth-century convent. I had managed to pair off with Nina Arkadievna, after all. Jane had fallen into Jimmy's clutches. I saw them in the distance. Jimmy was talking. Nina Arkadievna, who was well into her seventies, belonged to that breed of indefatigable and tyrannical sightseer whom one must either stay away from or else follow blindly. She managed to attach herself to a large group of Germans headed by a guide and to infiltrate us both into the beautiful Rector's Palace, with its six-arched façade, which a guard only moments before had refused to let us enter. Inside was a big hall, bare of furniture, except for folding chairs massed into a corner, so that one could see the perfect proportions of the architecture. A large poster announced a Chopin recital.

"*Wunderschönes Akustik!*" marvelled the guide. Two minutes later, trying to describe a staircase, he lowered his head and covered his forehead with the palm of his hand and said, "*Wie sagt man* . . ." Impatiently, I dragged Nina Arkadievna away.

We walked along the main street, which smelled of marine pine and looked swept, painted, recently tiled, new as a newly unwrapped gift. And yet Dubrovnik—under another name, Ragusa—was already well known before the tenth century.

Nina Arkadievna had spent years and years reading up for this trip. She knew every building of interest, the history of Dubrovnik, an assemblage of dates. She must have been equally informed about every port in which we docked. What she didn't know, until three weeks before the boat sailed, was whether or not she would be permitted to go.

We walked on until we came to a fort by the sea. There, on the edge of that clear, bright-blue water, on the bare reddish stone parapet, we sat down to talk. It was hot in the sun, and I took off my sneakers and socks. Nina Arkadievna watched me carefully, and then removed her own shoes and short white socks. She had relatives in Yugoslavia, she said, but was not going to look them up. (She was furtive when she told me this; there was no mistaking *that.*) It might make complications, both for her and for them. It was difficult for her to be in Dubrovnik and not see them, but I felt that she was resigned both to not seeing her relatives and to not being free to do what she wanted.

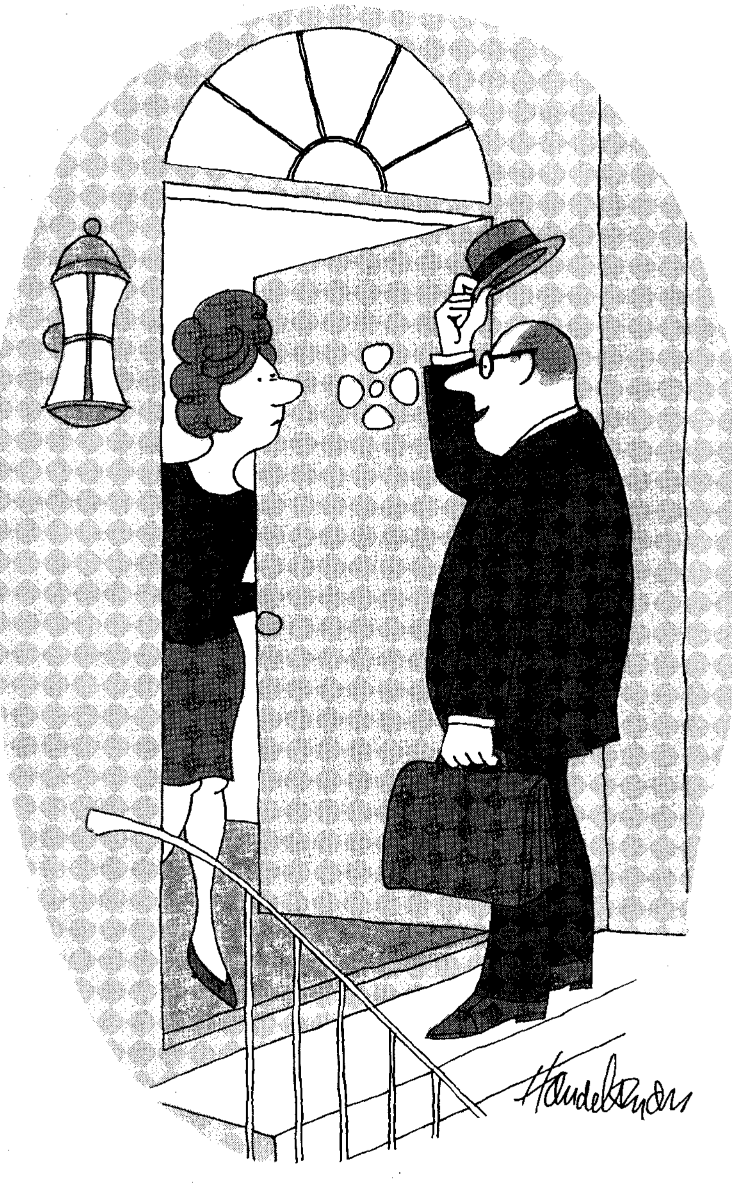
Two black-haired young men passed just below us in a fast motorboat. They jeered at us, good-naturedly, and circled about a couple of times, laughing and waving. I waved back at them with enthusiasm. Nina Arkadievna was shocked. "Really, I didn't expect you to behave like this."

"Where's the harm?" I asked. "They can't get at us, we're chaperoning each other, and if it amuses them . . ."

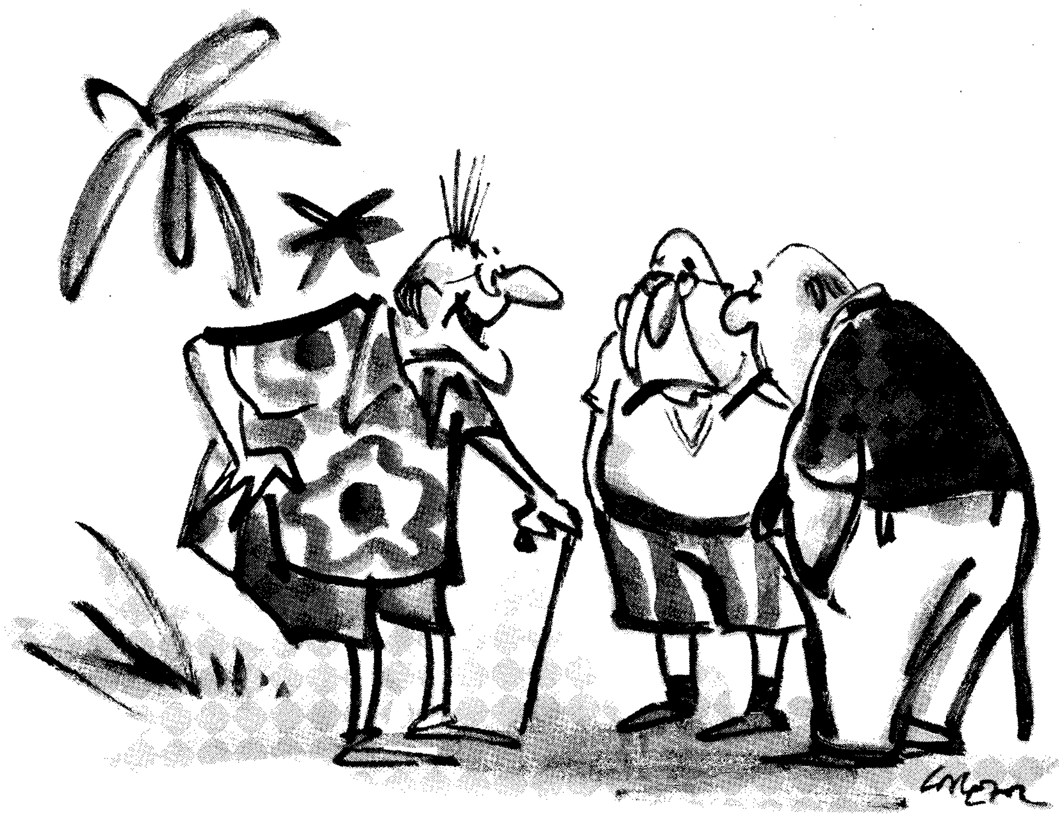
"Is that American manners?"

"No, just *bad* manners—if that's what it seems like to you."

The two young men flew off on the surface of the water, and I turned to Nina Arkadievna and said, "You are the *only* thin woman on board that ship. Can you explain it?"



"Good day, Madam. I'm working my son's way through college."



"Isn't it fantastic? They take these plugs from the back of your neck and put them on top of your head, and six months later it's a whole new ballgame."

"Oh, that's easy," she said. "I lived through the siege of Leningrad. I'm thin because I starved for so long. Starvation became a habit. I haven't been hungry since. I can't tell you what torture that food on board is for me. I've never seen so much food. It is a sin to waste it, and yet in the middle of the day I can't get anything down. Back home in Moscow, I just have a cup of coffee in the morning and then I don't touch anything until dinnertime. Victor, also, asked me about my sportive figure"—here she fell into coquettishness—"but I didn't want to tell him what I've just told you. I said that I kept very active. I'm speaking of Victor Ivanovich."

I told her that I had understood.

"To this day I never quite believe that I lived through it. I never cease to marvel. But I never got over it and I never will. And in a way I don't want to. I was the only one who survived, with my sister's child. And we were a large family. . . . It was an extraordinary time. Almost three years it lasted. Do you know how they kept us going? With constant music that reached us everywhere, through loudspeakers that never stopped. Cheerful music—as much of it as they could find—and news. Encouraging news. I worked in a factory. It was much better that way. I had a purpose, somewhere to go every morning. You know, the first people to die were those who took to their beds with the mistaken idea that they would conserve heat and energy that way. That was the most dangerous thing to do."

The wind had risen. Nina Arkadievna fell silent for a moment. She looked around at that radiant sky and sea and shook her head and sighed, and then slowly put her socks and shoes back on. "One winter, the cold became insufferable. Everything froze. Corpses froze. We didn't need coffins anymore. We just wrapped the bodies in rags. We had to save the blankets, of course, and we even tried to save the sheets. People dragged their beloved dead away, tied on sleds. You could see them in the streets, in the middle of the day, dragging those sleds on the ice. They looked impassive. How else could they have looked? We lived with death. It was an everyday occurrence. And besides, their tears would have frozen. That's how cold it was. You never knew who was going to die, or when, or where. We never said 'goodbye' to each other, even in parting for half an hour—we said 'farewell.' We lost well over a million people—almost a million and a half. Mostly through starvation, although there were bombardments, too. This much we had to eat"—here Nina Arkadievna measured off part of the forefinger of her right hand with two fingers of her left—"this much bread. Only it wasn't bread—more like leftover hay; who knows *what* it was. Two months on this and you died. I reached a stage that I don't remember well. It was like being in a daze, from which I emerged only when I started to eat again. But I remember that one of my sisters left the house one afternoon and never returned. It was no use going out to look for her. We never did that, anyway. It was useless. Everyone around me had died, except for one other sister. And my dead sister's child. Then my sister died, without pain, in my arms—extinguished. And so I brought up the child. There was no one else. . . . Come. It's getting cold. And I want to go up to the very top of the tower!"

We ran into Irina, winded and windblown, taking pictures, and Nina Arkadievna invited her to come with us. The tickets for the tower cost three dinars. The Soviets were permitted to take thirty rubles (about thirty-eight dollars) out of the country. Irina, who had so much money to spend that it was obvious she was not bound by this rule, wanted to pay now—she wanted to pay for everyone all the time—but Nina Arkadievna was too proud. She climbed the steps with amazing ease. Irina, who wore a red minidress and patent-leather pumps, stopped every two steps to huff and puff and rest. "I shall never again stay at a desk and do nothing else, *ever!*" she announced, panting, as she tried to catch up with us.

"Come, come," said Nina Arkadievna. "You still have at least one dinar's worth to climb!"

We reached the top and had a view of all the massed rooftops. Dark cats ran the length of gutters. The walls of the houses were a warm yellow and shone in the sun. There was no laundry hanging out. The ancient houses looked as if they had been built yesterday. And beyond the rooftops lay that matchless sea, the bluest one I've ever seen.

Back in the town, we met up with a Polish couple, passengers on our ship, who appeared to be friends of Nina Arkadievna's, and who were staying on in Dubrovnik for a month's leave. They had disembarked at two o'clock and now, at a quarter to five, had already found an apartment. They spoke excellent Russian. They were about to go back to the ship to fetch their luggage. But first everyone decided to have a swim.

That Polish couple had been a mystery. They had sat at a table alone, and I had glimpsed them at a movie, but I had not once seen them on deck. Nor did they show up for dancing in the evening. I had just seen them at times, speaking to Nina Arkadievna in the ship's corridors or as they came out of the dining room.

The Poles, Nina Arkadievna, and Irina appeared to feel very much at home in Dubrovnik—unlike on Corfu, where I heard a woman passenger ask her husband, "Are we among friends here or not?" and he answered, "Well, not really."

Down we went, among marine pines, walking barefoot on their needles, down and down toward the sea. Irina and Nina Arkadievna had brought their bathing suits. I hadn't. Going without one was unthinkable. When we reached the edge of the water, Nina Arkadievna disappeared behind a rock, and Irina asked me to hold her handbag and her camera and disappeared behind another. The two Poles disappeared into a clump of trees at the edge of the beach. Soon everyone was gathered again. Irina, solid and pink, big and buxom in a satiny black bathing suit, and with her glasses still on, ventured one foot into the water and screamed, "Oich! No! Simply *freezing!*"

QUARRELS

I can feel a quarrel blowing up in your body,
as old salts can smell storms
which are still fretting under the horizon,
before your eyes have flashed their first alarms.

Whatever the reason, the reason is not the reason.
It's a weather. It's a wellhead about to blaze gas,
flaring up when you suddenly stumble over
an alien presence in your private space.

You face me, eyes slitted like a cat's.
I can feel your nails uncurling.
The tendons in your neck twang with anger.
Your face is liquid as it is in loving.

Marking how often you say "always" and "never,"
I on my side grow icy, tall, and thin
until, with watching you, I forget to listen,
and am burned through and through with your high passion.

Face to face, like wrestlers or lovers,
we spit it out. Your words nip, like bites.
Your argument's a small, tenacious creature
I try to stomp on with great logical boots.

Dear angry one, let the boots and the skittering beast
chase wildly round the room like Tom and Jerry
or who and why. Let us withdraw and watch them,
but side by side, not nose to nose and wary.

That is the only way we'll disentangle
the quarrel from ourselves and switch it off.
Not face to face. The sparks of confrontation
too easily ignite a rage like love.

The he-with-her subsides, the I-with-you
looms into place. So we fold up the words
and, with a movement much like waking up,
we turn the weather down, and turn towards.

—ALASTAIR REID

• •

Nina Arkadievna didn't say anything but slowly waded in, and when the water was deep enough she fell into a rhythmical breaststroke. She had an aged, frail, but well-preserved, very white body. The Polish couple followed, the man with a bathing cap on his head. They threw a great deal of water at each other and screeched with joy. Irina still hesitated, knee-deep. The Pole threw her in. After that she swam away, her black-rimmed glasses resting on her short nose.

I lay on a narrow stone wall and watched them occasionally. The water was very cold, and they did not swim out very far.

I lay back and closed my eyes, and when I opened them a man, whom I'd seen swimming, was walking right by me. He brushed my right arm accidentally with the stump that should have been his right arm, and I felt very uneasy. He went on, toward a shower head nearby in the rocks. He found a communal piece of soap, and vigorously soaped his neck and chest before stepping under the shower. He moved his stump as he washed himself with his left hand, totally unself-conscious, free in his movements, as if nothing were amiss. As he was too young to have lost his arm in the Second World War, I concluded that it was probably an industrial accident.

Nina Arkadievna, dripping and happy, said, "That's the most enjoyable swim I've had in years! Such clean, refreshing water!"

I put one foot in. The refreshing water felt like the Atlantic in February.

The Poles knew their way around Dubrovnik. We all hopped on a pale-blue bus decorated with gaily painted flowers, and it took us back to the docks. Nina Arkadievna, showing no signs of fatigue whatever, said in a conspiratorial tone of voice, "I can now let you have two dinars for that postcard you bought me in Greece."

"You're offending me. It was a present."

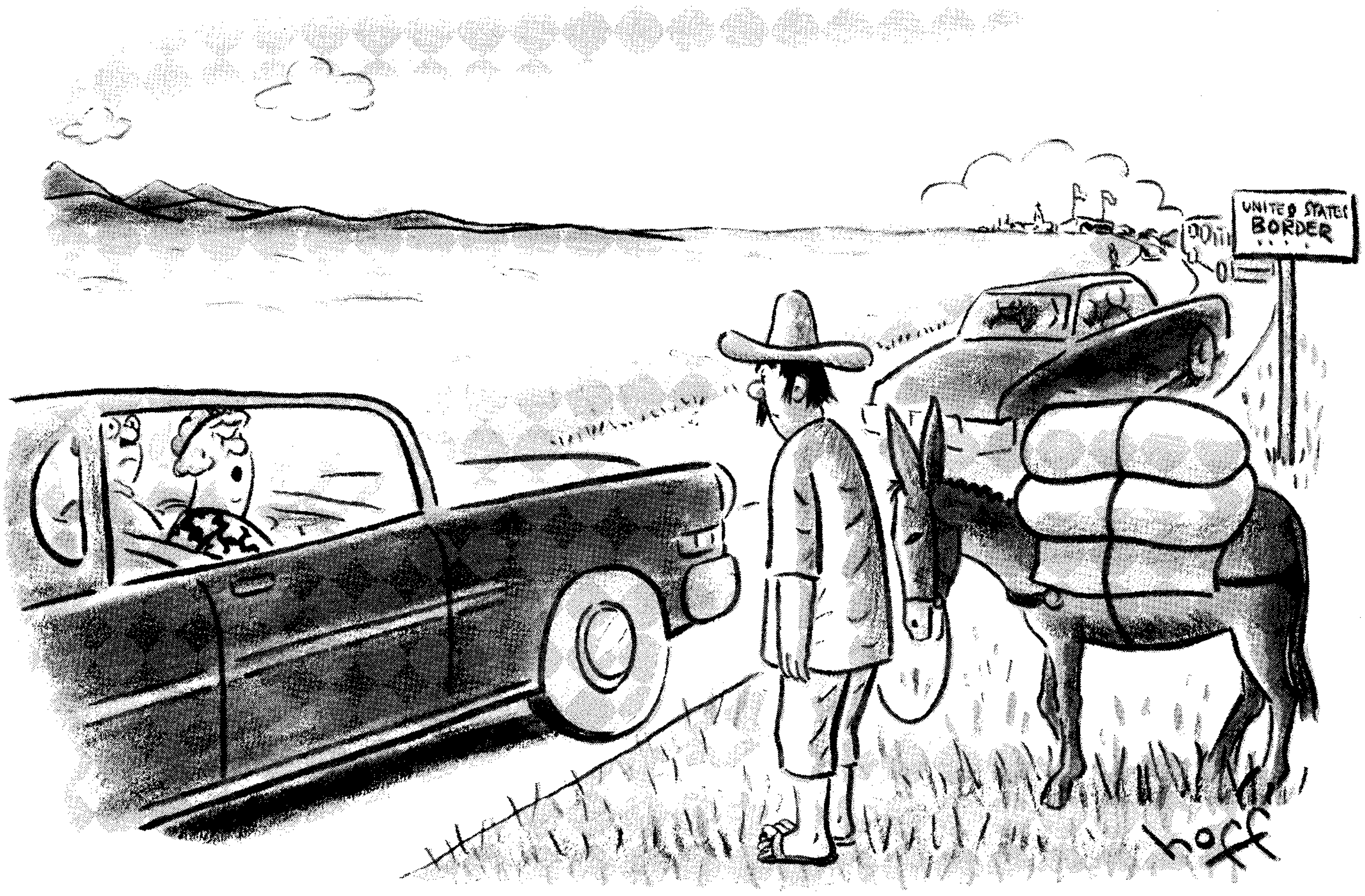
"Thank you," she said, and took hold of my wrist.

BRINDISI, JUNE 6

THE next morning, we docked at Brindisi, on the heel of the Italian boot. I did not hear Victor come into my cabin, because of the loud hum of the air-conditioner. I was only half dressed. "Here is your passport," he said. He looked at me. "You won't be ready for breakfast."

It was a quarter to seven. I didn't say anything. He stood there as I pulled on my jeans.

"Vergil died in Brindisi," he said.



"Your water was terrible."

• •

"So what?" I said. I had never even read any Vergil.

"If you want to be disagreeable with me—"

"Not at all. Sometimes I wish you would knock before coming into my cabin."

"Actually, I did, but you didn't tell me to come in."

"I didn't hear you. I'll be much pleasanter after I've had my tea."

On the way to the dining room, I met up with Irina and Jane. Irina had her hair elaborately done up in a beehive. She and Jane had been placed together at a table in the dining room the evening before, and I had immediately received an SOS from Irina. She spoke some Italian, and Jane a good deal of shy French, but they had no common language. So I had joined them.

Now Victor lingered over Jane, trying out his English. After he had left our table, she said, "Quite the lady-killer, isn't he? I prefer the other one."

"You mean Matvey?"

"The melancholy one. He has great charm."

"But Galia, the waitress over there, is mad for Victor, have you noticed?"

"It would be hard not to."

"He's got a wife in Odessa, and two children."

Irina always wanted to know what we were talking about, no matter how trivial, so I had to translate everything for her. This hardly gave me any time to eat.

Later in the morning, the three of us took off for a tour of Brindisi. It was a dreary town, with a dark provincial church. Two women with black shawls on their heads kneeled in a back row. Irina photographed the interior of the church thoroughly with her movie camera.

Ground-floor apartments were open to the street, and as we walked by, beaded curtains were repeatedly drawn aside, to reveal a dishevelled and worn woman, wearing black for past and future mournings, and pregnant, with a ragged child or two embracing her knees, watching us with large black eyes.

"Something should be done about their lack of contraception," Irina said condescendingly. "But of course one tends to forget that, for them, children are a form of investment."

The sights in Brindisi were few. As if our group had been choreographed, we all met around a big fountain. Lubomir, the husband of the woman who was translating an article on the nicotine content of Bulgarian cigarettes, came up to me, warmly shook me by the hand, and smiled. We all met again at the next landmark, nodded at each other, parted, and soon met again. Nina Arkadievna trotted around alone, in her hand a folder—"Tourist Routes Around Brindisi."

Finally, we all settled down at a sidewalk café and had *gelati*. Irina did the ordering for us, very speedily, in Italian. The *gelato* was so frozen that I bought a couple of postcards and started to write to my sons: "Vergil died here. . . ." Suddenly, there was a commotion, and cries of indignation; Irina had somehow managed to pay for everybody's ices.

We met one more time at the boundary columns of the Via Appia. Only one was still in one piece, with a marble capital showing Jove, Neptune, Pallas, Mars, and eight Tritons.

On our way back to the ship, we saw Victor and Matvey being driven around in a sleek black car with a chauffeur and diplomatic plates. "Well, look at them!" said Jane.

They bowed and waved at us as if they were visiting royalty. It was half past eleven. The ship sailed at twelve.

I walked up the gangplank behind

Nina Arkadievna, who turned around and said, "Did you know that Vergil died here?"

At teatime, I found Lubomir alone in the dining room. I asked if I could join him, and he got to his feet awkwardly and said, "Please, please, delighted!" and immediately sat down again. He was a huge, fat, bald-headed man with thick glasses and the kindest face in the world. He was also exceedingly shy. "Are you on leave?" he asked, meaning was I on vacation.

"Yes," I said. "Are you?"

"Also. From a very demanding job. I'm the head of the Bulgarian Radio in Moscow."

He had nothing more to say. We sat in silence until Petúr joined us, with Lena, his Russian wife. Petúr brandished his jar of instant coffee, offering it right and left, but we all wanted the good Russian tea in glasses, served with wooden pastries.

Lena, to me: "I never asked you, but where do you live?"

"In Switzerland."

"Wherever I go and there's a mountain and it's beautiful, someone says, 'A second Switzerland'!"

"Well, then, you must come to the first. But don't be disappointed if you can't see the mountains for the fog, or if it rains all the time you're there. I'll give you my address, and you can come whenever you like."

"You must be joking. Do you realize how difficult it is for us to get out of our country? Do you think that we just pack our bags and go?"

Petúr smoked and watched her in silence as she chattered away. "The red tape is unimaginable. First of all, we have to have a formal invitation addressed to the authorities, preferably of a diplomatic sort. The best thing is to have it come from a consulate or an embassy. Without the invitation, we couldn't even *think* of going."

"But I told you. I'm inviting you—you and Petúr. I will write the letter. You can dictate it."

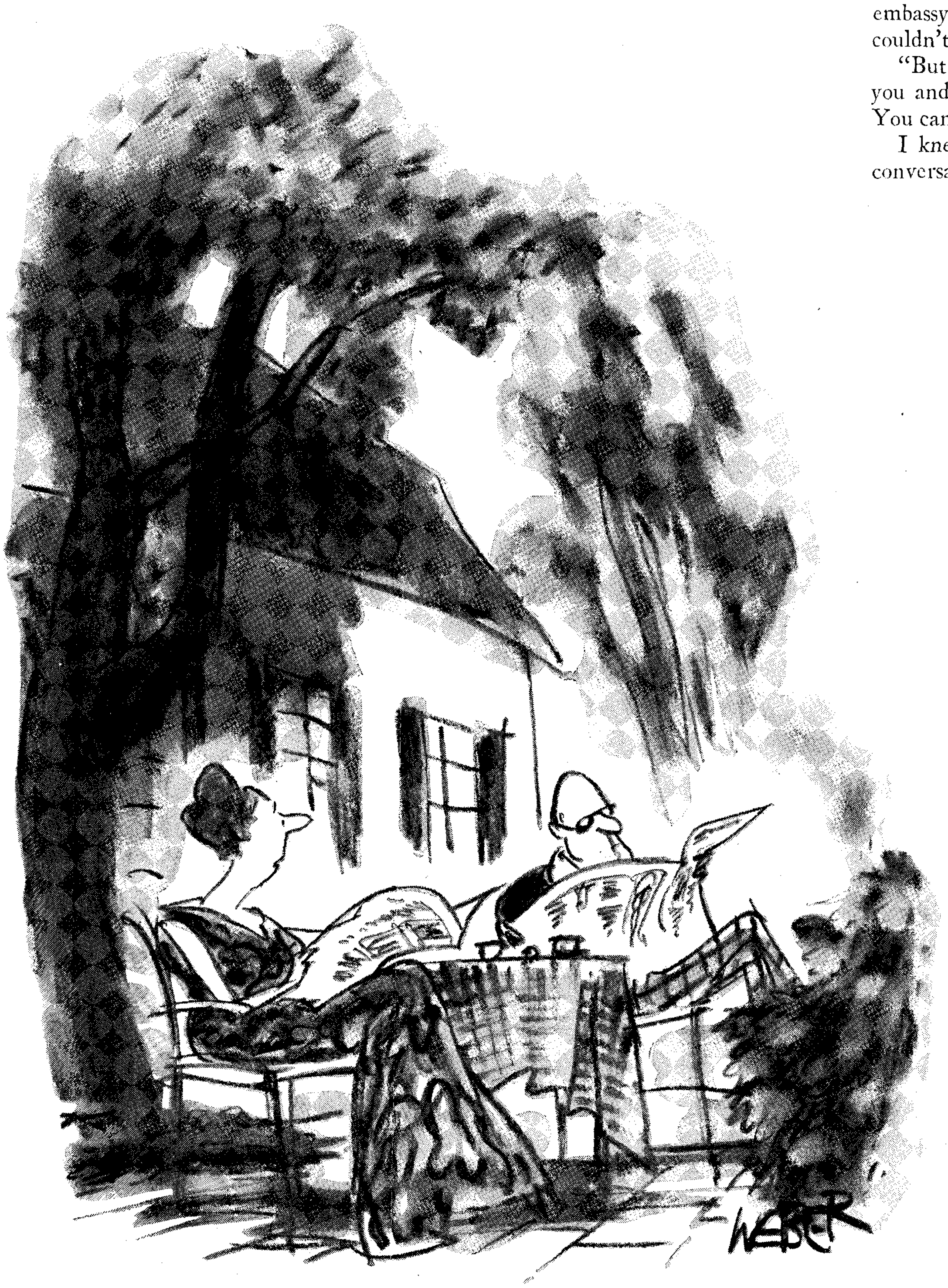
I knew nothing could come of this conversation, but I was pushing it to see whether she would open up.

"Your invitation would not be valid," she said. "There would be no understandable reason for us to want to go visit you, so the authorities would veto it. And even if an invitation *is* acceptable, we have to wait for months and months until the permission comes through. And in the meantime we can make no plans. Sometimes I wonder if it's worth all the effort."

Lubomir's wife joined us. At last Petúr had a client for instant coffee. I asked about the translation, and she said it was coming along.

When the others decided to have a nap before dinner, I went to the ship's hairdressing shop to see what it was like, and hoping my leftover dinars would be accepted—for the boat would not cash traveller's checks. The only other client at the hairdresser's was Galia, from the dining room. She was taking the curlers out of her hair herself, very quickly. She glanced at me and said, "You would be so much prettier if your hair wasn't so straight. Why don't you ask Yasha here to put it in *bigudy*?" (French for "curlers," adopted by the Soviets.)

By now, she had taken out all the *bigudy* and was brushing her short hair vigorously. It was bleached



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Yasha finished washing out the one and only sink and introduced himself. He was a big, strong man, dark-skinned, quiet, and easygoing. "I'm an Odessite," he said. "I live just off Deribasovskaya Street. Very good neighborhood. Lots of trees. Do you know Odessa?"

Before the family was uprooted during the Revolution, my grandmother had lived in Odessa, and she told me about Deribasovskaya Street. It had been *the* street to live on, in Odessa's most desirable residential district—like Seventy-first Street between Park and Lexington. But then my grandmother had also told me that Odessites were boasters.

Yasha said, "Please lean forward into the basin."

I handed him my bottle of shampoo and he said, "What's this?"

"Shampoo."

"Doesn't look right," he said, obviously offended that I had brought my own.

I wanted to lean my head back rather than forward with all the soapsuds running the length of my face, but the basin was small, the chair could not be adjusted.

"Well, so long," Galia said. And to Yasha, "I'll see you in a few days. Do a good job on her. Give her some curls, at least."

Convinced that my shampoo had no strength to it, Yasha washed my head three times. He had strong fingers, and when he said that I would come out of his shop with my head cleaner than it had ever been before he spoke the truth.

He kept up a running conversation throughout. What was the exact length of women's skirts in the West? The women of the Soviet Union were confused on that point. I said that we were, too. He thought Soviet women lacked elegance but they were getting clothes-conscious very fast now and it was only a question of time before they would be as neatly turned out as women in the West.

Yasha had a wife and three children—the only man I encountered who had more than two, for the Soviets usually aimed for just one and then appeared to make a mistake about ten years later. In the past year, in between trips, he had managed to spend four whole months at home with his family, which he considered extremely satisfactory.

I asked him why so many Soviet girls dyed their hair.

"Oh, that's understandable. It's part of progress, part of being modern. Like using cosmetics."

I resisted the *bigudy*. It took him such a long time to dry my hair with my tiny hand dryer that I was late for dinner.

Victor, in the corridor: "You're late again. If you're not *too* late with your dinner, join me in the bar afterward."

At dinner, I noticed three young men who must have boarded in Brindisi. They sat together at a table that was directly in my line of vision. I couldn't make out the faces of two of them, they were so overrun with hair; the third was tall, clean-shaven, and looked American.

Vladimir, the bartender, was in one of his off moods when I walked into the bar. "A lot of English lessons you have found time to give me! I feel I'm ready for Oxford University after this run. But as you're on leave I shall have to forgive you." And without asking he turned the spigot on the samovar and prepared me a glass of tea.

Irina, Victor, and I sat at a round table. They drank coffee. Irina wanted hers very hot, because her throat hurt. She told me that she suffered from angina pectoris and, because of the climate, this past year in Turin was disastrous for her. She was so sturdy, and her cheeks were such a bright pink, it was difficult to believe anything could be wrong with her.

Victor ordered vodka all around, and as Vladimir deposited in front of me the narrow glass traditionally reserved for it he said, "About time I saw you drinking something sensible!"

"But I don't want it!" I protested, to him and to all the others. "It makes me feel terrible. I never drink. Haven't you noticed?"

"I've noticed only too well," said Victor. "But this time you won't refuse. You can't. It's a ceremony. Tonight we go from the 'you' to the 'thou.' After this you can order me about my own ship. We will be equals. To your health. To *thou!*" he said, and lifted his glass and downed it in one gulp.

"Please don't ask me to drink it," I said.

"Shame! Shame!" said Irina, and downed hers. "Come on, now. If you don't drink it down, you're not fit to be Russian."

I swallowed the vodka in two installments.

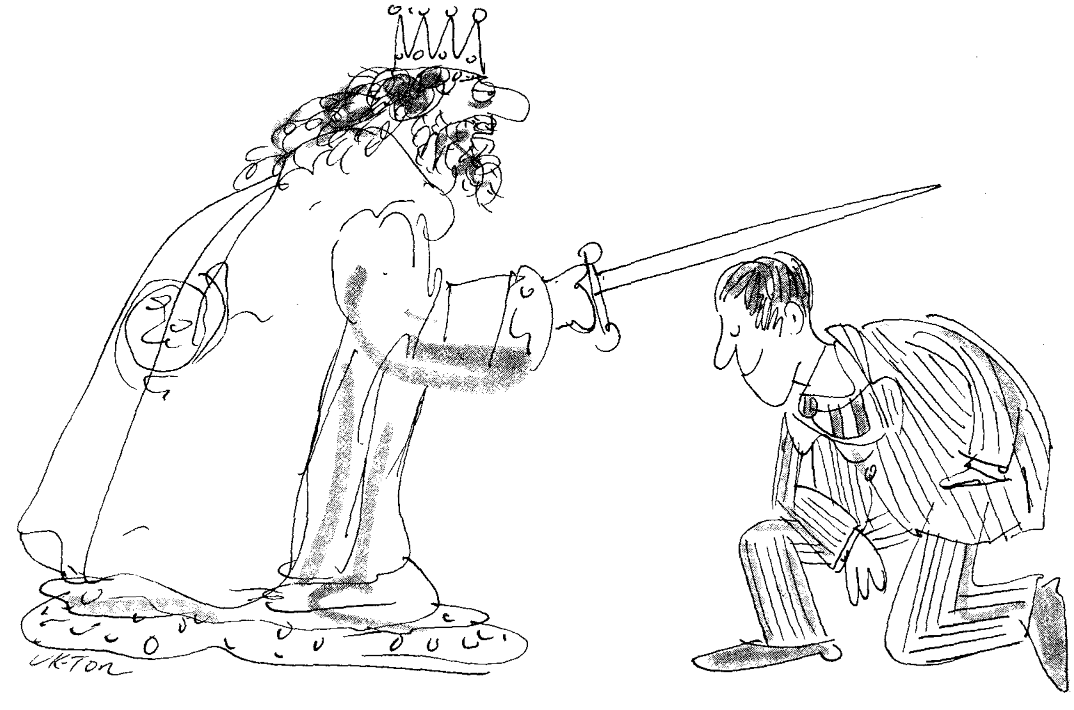
"Vladimir, more tea!" I shouted.

"Now, that's better!" said Victor. "You are just beginning to make sense. Soon we'll be able to go dance."

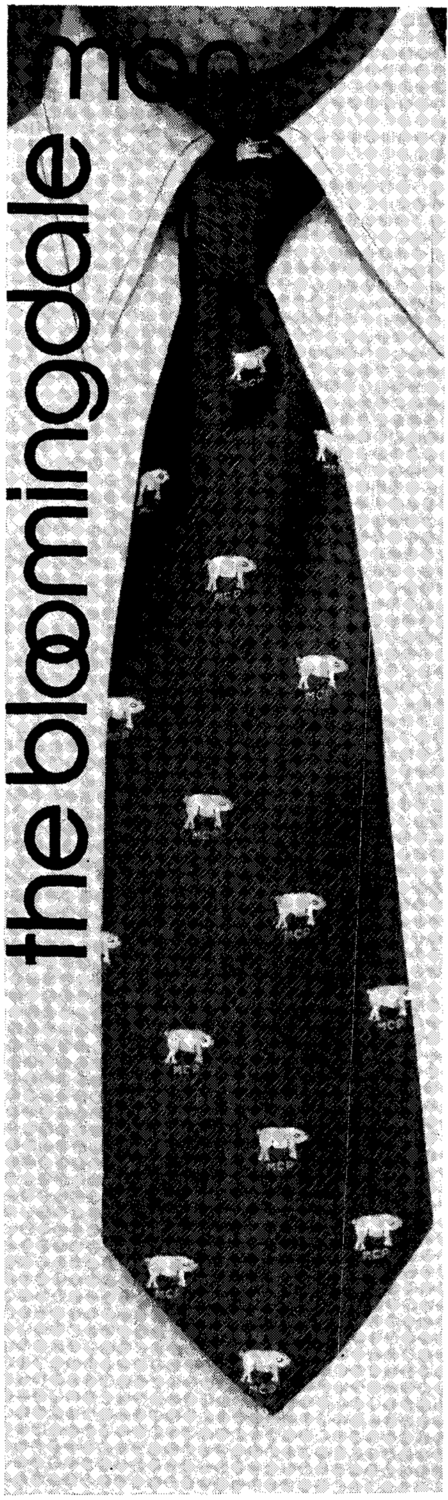
Victor held me by the elbow all the way down the corridor to the music lounge.

The ship's five-piece dance band, which went by the name of the Boys from Odessa, played their "Odessa Fantasy"—an arrangement of Russian folk songs.

I danced with Victor, and reeled for the first time since we'd been at sea. When he brought me back to our table, Irina, who was half a head



"I dub thee Mr. Nice Guy."



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taller than Victor and therefore not a very desirable dancing partner for him, said to me, "If you want to be asked to dance again tonight, I think you had better take off your raincoat."

A moment later, a very American voice said, "Let's dance."

It was the tall, clean-shaven young man I had noticed at dinner. He was dressed in Army fatigues and laced boots. He was also deeply tanned and very thin. In answer to my questions, he told me that he was twenty-two years of age, that his name was Bob, that he had been in the Vietnam war and was taking some time off, just to be by himself. He was thinking of a leisurely trip through Greece. He would decide once the ship got there. I started to question him further, and he said curtly, "You mind? I just want to dance."

Victor danced with Irina, Matvey with Jane. All the Poles were out on the dance floor. So were Lubomir and his wife, and Lena and Petúr.

I kept dancing with Bob. We stayed on the dance floor, standing motionless while the Boys stopped for a rest. When they started to play again, we danced again.

They began their nightly tango. "Let's do a real one," said Bob. "You know, like in the old movies with Valentino. Can you do that, you think?"

He was a superb dancer, and I wondered where he had learned so many steps that were not of his generation.

We kept on, even after there was no one left in the music lounge but the two of us. The Boys from Odessa showed no inclination to go to bed at all.

Bob said, "I do apologize for this marathon, but it's the first opportunity I've had in two years."

A boy with a heavy Australian accent and a dark beard growing untidily over most of his face tried to cut in.

"Friend of yours?" I asked Bob.

"No," he said. "We just sit at the same table."

I excused myself and went up on deck. I found Nina Arkadievna sitting in a deck chair all by herself, looking at the stars. "Tell me," she said, "is it true about American soldiers and sailors, that they drink so much their officers have to pick them out of the gutter to send them into battle?"

"That's the first time I have heard of it in quite that way," I told her. "And you have a terrible problem in the Soviet Union with drink, from what I've been told."

"Perfectly true," she said, unruffled. "So. Time to go to bed."

Only I couldn't. I still felt out of my skin and shaky. Worse than while I had been dancing. Besides, it was almost time for the ship to go through the Corinth Canal, which I didn't want to miss. I was trying to figure out the next move when I realized that the young Australian had crept up on me in the darkness. He reeked of bourbon, but then I knew that I reeked of vodka. Before I knew what was happening, he had pinned me to the wall by my cabin. I tried to free myself and couldn't, and so I said, "I'll scream if you don't let me go." He was so drunk that I was able to free myself. I heard voices, coming from above, and ran up a flight of steps. On the second deck, I saw Bob, dressed in a djellabah, roaming in the moonlight. I ran up still another flight of steps, to the top deck, and there I discovered Irina and the Boys from Odessa. They had found a canvas cushion for her to sit on. "Come join us," she said. "We're having such a lovely time."

I sat down on a corner of her cushion, only to jump up again.

"But it's wet! It's completely wet from the dew! Don't you know the cushion you're sitting on is soaking wet?"

"I'm so delightfully drunk and the music was so lovely I never noticed," she said, and continued to sit. It was everybody's drunken evening.

They had been watching a ship on the horizon. Suddenly the string of lights disappeared. "What happened?" Irina asked. "Look. Now it's back."

The ship moved along the horizon for a while and disappeared again.

"I don't understand," said Irina.

"It's the meridian," said Sergei, the drummer. "When you get this kind of phenomenon that cannot be explained, just blame it on the meridian. You'll usually be right." We watched the ship disappear and then reappear twice more on the horizon.

Sergei picked up his friend's guitar and began to improvise. His voice was young and dark. The Russian sounded poetic and soft, the guitar pure in that cold night air, under the bright-black sky. "The meridian . . ." he sang. "*My* meridian . . . *Our* meridian . . . It's all the meridian's fault. . . ."

The ship had disappeared for good.

Piraeus, June 7

At five-thirty I was back on deck. A deckhand, his trousers rolled up, his feet bare, sang to himself as he swabbed the deck. I slipped on a wet plank and he steadied me. "Vanya, at

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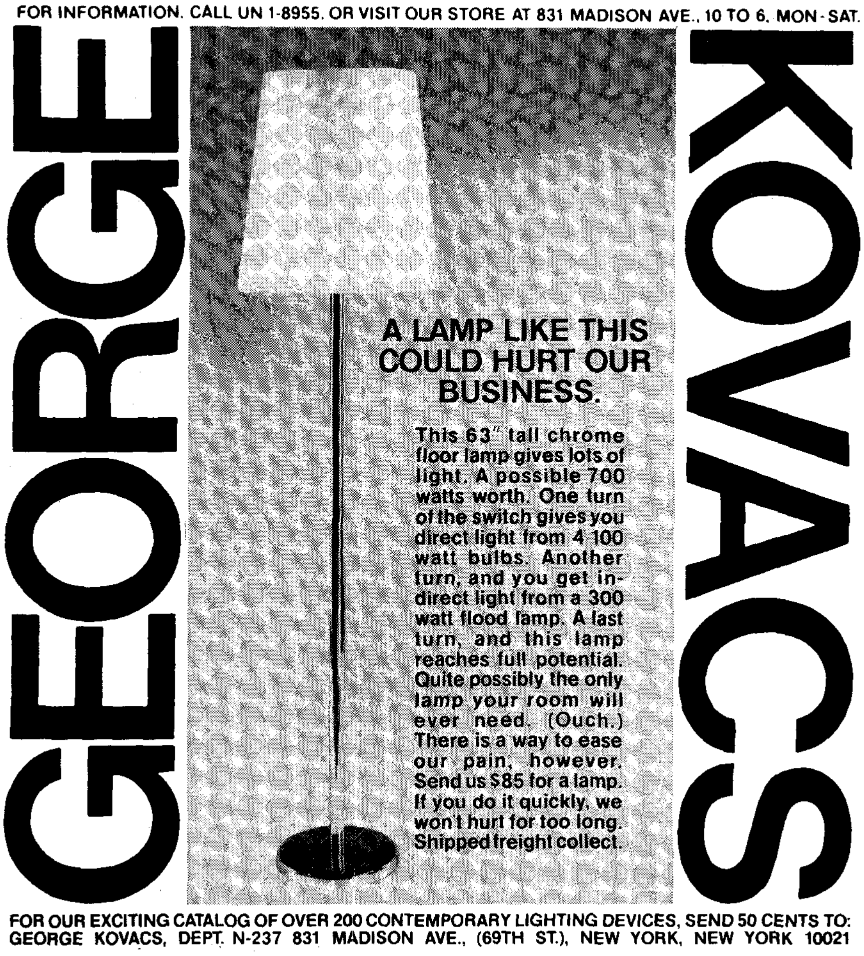

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your service," he said. "You in the deluxe cabin?"

"That's me," I said.

"I couldn't afford it!" he said, and exploded with laughter, showing several solid-looking silver teeth and lots of gaps between them.

"Like your job?" I asked.

"Love it. Can get away from my family, get fed, get paid, get fresh air, no questions asked. What more can a man want?" And again he burst out laughing. Then he patted my arm to indicate that I was to move out of the way so he could get on with his mopping.

I watched the seagulls that, as always, dipped and cried in our wake. The morning was still chilly but held promise of warmth and uninterrupted sunshine.

Lubomir appeared, barefoot, in wide-striped pajamas. He was still asleep, yet managed to be walking about. He was not wearing his thick glasses, so he couldn't see anything. "Have I missed the Corinth Canal?" he asked anxiously.

Then Bob arrived, looking completely rested, and dressed in his djellabah. I went to the top deck with him and we talked. He said that he had absolutely no money and this ship was the cheapest way of getting around—cheaper than the railroads. Jane was on the Adjaria for the same reason.

The sea was as calm as a lake. In the distance was the entrance to the canal—so narrow I didn't see how the ship could possibly make it.

Nina Arkadievna came on deck in a prim white dress, and stared at Bob and his djellabah.

The Polish group, Lena, Petúr—slowly, everyone assembled.

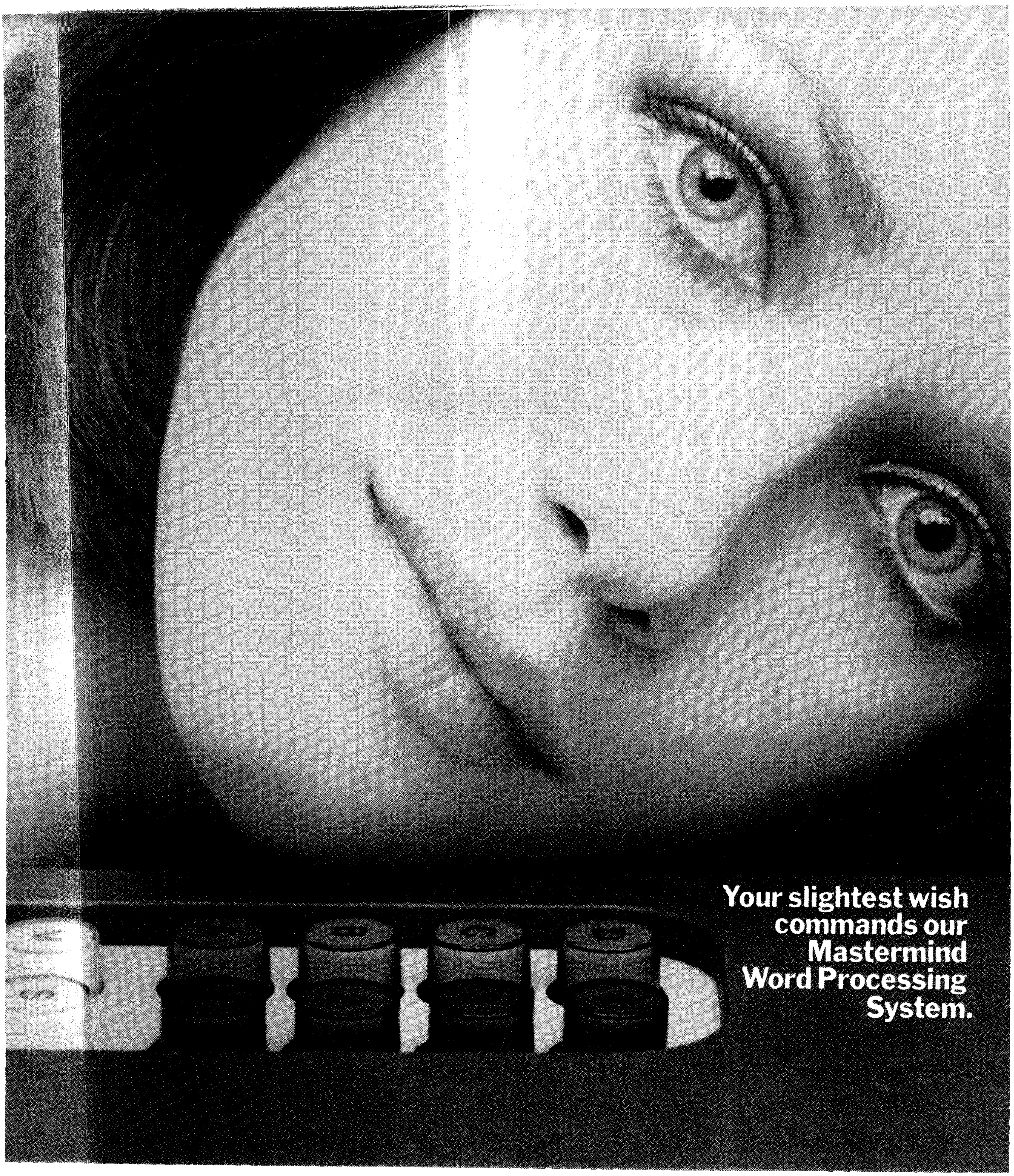
As we were entering the canal, a voice over the loudspeakers began to tell us, in Russian, of the difficulties Ferdinand de Lesseps ran into while building it, and how he had to leave the project unfinished. This was all nonsense. During the years that the Corinth Canal was being built, by a Greek company, under the supervision of a Greek engineer, de Lesseps was far away in Panama.

We were being pulled by a very tiny tugboat. It was a tricky operation. We moved slowly. Ahead of us, on the horizon, was the open sea.

"Where's the captain?" asked Bob. "He's doing one hell of a fine job."

"That's the great mystery of this trip," I said. "According to the crew, he doesn't like people, particularly. I haven't laid eyes on him."

We sailed out into open water. The end of the thick rope that bound us to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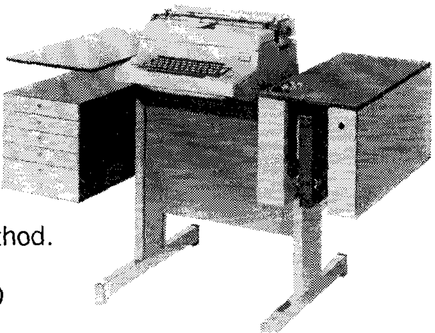

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the tugboat was released; the tiny tugboat moved off to the left, and everyone on deck applauded.

I noticed that Irina and Jane were missing. They loved to sleep.

"I'm off to bed," I said.

"What? *Now?*" Bob said. "On such a beautiful day?"

"Don't worry. I'll be up for Piraeus."

"I'm getting off there."

"If I don't see you, the best of luck," I said.

"And to you, too."

It was seven-forty-five. I lay down in my cabin and suddenly started to shake violently from fatigue and the leftover effects of the vodka. I ran down to the dining room in search of sugar—not the best thing I could have done under the circumstances—ate three lumps, went back to my cabin, and fell into a deep sleep, from which the intercom woke me at ten. We were back in Piraeus.

As usual, we waited by the music lounge. Jimmy, who was also getting off here, sat down by me and, indicating Petúr, said, "Ask him where he got all that gold on him. And his clothes. They are expensive. I know. I was in the business."

I was embarrassed by his request but tried to make a game of it, and found out that Petúr's shirt came from Germany, his trousers from Bulgaria, his star sapphire in a heavy gold setting from Turkey, his gold cufflinks and a gold watch with plastic strap also from Germany, his shoes from Czechoslovakia. I felt I had gone far enough, and did not ask about the thin gold bracelet on his right wrist. The Soviets must have trusted him fully, judging by the way he travelled around. He had not returned the hundred lire he had borrowed. Not that it mattered.

The ship's doctor, Piotr Petrovich, walked past, and I grabbed hold of his arm and stopped him. "Are you going ashore in Athens? Will they let you take time off?"

"Sure, sure," he said. "I'm off for three hours, with two other members of the crew."

I felt we were on sufficiently friendly terms for me to say, "Can I come with you?" and he said, "In Greece, the crew has to go off the ship three by three. There is nothing I can do." He then took me aside and said, "I'm terribly sorry. I would have loved to go to the Acropolis with you!"

"I don't want you to break the rules," I said, "but I don't understand."

He held me by my forearms and spoke to me as if I were a child going off to kindergarten for the first time. "You don't seem to realize that they have *Fascists* here."

"So?"

"So they can make trouble, and we have to be very careful. We have already had one or two unfortunate incidents. We can't just go off regardless and have a good time. We go three by three and keep on the lookout. . . . I have to run now. Come and see me when you get back."

"The taxi's on me," I said a few minutes later, as Irina and Nina Arkadievna and I walked down the gangplank.

"No, on me," said Irina.

"The ices were on you in Brindisi," I said. "This taxi's on me." Nina Arkadievna was silent. Our spending embarrassed her, but she couldn't help enjoying our extravagance.

Before Irina had even had a good look at the Parthenon, she handed me her movie camera and said, "Now, you stand there and you take me here. Then you follow with a general view of the Parthenon. . . . It really is beautiful!" she added.

"Strange about visual memory," Nina Arkadievna said, looking around. "It's not the same the second time. The impact is gone, no matter how enthusiastic you are. Still, I'd better profit by the occasion. It may be my second time round but it's also my last."

Irina and I both reproved her.

"Life is life, and facts are facts," she said, and walked away from us.

With Irina around, it was easier to spend money. I took another taxi, and deposited the two of them in the old part of town, at the foot of the Acropolis. I told them that I wanted to visit a friend in Athens and hoped I would find her home. Instead, I went to the Hotel Grande Bretagne. I wanted to change some money, but also I had been making notes on the trip, and I needed to put them in order, and the only place I knew that was out of bounds for my fellow-passengers was a luxury hotel. I had kept going all day and most of the night for three days now without any time off, and I was afraid, on my tourist visa, to be seen scribbling in my cabin. I had chosen a de-luxe cabin because it was the only means of securing privacy, but my suite had large windows both on the living-room side and in my bedroom, and the curtains couldn't be drawn shut all the way. Besides, Victor, and now Irina, simply walked in.

I had iced tea in the freezing lobby of the Grande Bretagne, straightened

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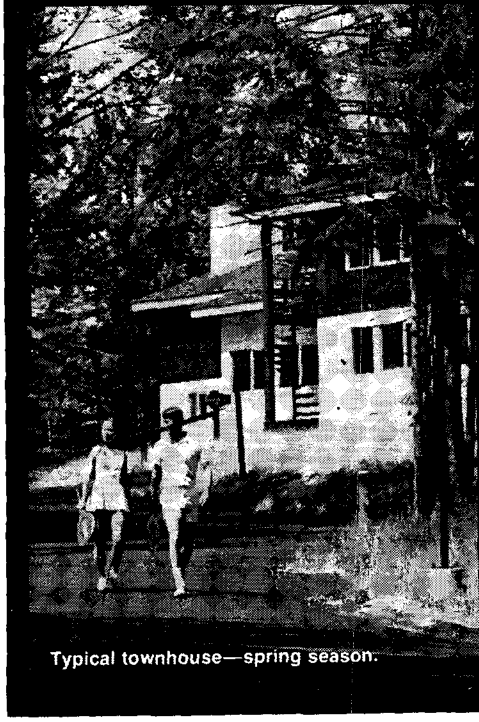

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out my notes, and tried to change a traveller's check into dollars so that I would be able to use them as currency for the rest of the trip. But the concierge, whom I knew from overnight stays during the past two summers, said firmly, "Sorry, Madam. Truly sorry. But we are not allowed to deal in dollars. It is much too risky at the moment. I can give you drachmas or Deutsche marks." I took drachmas, not knowing quite what I would do with them, beyond paying for the taxi back to the boat.

I had taken a long time with my notes, and now, in sudden terror, realized that I was late. I jumped into a taxi outside the hotel and told the driver to go like blazes. Which he did. I thought we'd never make it.

The boat was right there at the dock, cool and white beyond the heat haze. I had to make my way past the Greek police. There were two of them, and they asked me to show my pass. I didn't have one; I was carrying my passport instead. They refused to let me through. They were quite definite, in Greek. And my Greek, in spite of a couple of months I had spent in the country, amounted all of a sudden to about ten words, and none of them seemed to fit the occasion. I tried to run past the police, but they stopped me, and this time threw me bodily out of the grilled enclosure. In my despair, I turned around to take a last look at my beloved boat, and saw the name ARMENIA in large letters across the bow. I had been trying to force my way onto the Adjaria's sister ship. The Adjaria was moored at the end of the docks. In my fear of being late, I had forgotten. I had another fifteen-minute walk in the blistering sun to get to it, but my relief at finding it still there was so great that I did not mind.

I had by now developed a singular attachment to that ship. I liked the color red for the first time in my life. I loved to come back to that flag. If we sailed in the afternoon, I wouldn't go below after the time on shore but would sit down in a deck chair on the stern very near that flag and watch the ship maneuver its way away from the dock. If we weren't sailing until night, I would lie down for ten minutes in the solitude of my cabin and then go back on deck. I couldn't wait to see my fellow-passengers again, to compare the experiences of the day. We were on the move every day, and at the same time we stayed still, enclosed, strangely happy and at home. I would lie on my bunk listening to the air-conditioner, isolated and yet so close to the people around me, and wish the trip would never end.

On deck, hot as it was, I found a white male figure in bathing trunks, with a white piqué hat over his face, taking a sunbath. "Coocoo!" he said, and whisked the hat away. It was Vladimir.

"I could see you *through* the hat," he said. "I hate Greece. It's so hot always. And those Fascists. Not like our Crimea." And he put the hat back on his face.

I took a dip in the *basein*—the basin, as the passengers called the pool (and that's what it was, all right)—to cool off, changed, and went off to see Piotr Petrovich. He had fresh carnations in his vase—red this time. And he was all dressed up, in a town suit.

"Oich! I'm so glad you came. I've had so few patients today. I even told my nurse to go rest."

"How was the outing?"

"No difficulties. Please sit down."

"I don't know how much time I have before dinner."

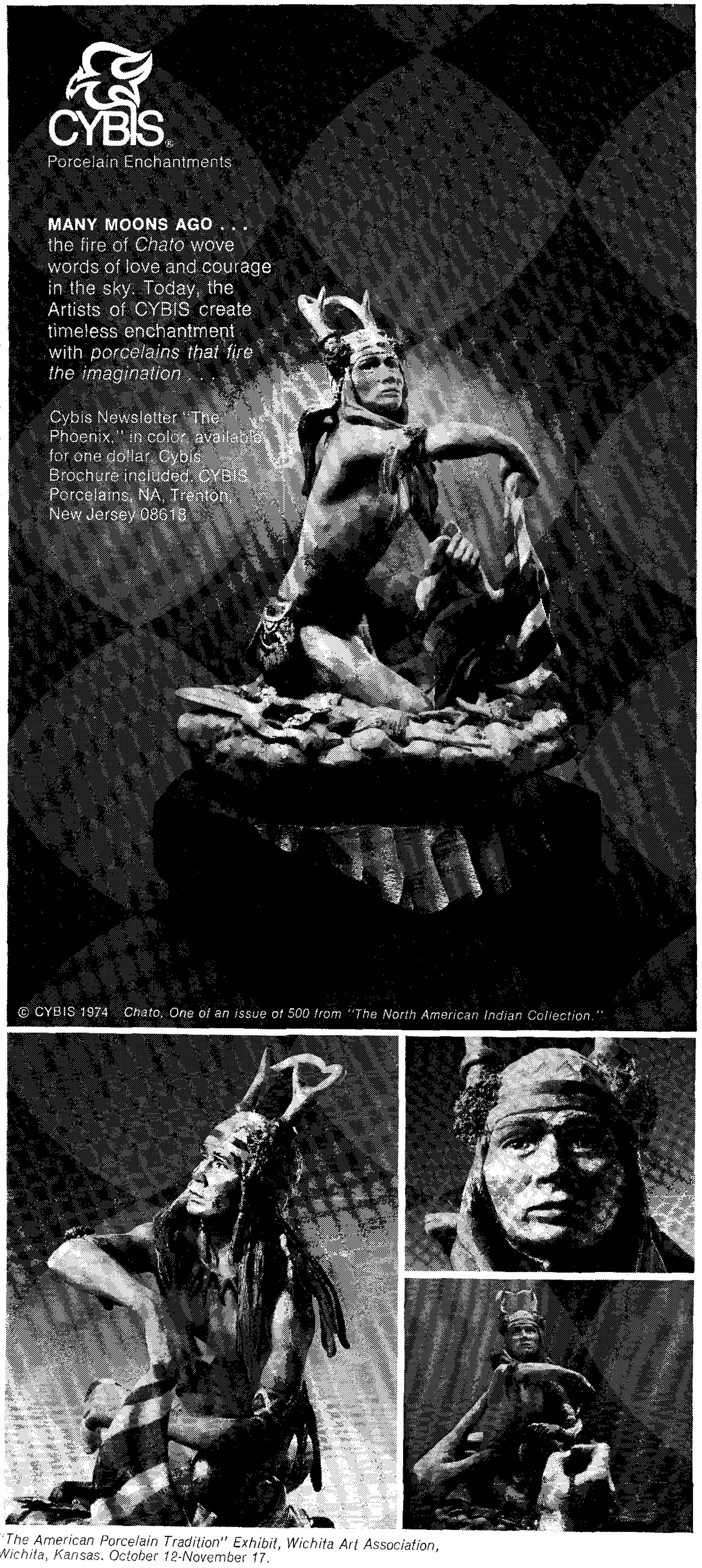
"That's all right. You can hear the gong from here." He immediately began to talk about himself. "On the salary I was making as a general practitioner, I would never have got anywhere. My wife is a pediatrician, and she earns a passable salary, but still it wasn't enough. And we have a little girl. So I decided to go swim."

"To swim?"

"Yes, to swim or to go into the Army and get preferred pay," he said, and I realized that "to swim" meant to go to sea. "I've been swimming for three years now. And getting good pay. On each trip, I get a premium of one ruble for every twelve days. Eventually it mounts up. It's hard on me, and it's even harder on my wife, but what is a man to do? Our lives are difficult. A doctor makes an average of one hundred and fifty rubles a month. Food is very expensive; clothes are outrageous. Rents are all right, but we wanted to live in a place of our own, a place we had chosen and could love, and that meant buying. And you know what? They have stopped building in Odessa. And that's where we want to live."

"Why did they stop building?"

"A couple of summers ago there was a cholera epidemic. A really bad one. The population of Odessa is nine hundred thousand in the winter, and then it suddenly goes up to a good two million in the summer. From the point of view of sanitation, it is impossible for the city to take care of that many people. So cholera breaks out. To try and



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keep more people from coming to Odessa, they have stopped the building. Right now in Odessa there is a three-year wait on apartments, but I'm still hoping. I've bought into a coöperative building, but of course they haven't started on it yet."

We were interrupted by an ominous voice over the loudspeaker in a corner of Piotr Petrovich's cabin: "Crew calling Doctor! Crew calling Doctor!"

Piotr jumped up. "I must run." He picked a book from the shelf above my head, handed it to me, and said, "Here. Read this. I'll be right back." The book was entitled "The Maintenance of Health and Hygiene in Protracted Sea Voyages." I put it on the bunk next to me and waited for Piotr Petrovich to return.

He was back in a jiffy.

"That was very impressive, the way you were called," I said to him. "Did you find your mysterious captain in a dead faint?"

"No. They just couldn't find a special roach paint they needed, and they knew that I knew where it was."

"What's happened to dinner?"

"I don't know. But they haven't called it yet. Here, I'll read you some English, and you can correct me."

He picked up an English-Russian manual, and began, " 'My farm is in the country. My farm has a pond with ducks on it. . . .' " His accent was atrocious. "This bores me," he said, and shut the book. "Let's go to the bar."

Vladimir brought me a glass of tea, and Piotr had vodka.

"Don't ask me to drink with you," I said. "Please don't blackmail me with you-and-thou ceremonies. I've felt horrible ever since I drank vodka with Victor last night."

"You know perfectly well I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't feel like doing," said Piotr. He raised his glass. "To the next time we meet. Seriously."

Piotr Petrovich stopped, his glass in midair, and stared. An apparition had made its way into the bar—a very tall and splendid Englishwoman in her forties, dressed in a long, beaded evening caftan. Gold sandals on bare feet with lacquered toenails. A gold evening bag. Chandelier earrings, and a good deal of kohl around the eyes.

She leaned over the bar, and Vladimir lit her cigarette in its holder.

"What *is* this?" asked Piotr Petrovich.

"This," I said, "is a certain type of woman from the West."

"Not possible!" said Piotr Petrovich, and downed his vodka.

"I'd like a dry Martini, please," said

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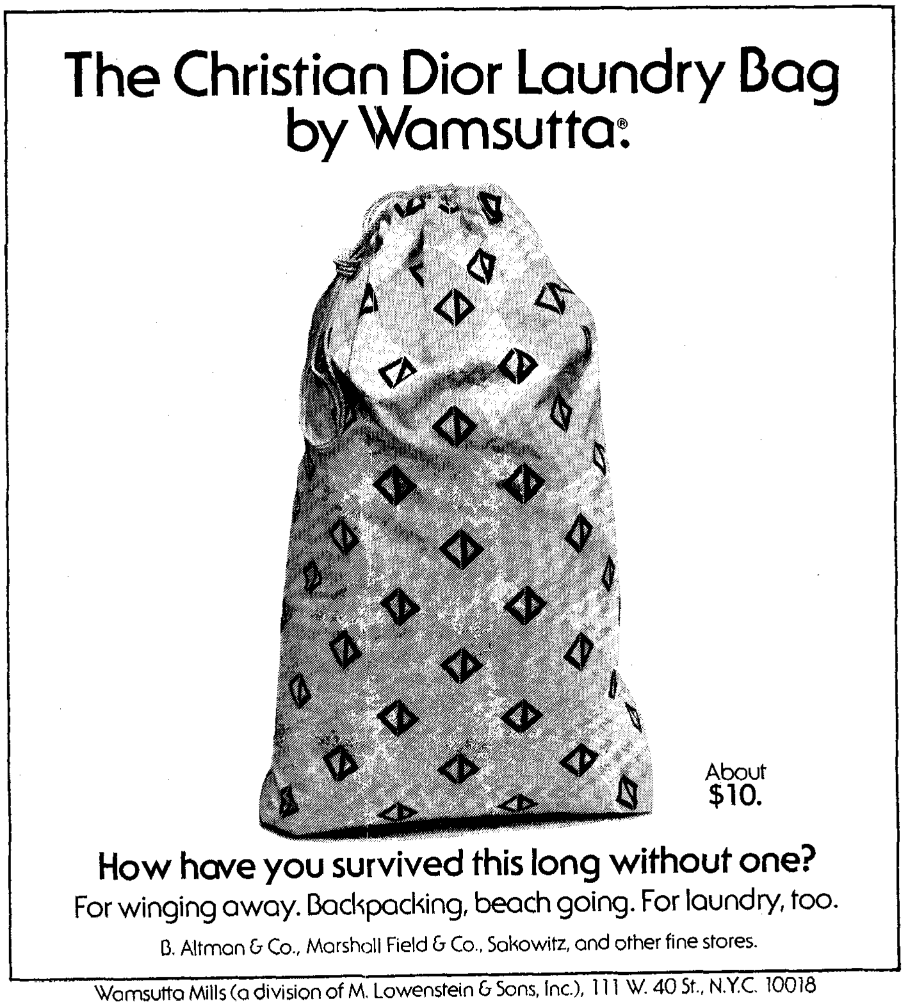
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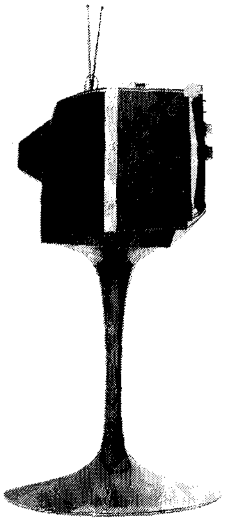
Children's TV is changing. Watch.



Sometime soon, sit down with your child and see the new children's shows. These days you will find that they're designed to be much more than entertainment.

Embedded in the fun are pro-social values. Themes and content ranging from ethics, brotherhood and self-understanding to hygiene, safety, science and current events.

Creative programmers—helped by psychologists, educators and experts in child development—are continually experimenting with new ways to inform the young viewers they attract.

Join your children to sample their new TV fare. On Saturday mornings alone, there are 14 new programs. And check the list below for family programs you'd like them to share with you this October and November. This fall, there are new things for both you and your children to discover. Together.

Sara's Summer of the Swans. ABC Afterschool Special—Sensitive 14-year-old girl's emergence from adolescent insecurity. Wednesday, Oct. 2 (4:30-5:30 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Anoop and the Elephant; Orange Watering Cart; Black Mountain; Circus Adventures; The Boy Who Wore Spectacles; Lucy and the Miracles; Mauro the Gypsy; Birds Come Flying to Us; A Member of the Family. Saturdays, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26; Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-2 pm).

Tornado! 4:40 p.m., Xenia, Ohio. NBC News focuses on town hit by tornado and declared disaster area. Sunday, Oct. 6 (10-11 pm).

Sinatra—The Main Event—Madison Square Garden. Frank Sinatra live, in concert. Sunday, Oct. 13 (9-10 pm).

ABC News Close-Up on Danger in Sports: Paying the Price. Examines risk of injury among young athletes and preventive measures being studied. Monday, Oct. 14 (8-9 pm).

The Cay. Bell System Family Theatre—James Earl Jones portrays West Indian who rescues young boy. Monday, Oct. 21 (8-9 pm).

The Law. Drama provides realistic look at judicial system. Tuesday, Oct. 22 (8:30-11 pm).

Campaign '74: Two Weeks to Go. CBS News Special—Report on major election issues. Tuesday, Oct. 22 (10-11 pm).

The Bridge of Adam Rush. ABC Afterschool Special—A boy and his new stepfather learn to live together. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown; Charlie Brown's Thanksgiving. Monday, Oct. 28; Thursday, Nov. 21 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Seuss on the Loose. Monday, Oct. 28 (8:30-9 pm).

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman. Cicely Tyson in her Emmy Award-winning role as a former slave remembering lifetime of struggle. Sunday, Nov. 3 (7:30-9:30 pm).

Winning and Losing: Diary of a Campaign. ABC Afterschool Special—Boy and girl learn about electoral process. Wednesday, Nov. 6 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Brief Encounter. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Noel Coward story with Richard Burton, Sophia Loren. Tuesday, Nov. 12 (8:30-10 pm).

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. Saturday, Nov. 16 (2-3 pm).

The Godfather. Academy Award film starring Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Diane Keaton, James Caan. Saturday, Nov. 16; Monday, Nov. 18 (9-11 pm).

Patagonia: Life at the End of the World. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Monday, Nov. 18 (8-9 pm).

The Ambassador. First of four specials on life of Ben Franklin focuses on diplomatic years in Paris. Thursday, Nov. 21 (9:30-11 pm).

Great Expectations. Bell System Family Theatre—New adaptation of Dickens' classic with Margaret Leighton, Michael York, Sarah Miles, James Mason. Friday, Nov. 22 (8-10 pm).

Johnny Cash Ridin' the Rails—The Great American Train Story. History with music of nation's railroads. Friday, Nov. 22 (10-11 pm).

And Who Shall Feed This World? NBC News White Paper—Nature and causes of world food shortage. Sunday, Nov. 24 (10-11 pm).

Smithsonian: Monsters, Mysteries and Myths. Unexplained myths of natural phenomena, such as Loch Ness Monster. Monday, Nov. 25 (8-9 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Tuesday, Nov. 26 (8-8:30 pm).

The Thanksgiving Treasure. Inspiring holiday drama with Jason Robards, Mildred Natwick. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-9:30 pm).

Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's tale of survival. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

Godspell. Parables from Gospels in song and dance. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

Things in Their Season. GE Theater—Conflict over a son's desire to leave farm. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (9:30-11 pm).

Annie and the Hoods. Anne Bancroft in sketches involving Motherhood, Childhood, Womanhood, Brotherhood, etc. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (10-11 pm).

Magic Man. Bill Bixby with outstanding magicians. Thursday, Nov. 28 (3:30-4:30 pm).

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory. Musical fantasy with Gene Wilder, Jack Albertson. Thursday, Nov. 28 (8-10 pm).

The Gathering Storm. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Richard Burton portrays Winston Churchill. Friday, Nov. 29 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC News Close-Up: Jimmy Hoffa. Career of the former teamster president. Saturday, Nov. 30 (10-11 pm).

Bicentennial Minutes. One-minute segments on American history aired each day to July '76.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom

Saturday [*New program]: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/*Wheelie and the Chopper Bunch/Emergency +4/*Hong Kong Phooey/*Run, Joe, Run/*Partridge Family: 2200 A.D./*New Adventures of Gilligan/*Land of the Lost/*Valley of the Dinosaurs/*Devlin/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/*Shazam!/*Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/*Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/Super Friends/Star Trek/*Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/*U.S. of Archie/*These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

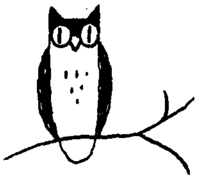
the Englishwoman, in English, to Vladimir. But he just stood there, unmoving.

I called out to him in Russian, "You take gin, and you put in a little vermouth and—"

"Thank you," he called back. "*That* much I understood, even without your English lessons."

At dinner, Jane, Irina, and I were joined by two new arrivals, a staid Belgian couple, who discussed at length what wine they would drink with what.

Victor came over to our table and said to me that the Englishwoman was the travel editor of a British magazine, and that he had been told she must have the best possible treatment, lest she give the boat a bad writeup.



I translated for Jane.

"She had much to drink and went to cabin," Victor said, in English.

Jane: "Well, go find her. We'll talk her into giving you a glowing writeup."

Toward dessert, Victor was back, and announced, "She is sleeping with shoes on."

I translated for Irina.

Jane: "Does she have anything else on?"

Victor: "I think."

Again I translated for Irina, and we all laughed, making the Belgian couple uneasy.

Jane, to Victor: "You go and get her after dinner, and we'll have a good talk with her. We can be very persuasive."

The Belgians, who spoke some English but had no idea of who "she" was, looked at us uncomprehendingly, and the wife complained about the food.

"What did you expect?" asked the husband. "This is a Soviet ship. And we only took it because you were so curious." Then, to me, in an attempt at polite conversation, "Have you ever been to Brussels?"

A mother with a crying baby had been put in Jane's cabin, and she asked me to ask Matvey if he would move them to another cabin, because she couldn't get any sleep. I did, and Matvey said there was nothing he could do. There were plenty of empty cabins, but perhaps it meant less work for the crew this way—like shutting off part of a restaurant.

On our way to the music lounge, I said to Irina, "When I am with Matvey and Piotr and Victor and the Boys and you, we always have such a good time about nothing at all."

"You call that a good time?" said Irina. "Russians always have a good time. I'd say that what we're having on this boat is a *medium*-good time."

At nine, Valentina, the ship's very pretty librarian, grabbed hold of the microphone and started to sing "The Long Road." She had one of those natural musical voices—only she also had, every once in a while, a tendency to moan. She wore an enormous jewelled butterfly in her hair, and a short aqua lamé dress. She had powerful legs, an imposing bosom, and a jutting behind. After "The Long Road," she sang "Kalinka," and after that about the troika in the powdery snow. Then came an old folk song I had never heard before, as flat and white and pure as an endless winter landscape—one of those folk songs that have no real beginning and no end. The words were so moving in their simplicity that I grew all cold and reached for my raincoat.

Victor whispered to me, "Once she gets started, it's impossible to get her away from the microphone, so when I give a signal to the band be ready. We'll just get up and dance."

"Oh, no," I begged. "Let her sing."

She sang "None but the Lonely Heart," which was a letdown. And then, while people still applauded, she went up to Victor and asked him to dance.

When he returned to our table, Jane asked him to fetch the lady travel editor, so we could tell her what a fine ship we were on. Soon he was back. He had been unable to wake her.

Irina, Jane, and I took turns dancing with the crew. They were all around tonight, even some faces never seen before. Lena and Petúr, Lubomir and his wife, and the Poles were absent. Perhaps they had had too much sun and too much Parthenon. When Nina Arkadievna came—which she did several times—it was, as she said, "only to listen to music."

Piotr Petrovich invited me to dance just as the Boys were returning from a break. "Play us a real *kazachok!*" he called to them.

No one else came onto the dance floor. "But I don't know *how* to dance a *kazachok!*" I cried as the band started playing.

"Never mind. It's too late to back out now. Just follow me."

So we danced a *kazachok*. Above the music, Piotr shouted instructions at me. We met and parted. Then suddenly, very low, I heard the band begin the theme of "The Volga Boat-

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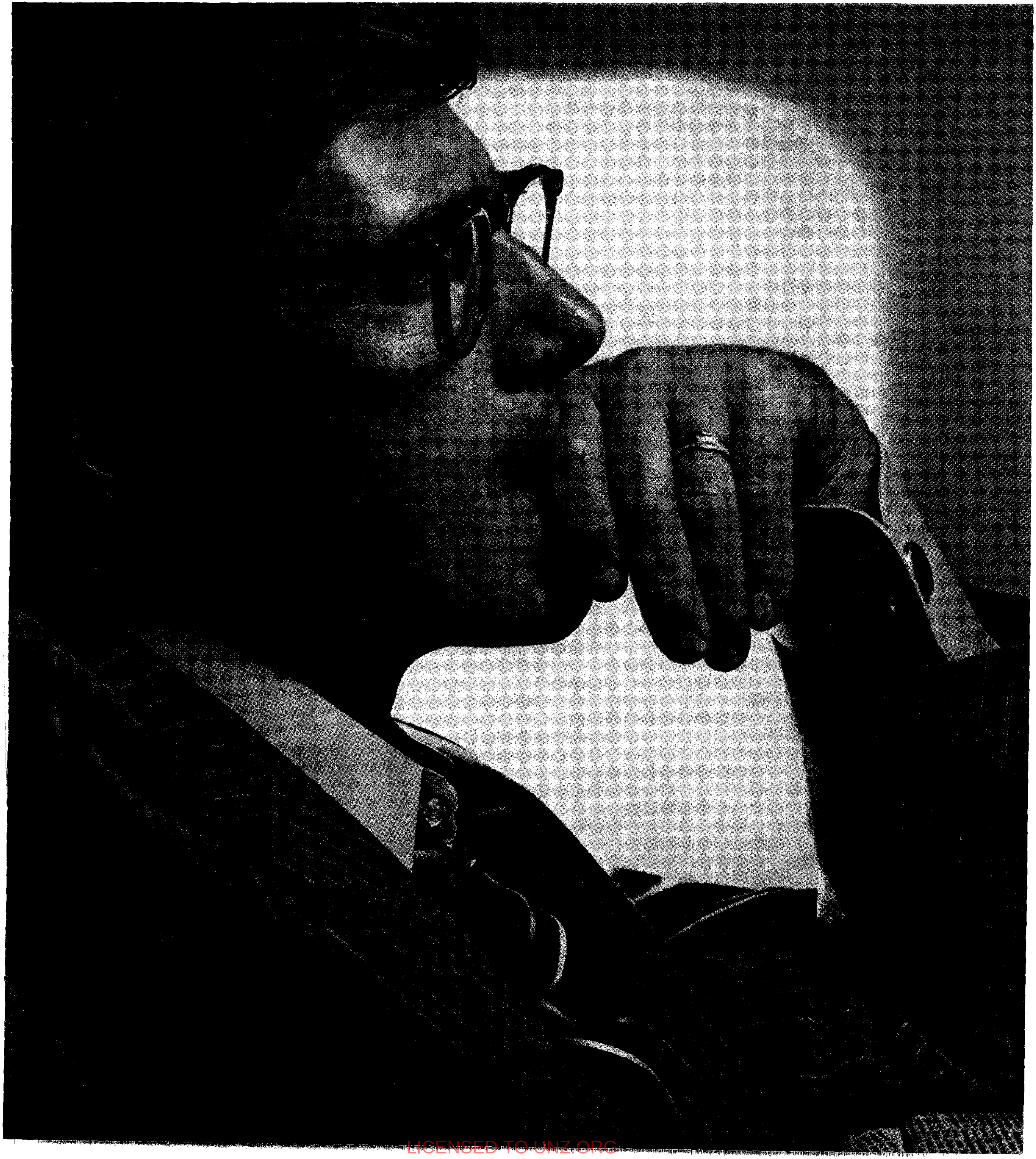

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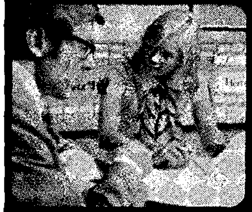
#2 Reservation processing time

#3 Read-back for reservation accuracy

#4 Customer information requests

#5 Prompt reservation transmittal to rental location

#6 Receiving reservation data for car assignment

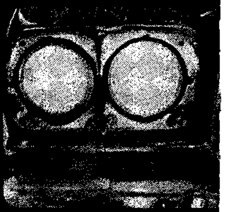

#10 Information requests at counter

#11 Courtesy shuttle schedules

#12 Resolving customer complaints

#13 Brake pedal firmness (Between rentals)

#14 Spare tire tire-changing equipment (Between rentals)


#15 Lighting system inspections (Between rentals)

#19 Interior car cleanliness (Between rentals)

#20 Engine oil level (Between rentals)

#21 Exterior car cleanliness (Between rentals)

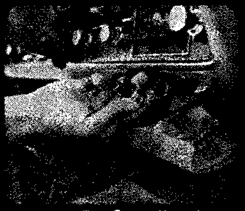
#22 Gasoline level (Between rentals)

#23 Luggage compartment cleanliness (Between rentals)

#24 Horn checks (Between rentals)

#28 Tire tread depth (Weekly)

#29 Tire pressure (Weekly)


#30 Cigarette lighter (Weekly)

#31 Inside windshield and window cleanliness (Weekly)

#32 Radio, air conditioner, heater (Weekly)

#33 Door and window hardware (Weekly)

#37 Battery fluid level (Weekly)

#38 Radiator fluid level (Weekly)

#39 Windshield washer fluid level (Weekly)

#40 Oil and filter changes (Major mileage)

#41 Transmission, power steering and differential fluid levels (Major mileage)

#42 Battery, radiator, windshield washer fluid levels (Major mileage)

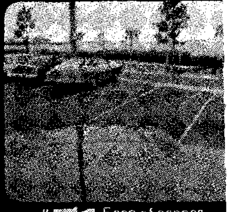
#46 Complete lubrication (Major mileage)

#47 Tire pressure tire wear (Major mileage)

#48 Clean battery terminals (Major mileage)

#49 Wiper blade wear (Major mileage)

#50 Complete engine tune-up (Major mileage)


#51 Ease of access to car return areas

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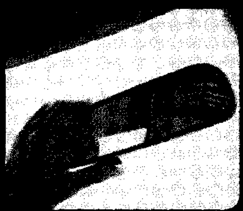
#7 Waiting time at counter

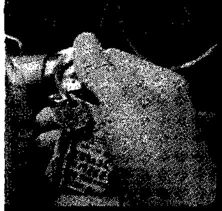
#8 Counter processing time (#1 Club, regular rentals)

#9 Car preassignment

#16 Windshield wiper washer (Between rentals)


#17 Rearview mirrors (Between rentals)

#18 Ashtray cleanliness (Between rentals)


#25 Ignition key warning system check (Weekly)

#26 Seat belt checks (Weekly)

#27 Door lock inspections (Weekly)

#34 Front seat adjustment mechanism (Weekly)

#35 Dash knobs, panel controls (Weekly)

#36 Body damage inspection (Weekly)

#43 Master brake cylinder (Major mileage)

#44 Front/rear brake linings (Major mileage)

#45 Fan belt tension and wear (Major mileage)

#52 Check-in waiting time

#53 Check-in processing time

#54 Solicitation of customer comments

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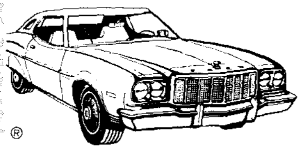

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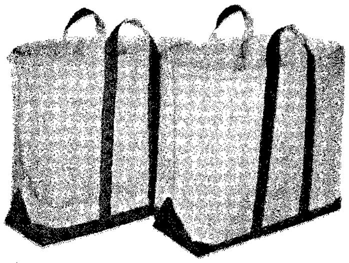

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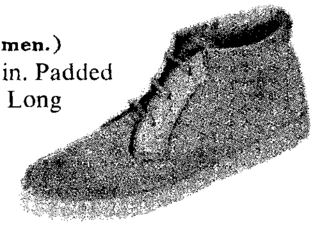

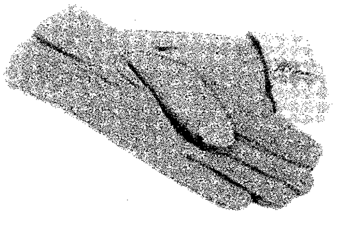

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men," and Piotr whispered, "Grab my hands. Now get down. *Down!* All the way down! Like this! And then watch it. . . . After this, we have to go very fast again."

We stayed down in the deep plié, my hands in his, until the theme came to an end, and then the music burst out again, and it was wild. Any old steps would do. We were both laughing and the music carried us. We had to take bows at the end, to a standing ovation. Even the Boys came down from their platform and, one by one, shook hands with us. Irina said to me, "I must say that you dance a *kazachok* from the bottom of a real Russian heart."

I looked around for Piotr, to thank him for having guided me so well, and Victor said, "I told him to go cool off. So he must be in the *basein*."

I danced a tango with a crew member I had never seen before, who did not open his mouth, and after that I began to feel on the verge of total collapse. The day had begun shortly after 5 A.M., and I hadn't had much in the way of a night's sleep to precede it.

On Way to Istanbul, June 8

THE next morning, I awoke and knew that I was sick, but not so sick that I had to do anything about it. I tried out the deck and fresh air. The Belgian sat in a deck chair in the shade, staring. His wife sat a long way off, in the sun, reading Peyrefitte. I had brought a small pillow with me on the trip, and had it now so that I could recline my head comfortably in the uncomfortable deck chair, and Ela became so enamored of the flowered pillowcase that the only thing I could do was to strip it off and give it to her. She immediately wrote out her address in Moscow for me and made me promise to visit her. I tried to question her about life in Warsaw, and she turned the conversation aside to clothes and shopfronts. She said shopwindows in the Soviet Union were a total fraud. If you saw something you liked and went inside and asked to see it, you would be told that it was not for sale.

On the way back to my cabin before lunch, I ran into Piotr Petrovich in a corridor. He said, "You don't look right."

"I don't feel right," I said. "I have a bad sinus headache, and my voice is going."

"*That's* obvious. Come with me," he said. And took me by the hand and brought me to his nurse. She was sitting in a vast armchair in front of a desk outside his cabin, dressed in a white uni-

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WEDNESDAY

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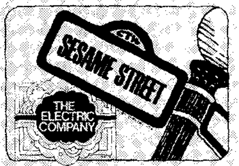
DEC. 10
TUESDAY



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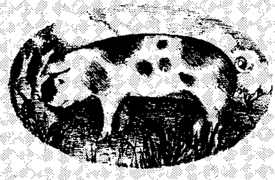
FEB. 2
SUNDAY



"Country Matters"

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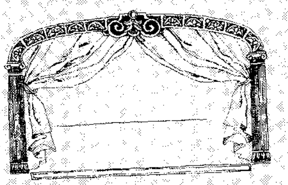
MAR. 2
SUNDAY

"Vienna 1900"

Tales of Vienna when life was joyous and it seemed the good times would last forever! Masterpiece Theatre. **PBS Sundays, 8:30 PM.**

APR. 10
THURSDAY



"Classic Theatre"

Great plays — ranging from Shakespeare to George Bernard Shaw — adapted for TV by the BBC. **PBS Thursdays, 9 PM.**

MAY 22
THURSDAY

"A Moon for the Misbegotten"

Mobil Showcase Theatre presents O'Neill's classic with original cast, Colleen Dewhurst and Jason Robards. **ABC, 9-11 PM (EDT).**

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form, her head bare, her hair bleached. She was vast herself, and very jolly, with lots of gold teeth.

"Age, please."

I told her.

"Impossible," she said. "Tell me the truth."

I repeated the truth.

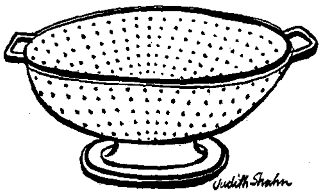
She rocked with laughter. "I've always been told that Western women starve themselves to death. Now I know it for a fact!"

Piotr sat me down in a chair in his office and gave me an electric treatment for the face. He said that in the Soviet Union almost everything was treated with electricity, with unhoped-for results. I don't know what I was hoping for, but at least it was totally painless.

Irina slept through lunch, and Jane arrived with the sort of sunburn that can only happen to an absentminded English girl with the most fragile of skins. When we got up from the table, I took her to Piotr, who appeared delighted with his influx of patients. He gave her a salve, and me a vial of *tabletochki* for my headache.

I must admit that I had begun to tire of all the diminutives. The Soviets used them indiscriminately. They were intended to make life cozier, in a kind and affectionate way, but it seemed to me that they were gnawing away at the cadence and the dignity of the language.

That afternoon, I went back on deck. Victor walked by, showing off the deck chairs and the sea and the seagulls to the English lady travel editor, who wore bright-yellow palazzo pajamas. Everything stopped in her wake. Victor stuck his tongue out at me behind her back, and I returned the compliment.



Suddenly, I heard over the loudspeakers that I was wanted at Administrative Headquarters. My first thought was of my family, but the matter turned out to be local. I found Valentina and Matvey bent over a sheet of paper.

"The English title for our next movie doesn't sound right," said Matvey.

" 'Bewitched Aladdin's Lamp,' " said Valentina.

" 'Magical'?" asked Matvey.

"Just 'Magic,' " I said.

" 'Magic Aladdin's Lamp'?"

"No. 'Aladdin's Magic Lamp.' "

"Thank you. That's all," said Matvey.

Jane came to say goodbye to me in my cabin.

We settled ourselves in the scratchy blue armchairs, and she spoke at length of the English travel writer Freya Stark, whom she had just visited in Italy, and who seemed to be the starting, the blessing-go-ahead departure point of so many literary young women. Jane was going to do some travelling and free-lance writing in Turkey for the next six months. I felt sad at parting with her.

At six, the Adjaria docked at Istanbul, and I saw minarets for the first time in my life. Irina begged me to go ashore with her for the evening. Otherwise, she said, she wouldn't go at all. She had asked the Boys to take her, but they had to rehearse. She had then asked Piotr, Victor, and Matvey. They were all in bureaucratic tangles from which they couldn't disengage themselves. I knew by now that I had bronchitis and shouldn't run around too much. It was, in any case, the last thing I felt like doing. So Irina and I went to the bar instead. She had coffee and I had tea, and Vladimir poured himself a narrow glass of vodka and joined us at our round table.

Over the loudspeakers, the radio was playing, for at least the twenty-second time, "Lara's Theme" from "Doctor Zhivago."

"Did you see the film?" I asked Irina.

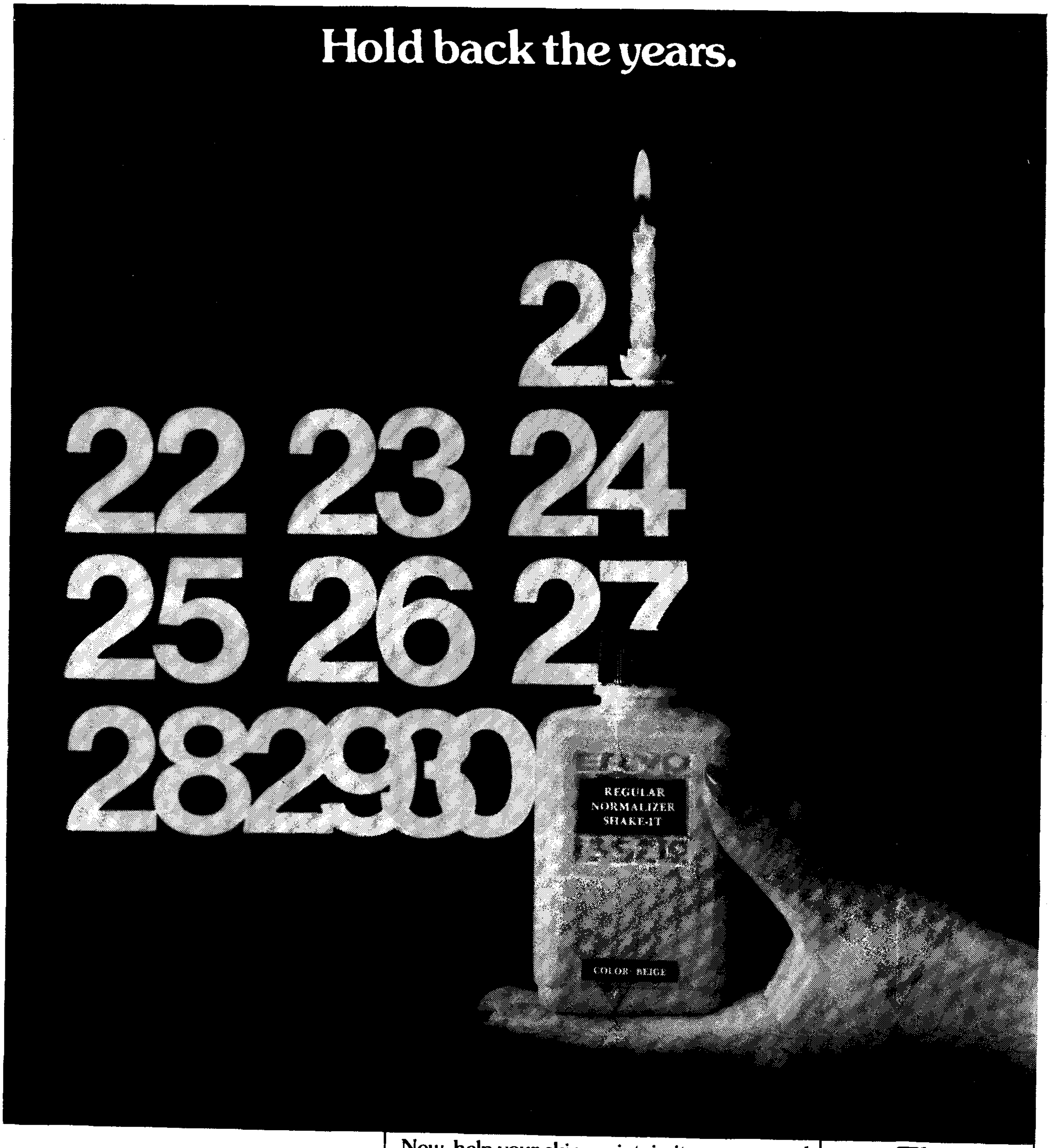
"No. It was playing in Turin while I was there, but I thought it unpatriotic to go."

"Did you read the book?"

"No, but Pasternak was a great friend of my parents. We were neighbors in Peredelkino. We have a dacha there." Then, after a moment's pause, "Why don't you come and visit us this summer?"

"You have room?"

"Who cares about room. Did you know that my mother is a well-known mathematician and my father a philosopher, also quite famous? They're real intellectuals. It sounds ridiculous when I say that, but they are marvellous people.... Yes, it *was* sad about Pasternak. I was at the funeral. Oh! The flowers! You can't imagine the flowers! Did the Western press write about them? It was as if the people wanted to bury him in flowers. And in poetry. There were so many poets. They recited, or else they sang, their poems. We had poets perched in trees. It was exceedingly moving. And it went on and on. Now they've built a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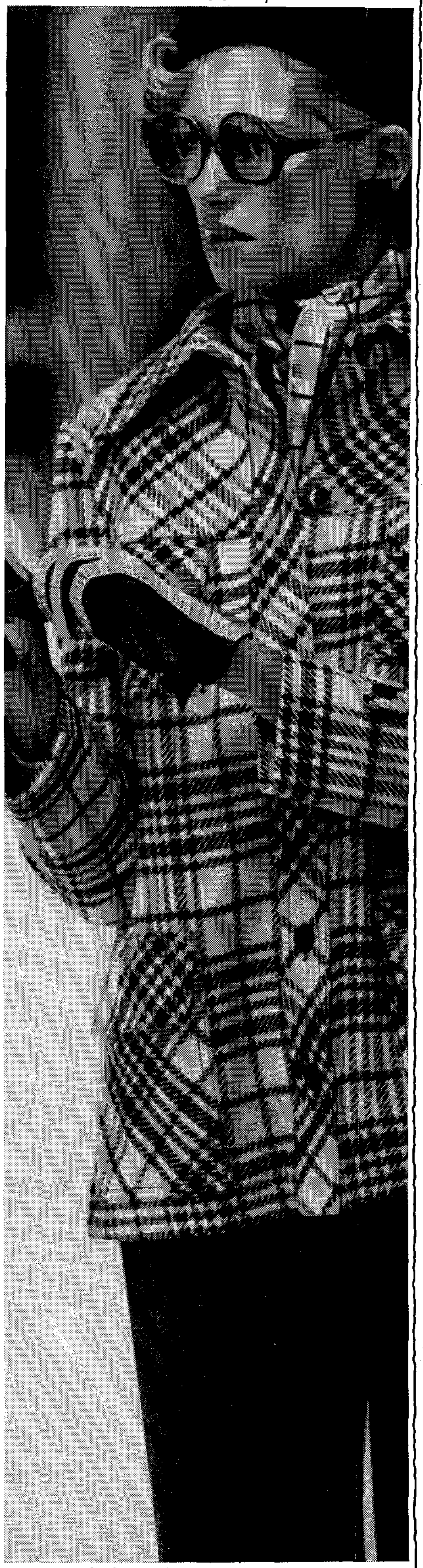

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hideous memorial. Wait. I'll show you. Volodia, give us a pencil?" On a paper napkin Irina began to draw an elongated triangular shape, and then suddenly stopped. "Ridiculous. Why all these thoughts about death? Come, let's go see if they will give us dinner. And after that let's go to the music lounge for the *tanze-chmanze*."

We were alone at dinner, the Belgians having disembarked in Istanbul, along with Jane, who had blown us kisses from the dock.

Irina said, "You can't imagine what going back to Moscow for this coming month means to me. It's as if I had lived the other eleven months in anticipation of the twelfth. And seeing Mamochka and Papochka again. They're getting old and I really hate leaving them. . . . And this food . . . *My* food," she continued, indicating, with her fork, the Russian meatballs. "I just can't get used to that awful pasta. It sticks in my throat."

Victor sat down with us.

"How's your travel editor?" asked Irina.

"Gone to a mosque, gone for good," said Victor.

Matvey's voice came over the loudspeakers: "You can now put all watches forward one hour, to Moscow time."

I looked at Irina as she took off her watch and pulled out the stem. And suddenly this big, independent, assertive young woman of thirty-one burst into tears and hid her face in her hands. "I'm sorry," she said, "but you couldn't possibly understand what this means to me."

The *tanze-chmanze* were rather deserted that evening. Many passengers had gone to have dinner in Istanbul. Neither one of us felt like dancing. So we decided to go to bed. Both Irina and Piotr Petrovich followed me to my cabin. He held an enormous thermometer, which he now asked me to put in my armpit. It stuck out from under the tight sweater as we sat around making small talk. It takes ten minutes for a thermometer to reach the correct reading under an armpit.

Piotr talked about his daughter, and how happy she was to be in kindergarten all day. I told them I had taken care of my two sons myself. This idea horrified them both. "Didn't you get bored?" he asked.

"Didn't you feel enslaved?" asked Irina.

The thermometer revealed that I had a temperature. After kissing me good night, in spite of it, Piotr and Irina left. Piotr returned a few min-

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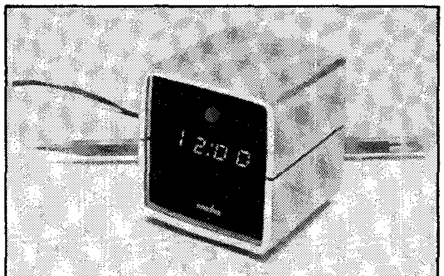

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utes later with a new bottle of *tabletochki*. "Two right now," he said. "And I'll come see you in the morning."

Istanbul, June 9

THAT night was terrible. I woke up drenched, out of dreams where I seemed to be either fainting or dying. Early in the morning, Piotr Petrovich came to deliver me, armed with his thermometer, and an idea struck me. "Was there any sulfa in the tablets you gave me?"

"Sure. They *were* sulfa. That's what you needed."

"Only I can't take it. I was given an overdose once and now I can't take any at all. . . . It's my fault. I should have asked."

Piotr was terribly upset. "But promise one thing," he said. "That you will stay quietly on the ship."

Out on deck, it was raining lightly. The minarets rose from the low-lying city through a half-mist that blended into pale-gray sky. I watched Irina run down the gangplank with Nina Arkadievna, followed by the rest of the passengers. Off they went in search of the bazaar and the Blue Mosque.

With nothing to do all of a sudden, I walked slowly down a corridor and went to the library. It was deserted. I straightened Lenin's portrait on the wall, sat down, and leafed through illustrated Soviet magazines. I did not want to take any books off the shelves, so, from the top of a pile on Valentina's wooden table, I pocketed a booklet, printed in French, for the centennial of Lenin's birth—"L'Œuvre de Lénine Vit et Triomphe." It was a report by Brezhnev. I turned to the last page and read the last line: "*Lénine a vécu, Lénine vit, Lénine vivra toujours!*"

Outside in the corridor, I ran into the chef, who said, "Did I tell you that my name is Stefan? No, I don't think I did. You look bored. Come, I'll show you our second-class dining room."

It was very large, with tables seating as many as ten people. "Nice?" he asked.

The same folder that described the Adjaria as a one-class ship listed first-class and tourist-class cabins with varying degrees of luxury and with anywhere from two to six berths in them. Wanting to see what he would say, I said, "I thought this was supposed to be a one-class ship. How come you have a second-class dining room?"

"We *are* a one-class ship. We definitely are. But it all depends on what a passenger is willing to pay, doesn't it? We cannot afford to give everyone first-class accommodations."

All this made perfect sense to him, and I thought of Natasha, the young girl in charge of cleaning the cabin, who, when she found a sandal in the living-room closet that was supposed to be reserved for food and vodka in case I entertained guests, gaily threw it at me, although she was the one who had put it there.

"No one eats here just now?"

"Not on this trip, no. Not enough passengers. We have room for everyone in the first-class dining room."

"Is the food the same?"

"More or less."

The shop was open, and I went in. Galia sat behind a glass counter knitting a bright-pink child's sweater.

"Yours?" I asked.

"No. My sister's," she said.

I asked the price of a single sable pelt to bring back to my mother. It was outrageous, and the fur of poor quality. I saw huge copper samovars, unfit for air travel. There were miniature ones, too, for souvenirs. The amber beads were large in front and small at the back and of a tarnished yellow. I remembered a couple of my mother's amber necklaces from my childhood. Large round beads of uniform size, the color of wild honey, and translucent. Finally, I bought a *matrushka*—a set of graduated wooden dolls that fit one into the other.

I tried to get into the bar to purchase a bottle of old vodka and a couple of jars of caviar, but it was closed. I went back and got them later.

Irina and Nina Arkadievna returned from their excursion in a state of exhilaration. They had bought artifacts of extraordinary ugliness in the bazaar. They had visited three mosques. And Nina Arkadievna proudly declared that she had hardly seen any women in town all day. Nothing but men, who had stared at her. The few women she had seen had been veiled.

The day was melting into a pleasant daze of fever, fatigue, and idleness.

That evening, we sailed through the Bosporus.

After dinner, Ela and her husband, whose name was Roman, asked me for a drink in their cabin, which was tiny. They sat on one bunk and I sat on the other, our knees touching. And he was a rather forbidding man.

"Ever heard of the Warsaw Pact?" asked Roman. He lit a cigarette, inhaled, and started to cough.

I said I had.

"Ever heard of NATO?"

I said I had.

"Well, I work for COMECON."

I looked up at him questioningly.

"Economic aid between the Soviet Union and the satellite countries," he said.

"It's in that beautiful modern building in Moscow. You *must* have seen it," said Ela. "It looks exactly like an enormous open book." Roman appeared thoughtful. He disapproved of my ignorance.

"What keeps us going," he said, not unexpectedly, "is the knowledge that we are doing something useful."

Just after that, Matvey's voice, hoarse with emotion, announced over the loudspeakers, "We have now gone through the Bosporus and come into our own beloved Black Sea."

ON BOARD, JUNE 10

LUBOMIR invited me to go to the movies with him at 11 A.M. His wife was still working on that article about Bulgarian cigarettes, and he felt like a distraction. The movie was a Polish spectacular, dubbed in Russian, called "Pharaoh." A marvellous-looking actor, gaunt as a mummy, with hooded eyes and a hawk nose, had been cast as the aged Pharaoh. The battle scenes were on a grand scale, with chariots drawn by wild-looking horses galloping across the desert. The movie was very well documented. The sets and costumes were in the soft tones of brown, the subdued coppers and blues of Egyptian paintings. A gravedigger at work on a wide and deep trench in the sands began to harangue the Pharaoh's son. This gravedigger was a Communist Party bore, and the director's timing was off. The harangue went on and on, and Lubomir started to yawn. The Pharaoh's son was referred to as the Czarevich. And the Czarevich was in trouble because he had been carrying on with a Jewess he had found in the desert, asleep, looking not unlike Rousseau's Gypsy.

"Come," I said. "Let's get out of here."

I was about to go up to a Polish woman named Rina, who was waving at me vigorously from her deck chair—we had walked around Venice together—but I was intercepted by Piotr. "Please come with me for a minute," he said. "I've got to talk to someone."

He took me by the hand, and conducted me to his cabin. We sat down. He sighed and began: "Yesterday, a Russian émigré woman came on board at Istanbul with her niece. An idiot. She lives in Switzerland. In fact, they both do. Zurich, I think. Well, she didn't tell me, and imagine, her *aunt*

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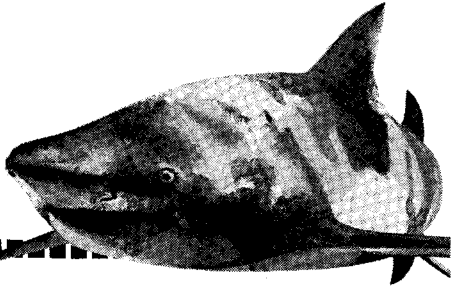

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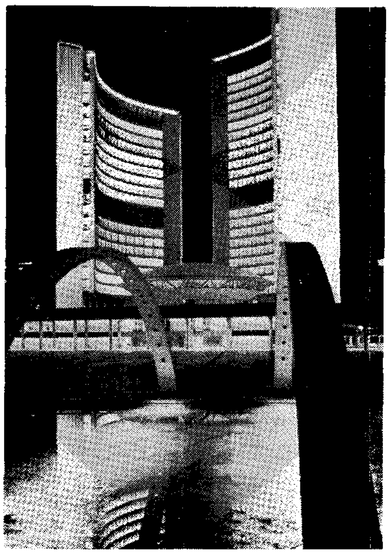

With 25 theatres in production this fall, Toronto is one of the great entertainment centres of North America.

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didn't even know—this I don't understand—that she was a severe diabetic. And she had run out of insulin. So you know what she did? It's absolutely crazy. She got more and more nervous at the thought of being without insulin, so she took eight sleeping pills, and her aunt found her in a coma. I smelled the acetone on her breath, so I knew more or less what to do, but how to dose the insulin? That was the difficult part. And I had to give her injections of caffeine to bring her to. Do you realize that I could have *killed* her? . . . I just had to tell you."

"How is she now?"

"Better, I think. Imagine the responsibility. I'm still shaking. How do *you* feel?"

"Oh, all right. It'll take two or three days."

"You have bronchitis. You have to stay very quiet and be careful."

"Yes, yes, don't worry."

"But you will come to dance tonight? Tonight is your last night."

I looked at Piotr. He had one of the most guileless faces I have ever seen. "All right," I said. "See you in the music lounge."

I didn't get to dance much that night, because Victor came to fetch me, saying, "We need you at Administrative Headquarters." I very much wanted to go to bed. It was already past eleven, but when Victor took me by the hand and led me somewhere I went.

I found Matvey and Valentina, sitting by a huge Cyrillic typewriter.

"Don't ask me to type on that," I said.

"No, no," said Victor. "Don't worry. We need you to edit the English part of our 'Welcome Aboard' circular."

"It could stand some editing," I said. "But why didn't you ask me earlier? This is my last night. Why do we have to do it now?"

"Better now than not at all. We were just looking at it. It doesn't look right, and we thought of you."

Valentina removed the Cyrillic typewriter and put an old-fashioned Royal in its place.

Just then a young woman, accompanied by a very much older one, interrupted us. Speaking Russian with a heavy Swiss-German accent, if such a thing sounds at all plausible, the younger one said, "Please, I want to see the doctor."

Poor Piotr Petrovich. But then again, she didn't look particularly sick. Nor did she look as if she were about to go into a diabetic coma. Piotr was

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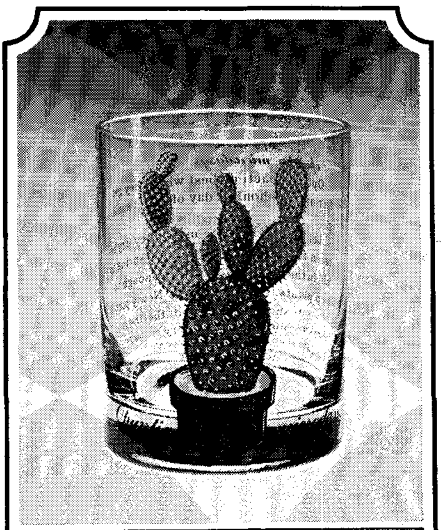

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called ("Crew calling Doctor! Crew calling Doctor!") and found, and they all went off together.

By now, a few of the crew members had assembled on the other side of the grille that enclosed Administrative Headquarters. Vania, the man who swabbed the decks, was among them. When I began to type, more people assembled. I had noticed that both Valentina and Matvey, when they worked on the Cyrillic machine, typed with only two fingers.

"At some point you should explain what the ship is all about," I told Matvey.

So Matvey dictated in Russian, and I wrote down in English, "The Adjaria is 122 metres long and 16 metres wide. Her draft is 5.5 metres and she is powered by diesel engines that can develop a speed of 18½ knots. She carries up to 300 passengers."

I looked up at Victor and said, "You can't start off with that. It's boring."

"All right, then begin with the usual," said Matvey, as if I had been in his employ for the past five years.

I put that sheet aside for later use, inserted a new one, and wrote, "Welcome Aboard the M/V Adjaria!"

"What does 'Adjaria' mean, anyway?" I asked Victor.

Matvey answered. "It's the name of an autonomous Georgian republic."

I was about to ask how autonomous, but Victor said, "Let us continue."

It was now past midnight.

"Don't you think you should mention your mysterious captain?" I asked. "Nina Arkadievna tells me that he has two sailors straddle his thighs when he does his setting-up exercises in the morning."

"You are being disrespectful," said Victor. "His name is Vadim Nikitin."

I wrote down, "Our captain's name is Vadim Nikitin—"

"Stop!" said Matvey. "You can't say that. In Turkey, they won't know what you're talking about."

"What do you mean?"

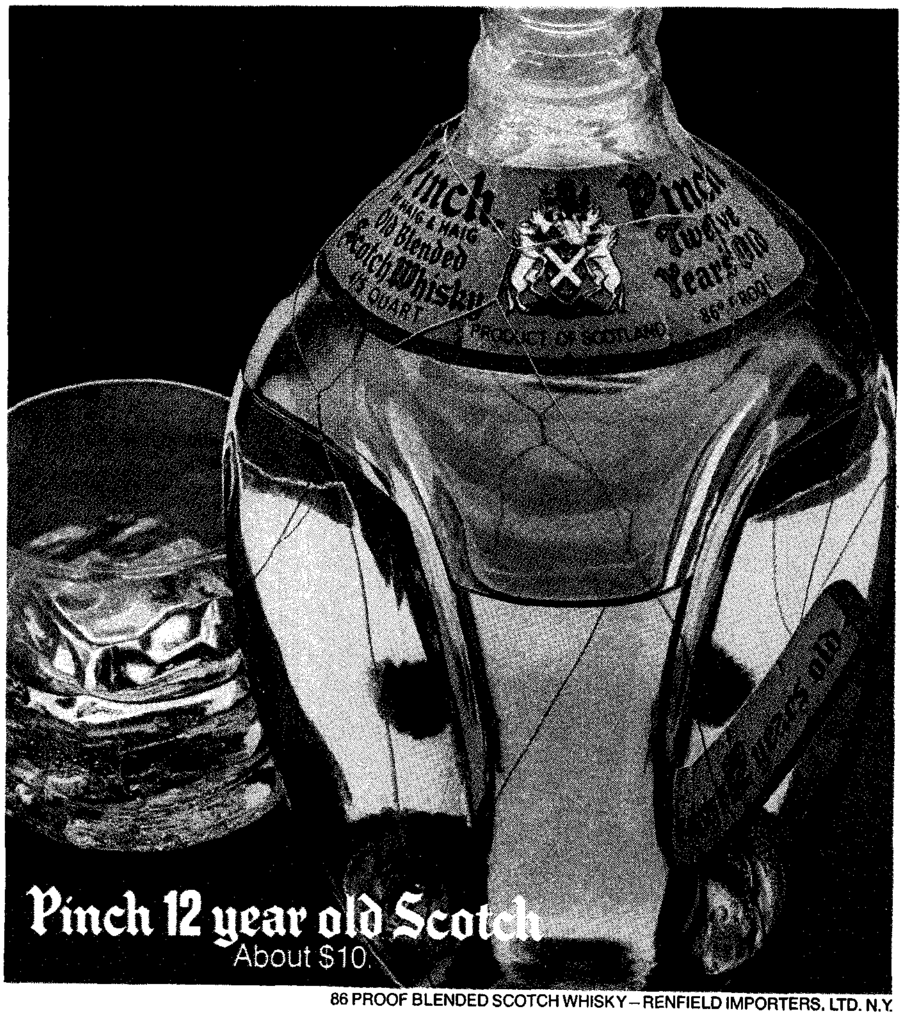
"Well, in Turkey they reverse the names. They don't understand given names first and family names second. So you have to say Nikitin Vadim."

God knows where Matvey got this piece of information. Perhaps he was confusing the Turks with the Chinese. "Look," I said. "Do you want to make this a Turkish bazaar or a Soviet ship?"

"Make it a Soviet ship," said Victor. "And keep quiet, Matvey, or she'll get all confused, and then we'll never finish."

"But do say that people come from

Look at it this way:
At your wife's last dinner party
the French bread
came from France, of course.
Why are you still drinking
ordinary scotch?



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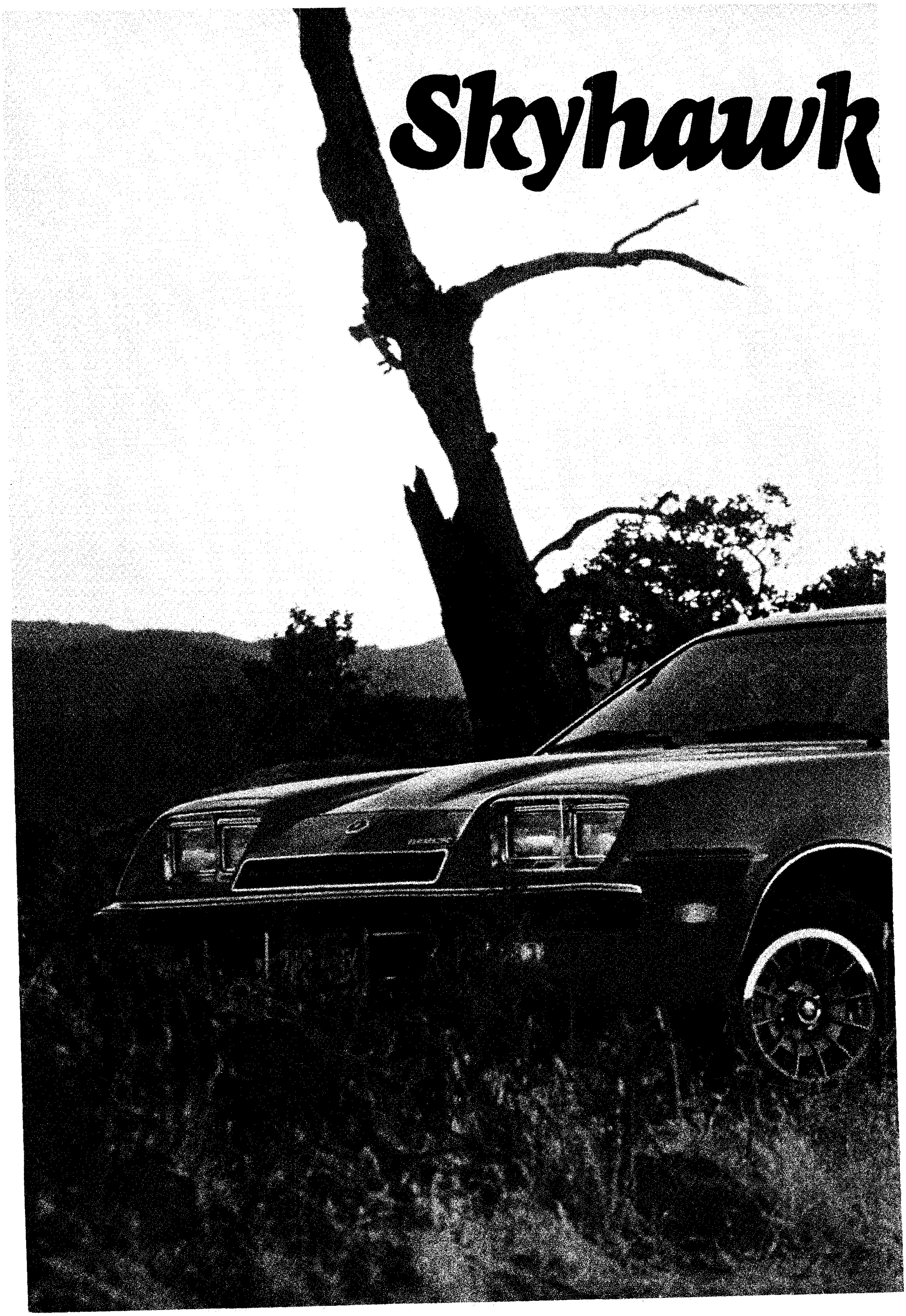
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Yet for all its machismo, for all its tendency to look like some exotic European prototype, Skyhawk is as untemperamental as an old friend.

Its engine is a Buick-built, 3.8 liter V-6 that is designed to be both responsive and frugal. High-Energy Ignition (no points or ignition condenser to replace) is standard, as is a 4-speed transmission, plus front and rear stabilizer bars in the suspension.

And to further demonstrate its utilitarian talents, Skyhawk is a hatchback. Which opens to reveal seating for four, a generous luggage compartment, an expanse of natty houndstooth upholstery and a big tachometer. All standard, of course.

There's more, but space limits. Suffice to say if you've stayed with us this long, you're probably the kind of person Skyhawk was designed to attract.

In which case the two of you really ought to meet each other.

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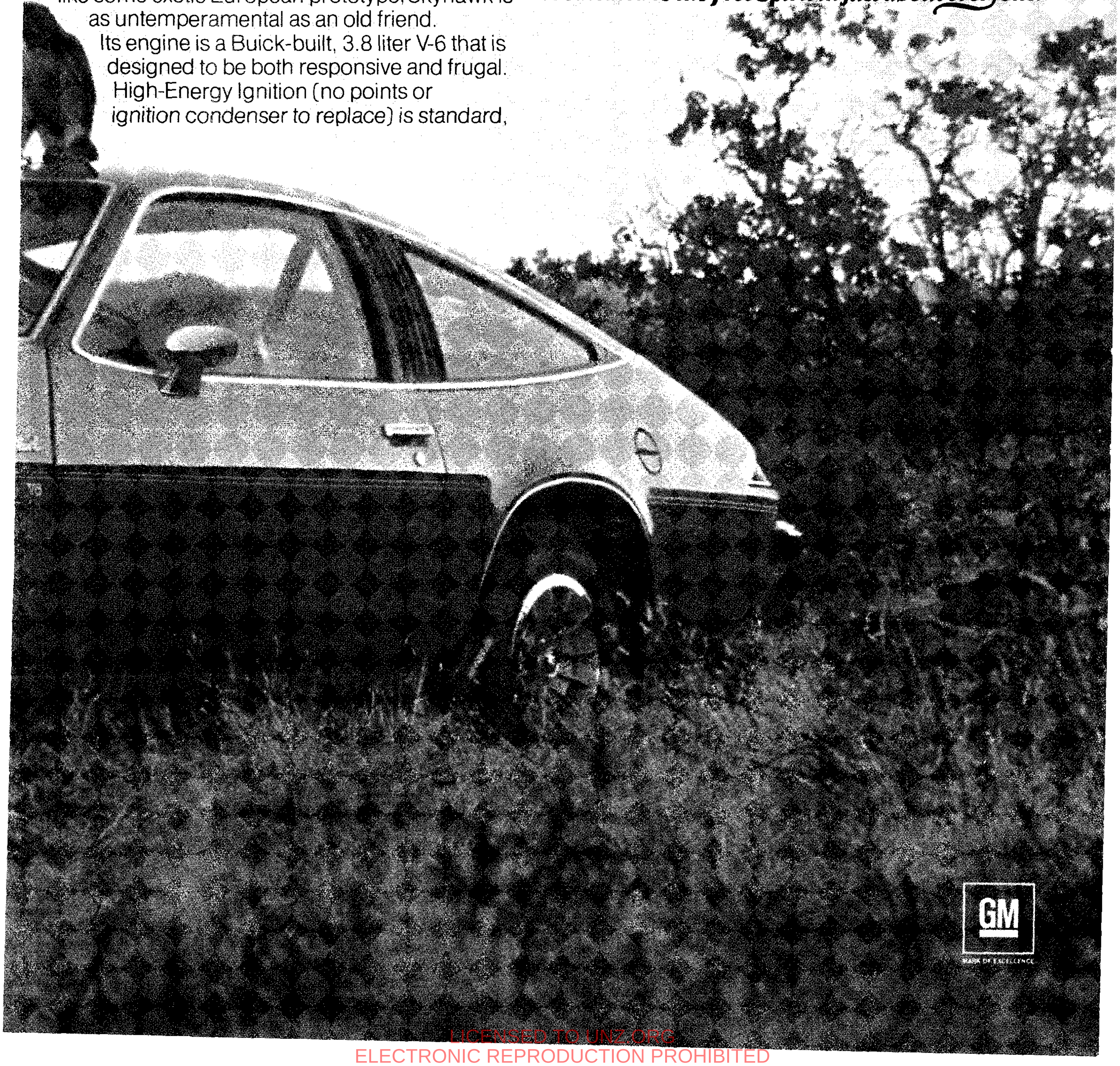

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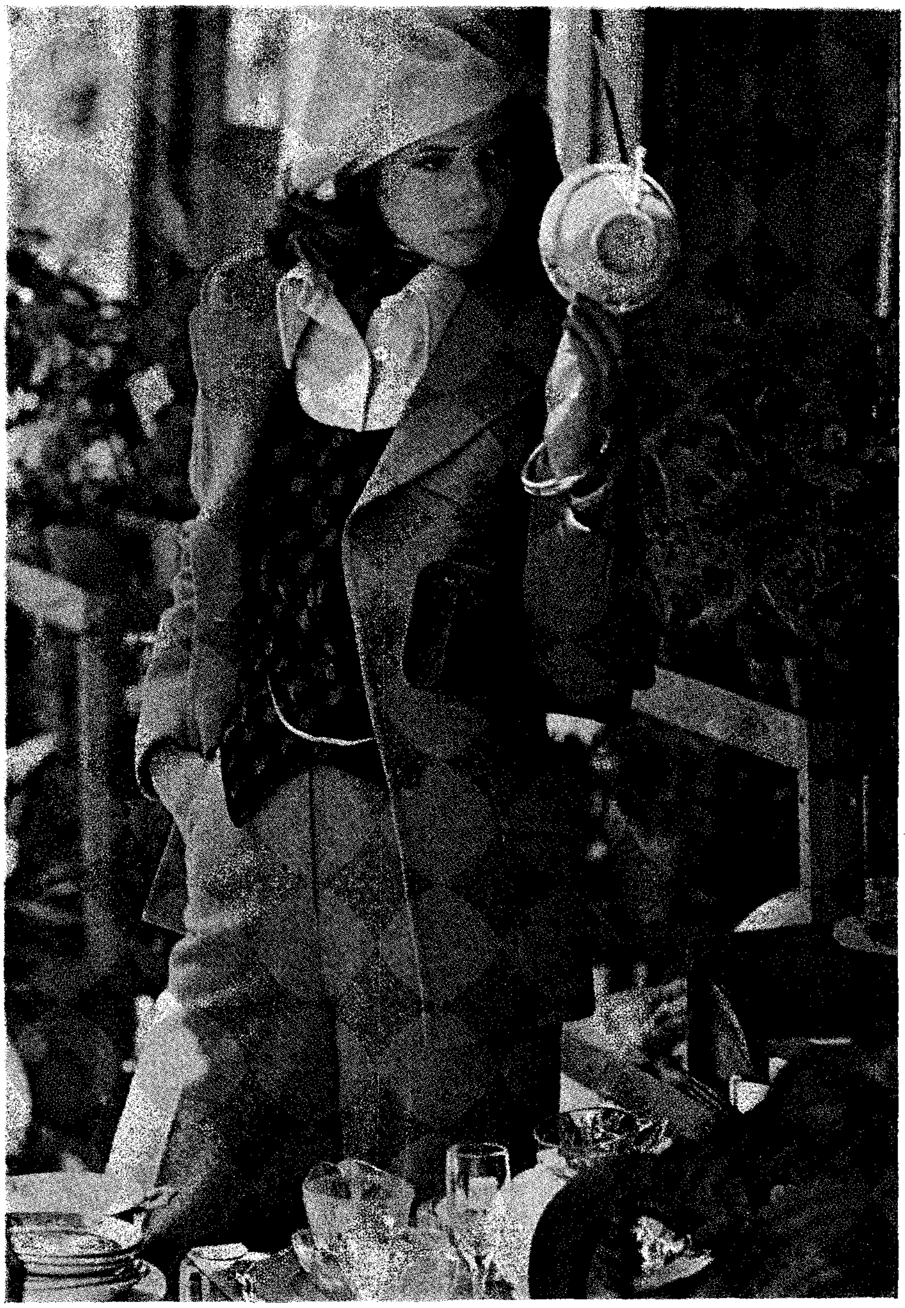

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all over the world to our ship," said Matvey.

"Not from China," said Victor. "Keep going. We're almost done."

One o'clock in the morning had come and gone, and Valentina wanted a livelier description of her library. Eventually, I told them that I thought the text looked all right the way it stood, and that I wanted to lie down, as we were due to dock in Sochi at six in the morning.

"Don't be silly," said Victor. "We are already there. We are just stalling. We'll be docking in about twenty minutes. Then comes police control."

"What's that?"

"A form of customs. Nothing to worry about," said Matvey.

Wearily, I started to rise. Victor held me in his arms. "Just a moment," he said. "One more thing you must do for me."

"Please, Victor. *Please.* I can't stand up anymore."

"You can't go to bed anyway. The police will be here any minute. And you have to be up for the police."

"All right. What is it?"

"You have to record this, so we can play it over the loudspeakers."

"What ever for?"

"To greet our English-speaking passengers."

"I see. And where do I do *that*?"

As usual, he held me tightly by the hand. We went up a flight of stairs, down corridors, up another flight of stairs, out on deck, in again. Then Victor introduced me to a very young radio operator, and left us.

The trouble was that my voice was very hoarse, and there wasn't much of it besides. I wondered what the English-speaking passengers would think when they heard me say that the cruise was considered a health cure by many who sought the salutary air of the Black Sea as a welcome escape from the exhausting life of the metropolis, and that the doctor was available at any time of the day or night.

We had to tape the thing three times before it was right. The radio operator would let me talk for a while, and then he would say, "Cut! Aw-keh. Now start again!"

He spoke Russian, but he seemed to enjoy saying that O.K. very much. When we were through, he shook both my hands warmly, and paid me an ultimate compliment: "You speak quite good English. Where did you perfect yourself?"

He offered to accompany me on deck, and I accepted. It was a quarter to two in the morning, and we were

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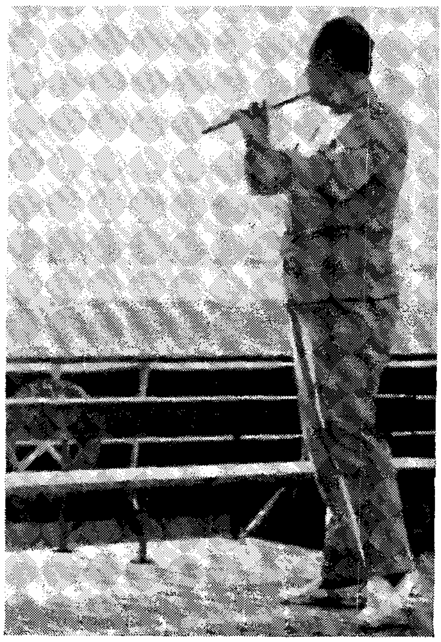

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The m/s Renaissance is registered in France.

docked in the choice parking space, in front of the Maritime Station. We were in Sochi.

Police control was not strict. The customs officer asked me whether I had bought any sables or amber on board. I said no, only a bottle of old vodka, three jars of caviar, and a *matrushka*. He declared himself satisfied, and told me I could now get some rest; we were not disembarking until nine-thirty in the morning.

By then my chest felt constricted, and I had practically no voice left at all. I was desperate for something hot to drink, so I went off in search of tea. All the passengers were still in their cabins, where they had been told to wait for police control.

Piotr's nurse passed me on the stairs that led from the deck my cabin was on to the deck where the dining room was. "Bare feet," she said. "No wonder you're sick. Go to bed."

"I just want something hot. I'm desperate for something hot to drink."

"It's three o'clock in the morning. Everything is closed. Where are you going to get tea at this hour?"

Just then Vania, the deckhand, came down the stairs. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Vania, seriously. Tell me, can I get something hot to drink? Anything?"

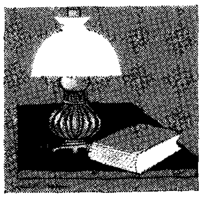
"I know where there's a gas range upstairs. I'll go make you a glass of tea."

He brought it down to me, and sat on the stairs with me while I drank it.

"Vania, I'll never, never forget you for this."

"You will have forgotten tomorrow."

"Never," I said, as I handed him the empty glass.



It was dawn when I went to bed, and I was not packed, but at least I had until nine-thirty.

I no sooner went to sleep, it seemed, than there was a violent knocking at the door of my cabin. I rose, in my nightgown, thinking it might be Irina, or Matvey or Victor or Piotr. But when I opened the door I saw two strange men, one tall and dark, with one eye half closed, and the other much smaller, with a face covered with freckles. The tall one said, in German, "We've come to fetch you and take you into Sochi. Are you ready?"

I was furious. I ran for my watch. It said seven o'clock exactly. I put it to my ear and it was ticking.

What had made me so angry was not the unexpected summons, nor anything about the two men—they weren't being deliberately unpleasant. It was the fact that they spoke German. Two men wake me in the early hours of the morning who speak German and tell me to follow them and I think I'm being taken to Belsen. I said, "Nobody told me to be ready at seven. I am not dressed, nor packed. I haven't had breakfast, and I haven't said goodbye to anybody. You will just have to wait. I'm sorry. You can dispose of the next two hours as you wish, but I will not be ready in ten minutes, so it's no use waiting for me." By then, all anger spent, I was sufficiently awake to see that the two men were Intourist guides, and to realize that the tall one had spoken in a strange monotone, and with a hopeless Russian accent.

The freckle-faced one said, "We will be waiting downstairs."

"As you wish," I said. "But you can speak Russian to me. My German isn't good."

"We'll be waiting downstairs," the tall one said, in Russian this time. "Please be as quick as you can."

"I shall take my time," I said.

DOING the best I could, I was ready at ten.

Ela and Roman, Lena and Petúr, the two younger Polish couples, Lubomir and his wife, Nina Arkadievna, Rina and her daughter, all stood around on deck, waiting to say goodbye.

Lena took me aside. "If you come to see me in Moscow, I will arrange for us to go to Leningrad together. I'm still terribly attached to Leningrad. I don't like Moscow so much. In Leningrad, the atmosphere is completely different. The people seem to have a greater elegance of mind. It's hard to explain, but the life style is different. Like Milan compared to Rome, although I have been to neither. But that's what I've heard said—that life in Rome was so elegant. You *must* try to come."

She gave me a slip of paper with her address on it. So did the others. They were complete with telephone numbers, both at home and at work. And, of course, they were reversed: "U.S.S.R." came first, then the city, then the name of the street, then the house number, then the number of the apartment with the floor it was on, then their names, and last the phone numbers.

Piotr Petrovich came running, and

Don't make hit-and-miss moves. Byford and Tim Holland show you how to bag that blot!

Backgammon is not an exact science. Therefore one can merely say that certain moves or plays are correct only so far as the laws of probability are concerned.

So often a player will select a move which will succeed only 30 per cent of the time, versus one which will be 60 per cent successful and yet, because dice are inanimate and know no home, the inferior play's rewards will be victory and the correct play's rewards—disaster. Nevertheless, in the long run, the "percentage plays" will always prove to be more profitable.

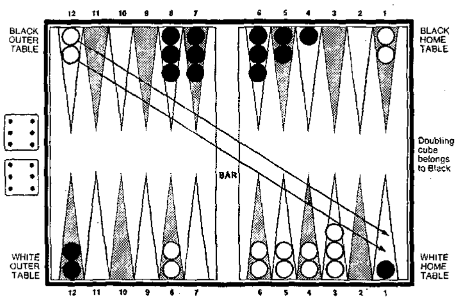
This problem illustrates the fact that Backgammon is not an exact science. To prognosticate in the middle of a game and say that one will win X number of times with one play, versus Y number of times with another is totally impossible due to the fact that succeeding rolls are unknown. One can merely say that one move is superior to another because of the laws of probability.

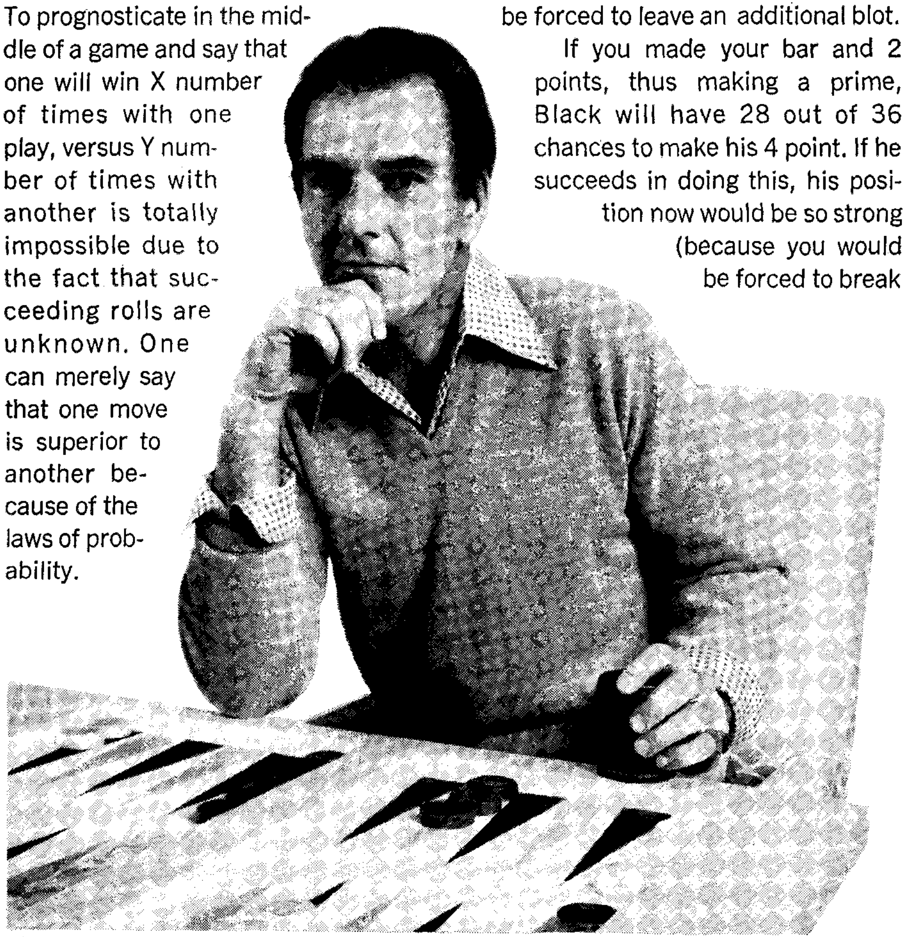
In the problem at right, the correct move is to make your 1 point hitting Black's blot. If Black does not enter on his next roll (25 to 11 against), you hope to pick up his additional blot on his 4 point or close your board. If you are able to hit this second blot and escape, there is an excellent chance for you to win a gammon. If Black enters but is not able to make his 4 point (only 2 and 2, 2 and 3, 2 and 4) you will still have the opportunity to hit his blot on his 4 point, and failing this or including it, you will be able to hit his blot on your 2 point; or your bar in the event his roll is 2 and 5 and he elects to move your bar point. If Black rolls 2 and 6, he will be forced to leave an additional blot.

If you made your bar and 2 points, thus making a prime, Black will have 28 out of 36 chances to make his 4 point. If he succeeds in doing this, his position now would be so strong (because you would be forced to break your prime unless you free one of your two men on his 1 point) that he will have become a prohibitive favorite to win the game.

NOTE: Assuming you made a prime and assuming that Black makes his 4 point, there are only 8 numbers that you might roll that would not cause you to break your prime—double 1's, 2's, 3's, 6's, 2 and 6, 2 and 1.

White rolls double 6's





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Tim Holland, three-time world champion, is the author of "Beginning Backgammon" and "Better Backgammon" (published by McKay), and the creator of Autobackgammon™ and a complete line of sets, all made by Reiss Games.

The next Byford Backgammon lesson will appear on October 14th.

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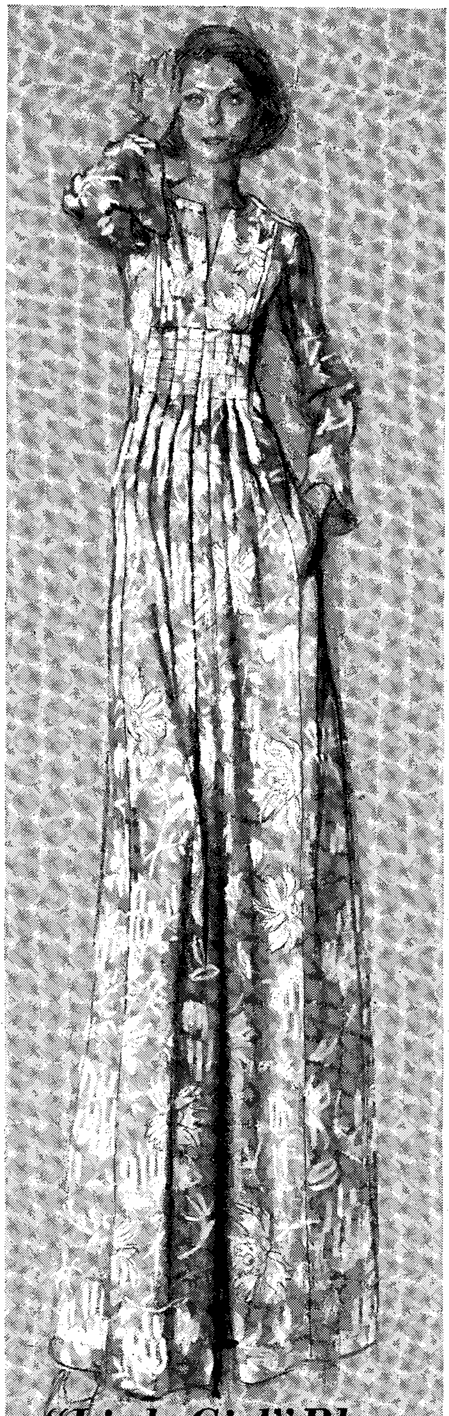

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lifted me off the ground. "How do you feel?"

"Not so hot."

"Have the new *tabletochki* helped? The antibiotic? Now, be sure and go to bed when you get to the hotel. I'll come around to see you this afternoon if I can get out from under the red tape. I have to write up a full report on the condition of the crew during the whole of the voyage. But I will try to come."

There were farewells from Victor, Matvey, and Valentina, who held a tiny handkerchief to her eyes once or twice, although they were as unclouded as the bright sky above.

I told Victor, "I really hate being taken away from all of you by those two unpleasant characters."

"They *are* very unsympathetic," Victor admitted. "And I suspect the tall one with the funny eye is a Georgian. Did you notice? He's sort of dark."

It was my first exposure to Soviet racism.

Victor tore off a corner of the Sochi daily newspaper and asked me to write down my address. I told him that he would no doubt throw it overboard as soon as I was off the ship. (He did not. I had a letter from him about a month later, posted in Venice, requesting my return ticket, Venice-Sochi, in the form of a *talonchik* of pink paper that had been issued to me, together with my picnic lunch. He needed it to complete his files. I had thrown it away. He also wrote that the crew could not forget me even if they wanted to, because my voice came over the loudspeakers twice a day, greeting the English-speaking passengers.)

We all swore to meet again next spring, and then I walked down the gangplank obediently behind my two guides, who were doing their best to get me where they had to get me and at the same time have as little to do with me as possible. I turned around to wave to the group assembled at the railing, and then climbed into a waiting car, to be driven to the Magnolia Hotel.

We rode through the streets of Sochi, deeply shaded by enormous trees. Everything felt lush and warm. The Magnolia Hotel was by the sea. I didn't have a single ruble on me, and so had to follow an Intourist guide around the corner to the Leningrad Hotel, to change a traveller's check. The transaction was calculated at lightning speed on an abacus.

Back at the Magnolia, the watcher on my floor greeted me warmly, "Ah!

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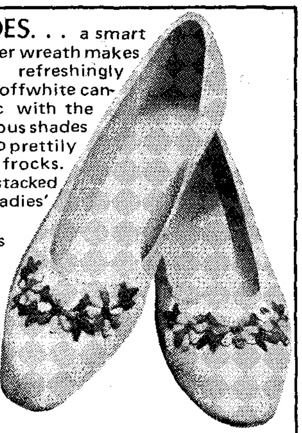

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EC **Edith Chapman** ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

Welcome! I hear you're not well." She turned to a woman who was walking by and said, "Nina, plug in the samovar." Then, to me, "Get well quick, so we can show you our sanatoria. I'll bring you hot tea every hour on the hour."

"No, no. Just let me sleep. I'll come and get it," I said.

"Whatever you like," she said. "Have a good rest."

I took off my clothes and got into bed. I had a miserable room with a cot in it. The paint was flaking off the walls, which were a hospital green. Irina had got off the boat about eight that morning, and had left a message that she might come to see me before taking a late-afternoon plane for Moscow, but I didn't feel like thinking about anything, and just fell into a troubled, feverish, hot sleep. It was very warm in that room. The sun came through the open windows. There was a balcony and a view over linden treetops. The air itself was warm and smelled like a hothouse in the South of France.

I would wake every once in a while, and wash my face in cold water and go out into the corridor in my nightgown and sit next to the watcher and drink a glass of scalding tea and chat and then go back to bed again.

My sleep was interrupted by the quarrelling of a couple next door. The walls were flimsy, and the windows that gave onto adjoining balconies open. The woman woke me with a dramatic tirade. "I will never sleep with you again—so long as I live!" A child bawled. The man said something I did not understand, in a low, controlled voice. The child continued to bawl. The woman screamed, "You son of a bitch!" Then she must have hit the child, because the volume of bawling rose. After a while they calmed down, and I went back to sleep. When I woke I felt much better. I looked at my watch and saw it was three o'clock. I did not know I had slept so long. I decided that now was the time to put my notes in order. They were written mostly in orange Pentel on blue airmail paper. Each sheet had a carbon copy, as I wanted to separate the carbons from the originals and pack them in different places, in case my luggage was searched at the airport in Moscow. One set I planned to put in my overnight bag, and the other at the bottom of my travelling handbag, under the cosmetics, visas, passports, and odds and ends, together with a gaily flowered notebook as a decoy. In it I now marked down all the addresses I had been

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given. Then I laid all the sheets of airmail paper out on the floor in order to separate them into two piles and had begun to put them in some sort of order when there was a loud knock on the door. In a panic, I began to gather everything up. The airmail paper rattled.

There was another loud knock. My door wasn't locked. I hadn't even thought of asking my watcher for the key. I was frightened.

"I know you're in there. Don't be ridiculous!" said a familiar voice. "It's Irina."

"Hold it," I said, as I saw the handle of the door moving. "I'm naked and wet, and I've just had a horrible accident. Just a minute!" I knew the Soviets to be very prudish, and it was the only way I could think of to gain time. I finally managed to stuff the pile of papers under my mattress, and then ran to open the door.

Irina stood there in her red minidress, fresh from the hairdresser, her dyed gold hair in an impressive beehive. "What's going on here?" she asked suspiciously.

"Nothing. I told you. I'd rather not discuss it. And I didn't expect you so soon." I climbed into bed, still shaky. It would have been extremely awkward to have Irina find me in the midst of a blue sea of airmail paper tightly covered with writing. If she chose not to see "Zhivago" when it was showing in Turin because she considered it unpatriotic, she might very well have reported me to the police.

She stood looking at me for a moment and then sank into an armchair. "Give me something for my feet."

I threw her my pillow, and she put it under her stocking feet. "I'm dead," she said. "How are you?"

"Better. Much better."

"Do you think we can have some tea?"

"Sure," I said. "But you'll have to go get it. I don't want to move from this bed."

"Oich!" said Irina, and reached for her shoes.

A few minutes later, she was back with two glasses of tea. "Now I will tell you about my day. After the hairdresser, I met up with the Boys from Odessa, and we all took a *machina* and went sightseeing."

"Where are we, anyway?" I asked. "The Crimea?"

"No, my dear, this is the Caucasus, famous for its clime."

"So is the Crimea famous for *its* clime."

"Yes, but here you have the sea, and you have the big barrier of the Caucasus directly behind, protecting the coast, which makes for one of the best climates in the world."

"I hope I can get out soon," I said.

"You look a little better. So let me tell you. We went up the winding roads and to a famous restaurant in the mountains for lunch, called the Windmill."

"How was it?"

"It was closed," said Irina, sipping her tea. Then she burst out laughing. "So then we found another restaurant, and we had lunch, and the Boys sang and one played the piano; in fact, two played. They played their 'Fantasy' four hands. What a nice bunch of young men they are."

"And then?"

"And then it was time to see them off to the ship, which I had promised to do. . . . Remember my hat?"

"No, I've never seen it."

"Well, in Venice, just before boarding the ship, I bought a large picture hat in white straw. I wanted to impress my parents when I got to Moscow. And guess what? A gust of wind while I stood on the pier waving goodbye as the ship was moving off and my hat just gently flew away. The last I saw of it, it was still floating on the water. Everyone on deck was doubled up with laughter. My poor hat."

"And then?"

"Then I called my parents. They had just moved into a new apartment. So that was a shock. They had a lot to tell me." She looked at her watch. "Well, my dear, I think I had better be on my way. My suitcase is downstairs, but it's quite a long ride to Adler Airport, and I don't want to miss my plane. Oh, I mustn't forget to give you my address." She tore a leaf out of an Italian diary and wrote down the address and handed it to me. It was her Moscow address and telephone number. But not her address or telephone number in Turin.

She kissed me three times, the old Russian way, and, with a last wave of the hand across the open doorway, was gone.

Piotr Petrovich did not show up.

My watcher came in to ask me if I was well enough to go on an excursion. The Intourist guide was waiting downstairs. I shook my head. "Tomorrow you have an excursion at three, and no excuses," she said, and shut the door.

SOCHI, JUNE 12

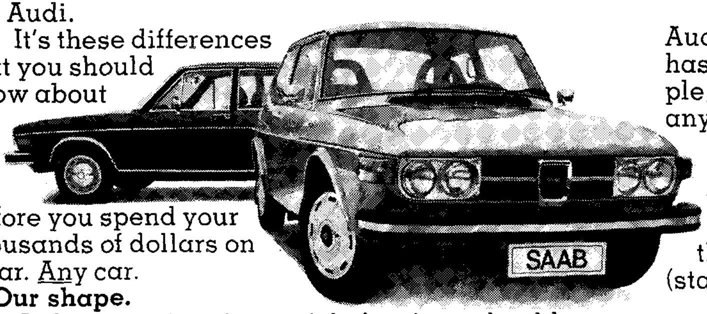
THE room looked even drearier after a night's sleep. I tried the balcony, but felt better indoors, and

Why you should consider a Saab if you're looking at an Audi.

If you're thinking about buying an Audi 100 LS, you're making a reasonably good choice among automobiles. Because the Audi is reasonably well made, reasonably attractive, and offers a reasonable variety of features and gas economy for the money.

Which is precisely why you should also consider Saab. We're similar to Audi in many ways. Similar enough to be in the same class, but different enough to offer you things you can't find in the Audi.

It's these differences that you should know about before you spend your thousands of dollars on a car. Any car.



1. Our shape.

At Saab, we've always felt that form should follow function. So we developed the shape of the Saab 99 with the help of numerous wind tunnel tests. We know that aerodynamic testing and styling can do three important things for a car:

a. Improve gas mileage, since the engine doesn't have to work as hard.
b. Lower wind noise.
c. Give excellent stability in crosswinds.

Now, styling is a very subjective judgment, but we feel that the way our car looks, helps the way it works. And that in itself is very beautiful, indeed.

2. Smaller outside.
Just about as big (if not bigger) inside.

The table below compares the general dimensions of the Saab and Audi. As you can see, Saab is considerably smaller on the outside than the Audi. But on the inside, there are some surprises.

SAAB 99		AUDI 100	
Overall length	174.0"	Overall length	185.0"
Wheelbase	97.4"	Wheelbase	105.3"
Headroom, front	39.5"	Headroom, front	40.0"
Headroom, rear	38.5"	Headroom, rear	36.0"
Trunk space (by volume)	23.3 cu. ft.	Trunk space (by volume)	20.0 cu. ft.

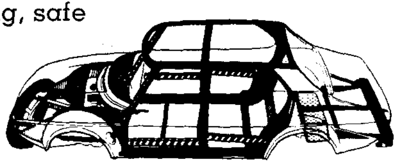
a. The Saab has just about as much headroom in front as Audi. But more headroom in the rear.
b. The Saab has more trunk space than the Audi. (And that's even before you fold down the rear seat on Saab and find a little station wagon in back. A feature that Audi doesn't have.)

We think that once you sit in both a Saab and an Audi you'll find that in the other critical measurements Saab is just about the same as Audi.

3. Roll-cage construction.

Every Saab sedan is built with unitized steel body construction. The door sills are made of extra thick steel, the doors themselves are reinforced for extra strength and safety, and six steel pillars support the roof and protect you.

It's this kind of strong construction, with over 4,000 welds, that is engineered into every Saab to help make it strong, safe and dependable.



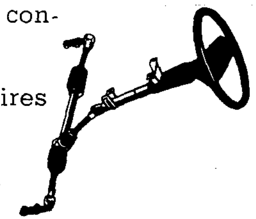
4. 4-wheel disc brakes (and other things you won't find in Audi).

Of course, the Audi has a lot of the same features that our Saab has. They both have front-wheel drive, for example, for excellent traction, control and handling on any kind of road surface.

They both have rack and pinion steering, for precise control on the curviest roads.

And they both have flow-thru ventilation and radial tires (standard).

But Audi doesn't give you power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels. Saab does. Instead, Audi has disc brakes only on the front wheels, like many other cars.



We also give you tinted windows, fuel-injection, large 15 inch wheels, a heated driver's seat, and a fold-down rear seat, all standard.

5. More dealers than Audi.

There's no question about who has sold more cars in the U.S. up until now. Audi is ahead. And that tends to make a lot of people think that Saab just doesn't have the sales and service facilities necessary to handle a large volume of cars.

But Saab has more than 450 dealers nationwide. Which is more than Audi. More than Volvo. And more than any other car in our class.

To find the dealer nearest you, check the yellow pages.

6. Price.

Often the first—and final—decision on a new car is based on price. Saab and Audi are competitively priced. The P.O.E. price of the Saab 99LE two door with manual transmission, radial ply tires, and all other standard equipment is $4,698. The comparable model for Audi is the 100LS at $4,975.

7. The test drive is the test.

The real difference between two cars cannot be adequately judged until you have driven both cars. That's why we think everyone looking at an Audi is not being fair to themselves until they also test drive a Saab. We think that the fun of driving that you experience in a Saab will convince you that comfortable, safe, dependable, practical, economical transportation doesn't have to be dull.

We also think that no matter what other cars you may be considering, you'll be convinced to buy a Saab.

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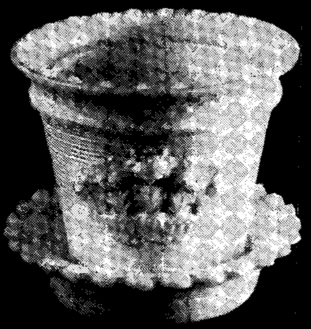

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decided to spend the morning in bed.

One of the prongs on the plug of the radio was broken in half, but it still worked, after a fashion. The sound was high-pitched, slightly blaring, as on an old gramophone. The only station available played "A Night on Bald Mountain," followed by excerpts from "Russlan and Ludmilla," with lengthy commentaries, giving dates and events in the composers' lives. (How often the listening public must have heard them!) Then we got an Annual Ceremony from the Central Committee. They were giving a prize to a poet, who apparently rose, to wild applause, and walked up onto a platform to accept it. In the Old World declamatory manner, very loud, very slowly, he recited:

SURRENDER

They say I have surrendered
My beliefs and my ideals,
My gifts and my very soul
To the good of my Party,
My people, and my country.
If you think
That kind of surrender is defeat,
Then I have surrendered! . . .

And if I refuse to moan or weep
And raise my voice
To the triumph of my country,
My party, and my people
And you call *that* defeat,
Then I shall be the first one to
shout:
"I have surrendered!"

The ovation that followed was allowed to continue unchecked for just under five minutes. I timed it by my watch. Then the poet, without any further commentary or introduction, went on to a second poem:

THE RED-HAIRED BOY

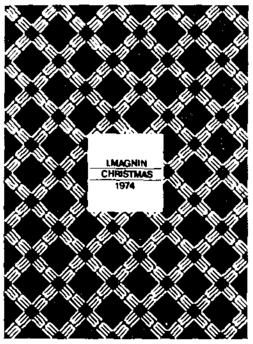
My father had a son
With bright-red hair,
Who was sent to the front . . .

My father was a lucky father,
Because after that first winter
Alone among his comrades
His son came home to him.

But my father
Did not recognize his son
With his bright-red hair
Now white as snow . . .

The ceremony ended at eleven o'clock. Then came ten minutes of calisthenics—a break for factory workers, sales clerks, office workers. It was obviously conducted by an old ballet master. I could hear him counting: "And *one!* And *two!* And *three!* And *up* with the leg! And *one!* And *two!* And *three!* And *up* with the other!" A piano in the background played Tchaikovsky.

Then came more Glinka. Then some Glazunov. There was dead si-



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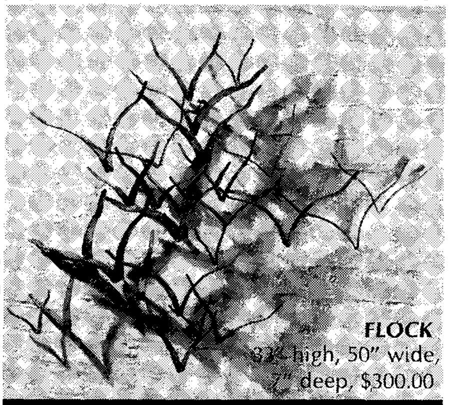

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lence in the room next door. I felt that my trip had ended when Irina told me that the Adjaria had sailed.

AT three in the afternoon, weak but vertical, I was down at Intourist. A pleasant woman wearing a navy-blue rayon dress with an accordion-pleated skirt, with pretty legs and feet and a warm smile, offered me tea in a paper cup and said, "How nice you smell."

"It could only be hand lotion. I don't have any perfume on."

"It's the hand lotion I was talking about."

She offered me one of two pastries she had bought for herself. I helped myself to a flaky one lined with whipped cream that tasted as if it had a lot of flour mixed in with the cream, and we continued to sit, waiting.

"Am I going out with you?" I asked.

"Unfortunately not. You're going with Galia. She'll be right here."

Galia walked in and my heart sank. She was a severe-looking young girl with oily, straight mousy hair and no makeup at all. She was not about to have a good time with me. "Let's go," she said curtly. "We're late already." I refrained from telling her she was the one who was late. "Let's start off by visiting a sanatorium," she said.

We got into a taxi. The driver was friendly, so I conversed with him, asking him the names of unfamiliar tropical trees and of the different mineral waters in the region. We went by a church.

"Any worshippers?" I asked.

"To the devil with God!" he said, laughing. "In the Soviet Union, we worship no one."

We alighted in front of a large building of pinkish stone, with Corinthian columns and a wide staircase. "Please remain silent once we get inside," Galia said. "The patients have just had their treatment and are resting."

We walked through an enormous room with marble floors, between two rows of armchairs in which patients sat all crumpled up. Surprisingly, as we walked by, some, both men and women, turned out to be young. The older patients sat hunched over canes.

"Why do they look so exhausted?" I asked Galia.

"The baths are extremely fatiguing. Their beneficial effect is only felt much later."

"What kind of baths?"

"Mud, of course. Sochi's mud is famous all over the world. We can't stay

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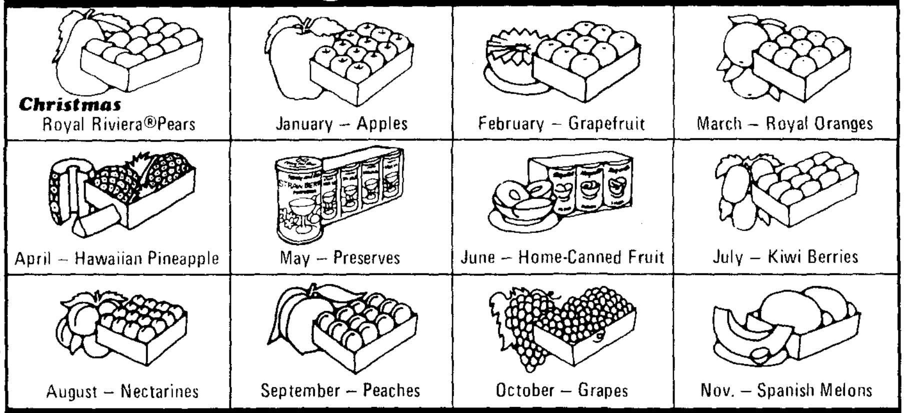

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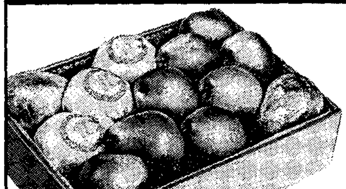

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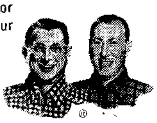

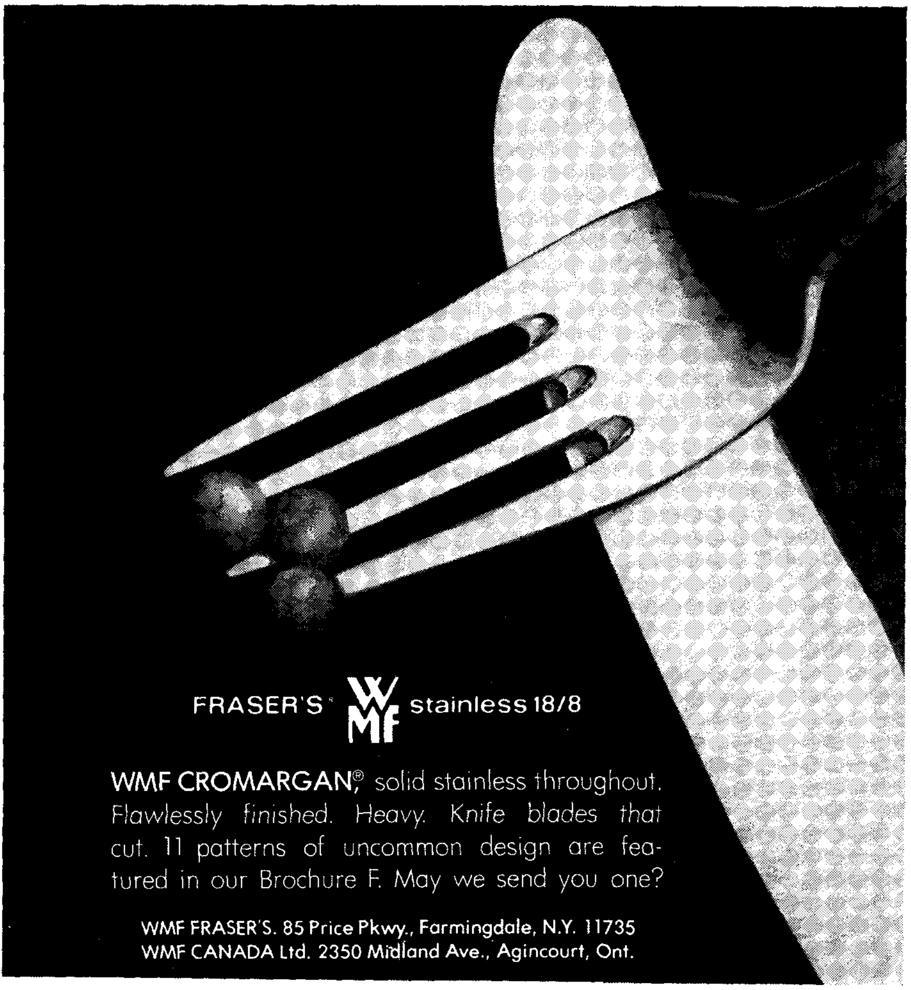

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long," she whispered. "It tires the patients. Where would you like to go now? We have lots of time."

"Let's go to the beach," I said.

"Why do all tourists want to go see beaches?" she said. "We don't understand it."

She told our driver to wait for us, and we walked over to a funicular with open cars that went directly from the sanatorium to the sea below.

The driver of the funicular was very young, with the same cornflower-blue eyes as the customs inspector at Sheremetevo Airport, in Moscow. He also had the same kind of crewcut, and thin, sharp features, like Yevtushenko's. "I have a tourist here," said Galia. "Would you take us down to the beach?"

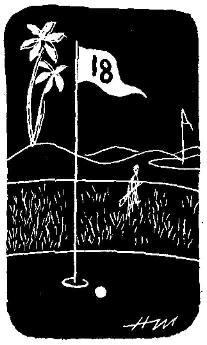
"We do anything for a tourist," said the young man, and smiled. We jumped in, and slowly descended toward the water.

At the bottom, the three of us walked out onto a large terrace with a balustrade that gave directly onto the sea.

"There are three beaches here," said Galia.

"A men's beach, a women's beach, and a mixed beach," said the young man.

The three beaches were separated by tall wooden partitions, but on all three beaches the bathers were wearing bikinis or bathing suits or bathing trunks, so the separation appeared to make little sense, and Galia could give me no explanation. I asked the young man what he did.



"Oh, I'm studying to be an engineer," he said, leaning against the balustrade. "This is just a summer job. Come to the Soviet Union often?"

"This is my first time."

"Isn't it beautiful?" he asked. "Look at the color of that sea. So enigmatic. Do you think the sea is that beautiful anywhere else? And that heavy sky." Very simply, he began to recite: " 'But then the southern sun, but then the sea./What more, friends, could you want?/Blessed lands!' . . . Know what that is?" he asked, looking me straight in the eyes.

" 'Onegin's Journey,' " I said.

It was unfair: I had reread "Onegin" just before going on the trip, paying special attention to the "Fragments from Onegin's Journey" because they were about the South in general and Odessa in particular.

"I am glad to see that even foreigners know their Pushkin," Galia said.

"You can't really call her a foreigner," the young man said.

Galia disapproved of this exchange, and looked at her watch. "I think it's time to go to the Park of Rest and Culture," she said.

The park was spacious and beautifully laid out. It was clean. There didn't seem to be a stray leaf anywhere. It was very warm, but shady. The trees were extraordinary. Enormous old oaks, a profusion of linden trees, and birches that appeared to have been forced, but the leaves on the oaks were so deep and so shiny that one knew that this was a climate where anything grew.

As in Odessa, old people sat on benches and read Jack London, with eyeglasses halfway down their noses. They read Turgenev. And Pushkin. And Jerome K. Jerome.

We walked through a pavilion where tables had been placed end to end to make one very long one, and the whole length of it men sat facing each other, playing chess. The chessboards looked marvellous in the alternating rounded patterns of light and shade from the windswept trees above. By a chessboard I saw a package of cigarettes, and its wrapper had the same pattern of alternating squares on it, also black and white.

After walking me quite a way, Galia said, "I will now show you the most beautiful landmark in all Sochi. Here we are—Magnolia Alley, in honor of our cosmonauts. Whenever one goes up, we plant a tree."

If Gagarin's was the tallest, Leonov's was the most splendid. It was thick, and almost as tall as Gagarin's, and the blooms on it were fragrant and so big they looked like inclined china soup plates.

Suddenly two plaques, two names, two trees side by side, struck me. The plaques bore the names of Maurice Thorez and Waldeck Rochet. "Cosmonauts?" I asked, with a straight face.

"No, distinguished visitors," Galia answered, with an even straighter face.

THE next morning, my watcher came in to ask how I was feeling. "I should have given you a basin of boiling water for a footbath as soon as you came," she said. "I wonder why I didn't think of it. They are miraculous for any sort of infection. You should wear very warm socks for a while—preferably two pairs. The most important thing now is to keep your feet warm." In that climate! "Also, when you go out you should lock the windows that give onto the balcony. We have no thieves in the Soviet Union, but there's a new generation of hooligans, like everywhere else, so what can we do?" She lifted her shoulders. "I'm sorry to have to tell you that Galia is indisposed and cannot take you out. But we can find you another guide."

"Oh, no, please!" I said. "I have a long trip tomorrow morning, and if you don't mind I'll just take it easy. I will rest."

"As you wish," she said. "But it does seem like a waste of time."

Free! I was free! I stayed in bed for a little while, in order to support my alibi, then quickly dressed and left my key with the watcher. "Just going out for a little air and to get some aspirin," I said. "No need to lock anything. I'll be right back."

There was an amazing quantity of people on the shaded, wide streets that led from the hotel into town. They were mostly men in an advanced stage of drunkenness. There were women, too, middle-aged or older, untidily dressed and with kerchiefs over their heads. One came up to me. She wanted my jeans.

I went into a bakery and bought a salted bagel and asked the salesgirl what was up, why so many people were reeling about.

"Today is our national elections," she said. "All these people went to the polls this morning. After that, it is customary to get drunk."

Sochi was very much a resort town. The women wore short skirts and sandals. The men looked frankly exotic, in royal-blue stretch pants of very thin synthetic jersey, with a strap under the arch, a pair of Japanese zori, or rubber sandals, a sleeveless undershirt for a top, and, for the really daring, an enormous sombrero that looked as if it might just have been flown in from Cuernavaca. Everyone was deeply tanned—a Florida shade of tan.

I walked into a record shop, and fell in love with a record revolving on a turntable. It was of indifferent folk songs, indifferently sung by a tenor, but the birch trees printed on it went off into the most vertiginous, dervish-like pirouettes. I wanted to buy it, but it turned out to belong to the man who was listening to it, not to the shop. People came in and, after politely requesting permission from a salesgirl,

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played their own records on the shop's gramophone.

A drunk came in, made a fuss, and was politely escorted out.

I spent a long time walking around, roaming aimlessly with the holiday crowd in the sunshine. Photographs recording the main events of Lenin's life were pasted up on a wall outside a bookshop, like a giant bulletin board. There were no written comments and no dates. None were needed. They had all been thoroughly taught in school. And I suppose very few towns in the Soviet Union are without a Lenin monument. Either he sits in the uncomfortable granite folds of a heavy overcoat or else, in a more summery mood, he stands, wearing a single-breasted suit without a button missing.

I went into a pharmacy to buy some aspirin. It came in powder form—individual packets of spongy-looking brown paper. The cashier wore a doctor's white uniform, with a surgeon's cap on his head.

SOCHI-MOSCOW, JUNE 14

At Adler Airport, the hostess who had checked my luggage and was seeing me through introduced me to two Germans and said that we were the only three tourists and could now take our places in the first salon of the plane.

"Our planes are divided into three salons," she explained. "The first one, for tourists. The second, for ordinary citizens. And the third, you could say, for young people—a sort of economy class."

We climbed aboard, and I looked around. There was no difference in the unmatched patterns of worn and mottled plush that covered the seats and walls; the division of the plane into three salons must have been purely arbitrary. The two Germans were installed on one side of the aisle and I was given a window seat on the other. We sat and waited. The heat soon became unbearable. I kept wondering why we did not take off and why there was no crew aboard. Suddenly, a bus drove up and stopped beside the plane and disgorged an enormous crowd. More and more people came streaming out of that bus—women in satin prints, men in royal-blue stretch pants and Japanese sandals, a large group of boys covered with propaganda buttons with the hammer and sickle and slogans like "The Earth to the Peasants!" and portraits of Lenin. Always Lenin. They had knapsacks on their backs. Everyone was laden with fruit, vegetables, and flowers. A man got on with two huge

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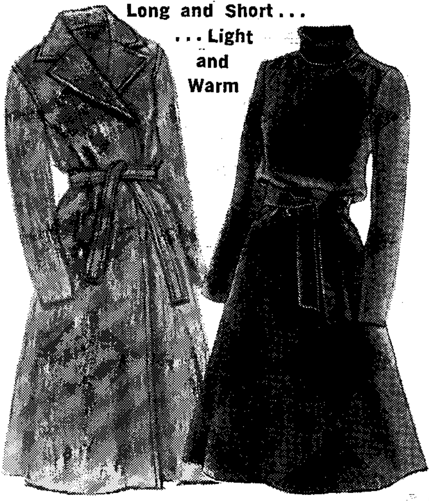

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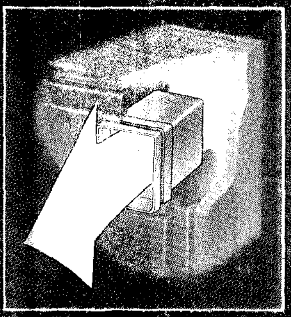

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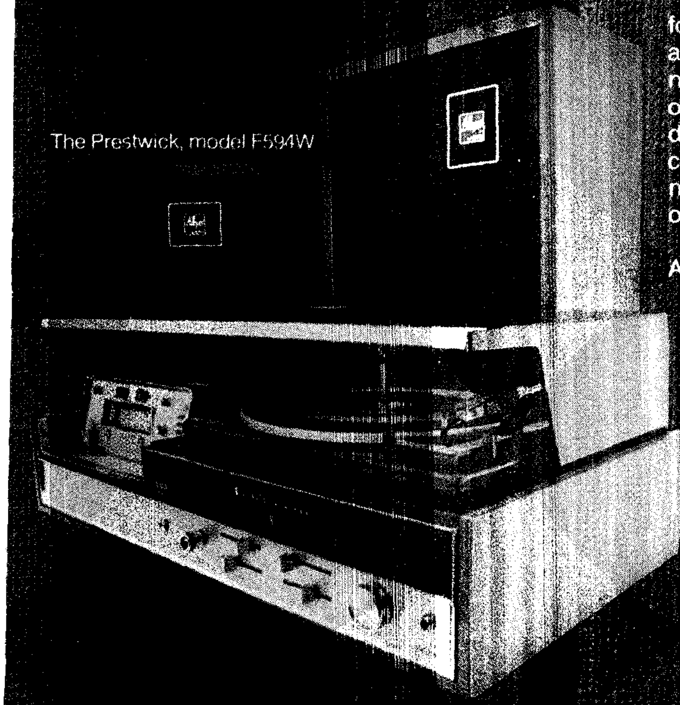

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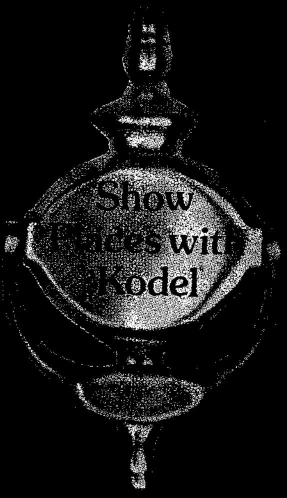

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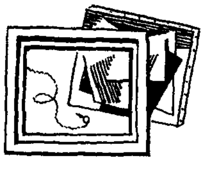
string baskets—one filled with lightly salted cucumbers, the other with fresh ones. Children carried mortuary assortments of fresh flowers wrapped in very shiny cellophane. Most of the women had long bunches of gladioli, also imprisoned in cellophane, but not the usual unbearable salmon color; they were white, or else a light crimson, almost orange, or a very deep red—the color of the black tulip. One man sat with a watermelon in his lap. The women did not put their gladioli into the string baskets above but held them ceremoniously, as if they were members of a wedding party.



"I think it's time to remove my shirt for this arduous trip," one man said, and stripped down to his sleeveless undershirt, revealing a powerfully muscled stomach. The woman who had settled herself down next to me had a long bunch of white gladioli that protruded into the aisle. Her body protruded beyond her seat. The crew scrambled aboard, shirts open, no caps, no uniforms. The stewardess now came out of the cockpit, chewing gum, and announced, "We are about to take off. Kindly refrain from photographing out the window."

And that was it. We took off.

The woman next to me kept sighing. In the beginning, they appeared to be routine sighs, but after a time I became concerned. "Is there anything wrong?" I asked.

"Plenty," she said. "I've done this trip many, many times over, and I can tell you one thing: We're not going in the direction of Moscow." She shifted her gladioli and sighed.

"Well, if that is so, why don't you ask about it?" I said.

"What would be the use? I'm not the pilot. The best thing is to wait."

It was not a comfortable wait. The woman turned out to be right. Eventually the stewardess, still chewing gum, came out of the cockpit and announced, "Due to unforeseen circumstances, we are about to land at Rostov-on-Don."

"There go my gladioli!" said the woman next to me, and heaved a huge sigh.

We came down like a dive-bomber. I looked out the window. The wing on my side seemed to be in one piece; nothing was on fire. And no one protested or asked a single question. The boys (the woman next to me referred to them as "medallists") were making a lot of noise in the third-class salon.

Rostov-on-Don was blisteringly hot, and a high wind blew across the airfield. The passengers were directed into a hangar, where unintelligible announcements in imaginary languages succeeded each other over the loudspeakers. The stewardess had said we'd have at least an hour's wait. I went up to the counter and, with the two Germans standing close behind me, asked where Intourist was. The woman at the counter said she would come outside and show me. "See that *remont* over there?" she said, pointing to a hole in the ground of the Dig We Must type at the end of the street. "Go just beyond it and turn right, and you'll see a big Intourist sign, above a window with travel posters." We started off.

The man at Intourist looked at us with alarm.

"We were on our way to Moscow—" I began.

"So what are you doing in Rostov?"

"Our plane had to land and—"

"I don't know anything about it," he interrupted.

I looked at the two Germans, and without a word we turned around and went out into the burning sun and the dust of the street. I was carrying my overnight bag, with a bottle of vodka in it, three jars of caviar, books, and other things.

There was not one other passenger from our plane around. We couldn't understand where they had all disappeared to. We walked awhile, back through that same street, and saw the medallists waiting in a queue, outside a coffee shop. We decided not to join them, and walked back onto the airfield again.

Dust blew in our eyes, but at least we could see the plane, a long way off now, at the other end of the airfield. One of the Germans disappeared, and came back with a folding metal chair, which he unfolded for my benefit. I thanked him and sat down, my overnight bag beside me on the ground, a German on each side. Nothing was being done to our plane. Not only was it not being checked or repaired, it wasn't even being refuelled. We waited. Suddenly we saw, going past us from the hangar, a battalion of women with gladioli, children with smaller bouquets, men in royal-blue stretch pants, and medallists.

"Let's go," the two Germans and I said in unison.

By then, a hot day's summer-picnic atmosphere had got hold of the passengers. They joked and laughed. The medallists in the third-class salon were having a very noisy mock fight. The

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men had drunk a good deal of vodka. At last, flowers cradled, a few more shirts taken off, everyone settled down. And waited.

The stewardess said, "Attention, please. Stop fanning yourselves. I want to know: Is anybody missing a passenger?"

There was a dead silence, until, from somewhere in the second-class salon, a man's voice said, "There was a man sitting in the seat next to mine who is not *here* now." Everybody turned around to look at the empty seat.

Passenger: "He must have gone for a walk."

Second passenger: "You know—to take the air."

Third passenger: "I think he's gone to take a dip in the Don."

Fourth passenger: "Well, by now he's drowned, so let's go."

"Let's go!" shouted a chorus of voices.

At that point, the crew scrambled aboard, and the stewardess started passing a large basket of candy around.

First passenger, fanning himself with an open book: "We want good borsch and she brings us lemon candy."

Second passenger, from somewhere in the second-class salon: "*So*? Where's the kasha?"

Third passenger: "After three hours on a plane, citizens are entitled to a full meal."

"I'll bring out more candy," said the stewardess.

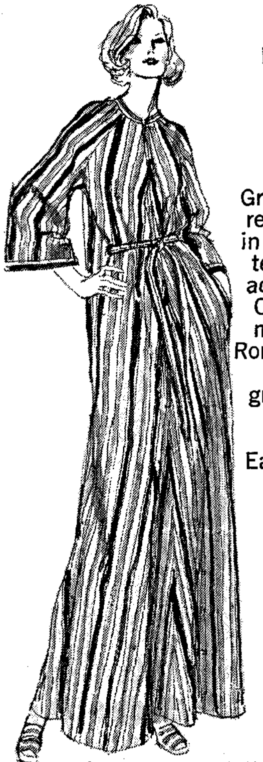
Nothing further was said or done about the missing passenger.

"Do you think we are going to Moscow?" I asked my neighbor, after we had been airborne for a while.

"Oh, absolutely," she said, and sighed.

When we landed in Moscow's Vnukovo Airport, suntanned and in our light clothes, we saw a few figures standing around in pelting rain, with caracul caps on, the collars of their coats turned up.

"Well, it looks like it's time to put my shirt back on again," said the man with the powerfully muscled stomach. "Ah! Those little waves! Ah! The wavelets in the Black Sea! I won't forget them so soon. I'd go into the water and they'd *turn me over*, and turn me over and over again, and when I'd come out I'd feel like a little mother-of-pearl button!" He collected his belongings while the plane was taxiing to a stop, and all the while he declaimed, "Here come the savages of Africa, barefoot and beflowered, who've never seen a birch tree in their lives and are terrified of the cold. Come on, chil-



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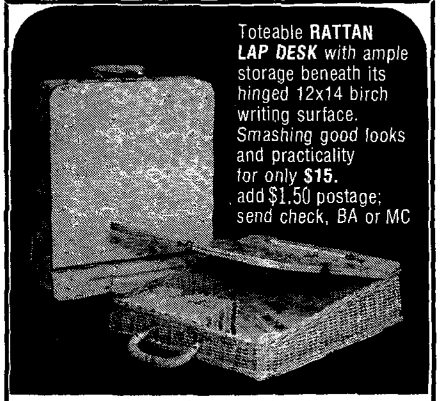

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ren, let's go! Let's get off this plane!"

A timid boy's voice just in back of my seat asked, "Shouldn't we wait until they bring the ramp?"

An Intourist guide was waiting for me in the pouring rain as I came out of the plane. "Did you have to wait for me out *here*?" I asked, appalled.

"We always like to meet our tourists," she said, with a gentle smile.

"You know that I missed my connection to Zurich?"

"Yes, I know."

"What happened to our plane? Why did we have to land in Rostov?"

"Threatening storms," she said. "The captain thought it would be wiser to sit them out."

She brought me into a large Intourist office, and a puddle formed about her as she took off her coat and cap. By then, everything struck me as so impossibly funny that I had a huge grin on my face.

"Well, here comes an optimist," said a dour-looking man behind a desk. "We don't even have a hotel room for her for the night."

"Oh, you'll find something for me," I said. "But not at the Rossia, if that's at all possible."

"She's already being difficult," said a very young man who was laying out a game of patience with two decks of cards in a corner of the room.

"We'll get you something," said the guide who had stood out in the rain. "It only means two hours on the telephone, but that's my business. Want some tea?"

"No, thank you."

The young man who was playing patience looked up at me and said, "In case you think I'm a good-for-nothing hooligan, I must tell you that I have a very tough physics exam this evening, and this is the only way I can relax."

"We understand, Alexei," said the guide, dialling. She tried the airport at Vnukovo. She tried half a dozen hotels in Moscow. She even tried the Rossia. And she always knew the other person at the end of the line.

"Allio, allio. Luba? This is Nadia troubling you. . . . I have a tourist here. . . . Yes. . . . Who's missed a connection. . . . No. . . . To Switzerland. . . ."

Finally, late that evening, I found myself in a strangely poetic room at the Hotel Metropole. It was a Russian version of the room in Carpaccio's painting of St. Ursula's dream, and it was free.

It was all in shiny birchwood and faded moss-green velvet. It had an Old World look, yet it was clean, with

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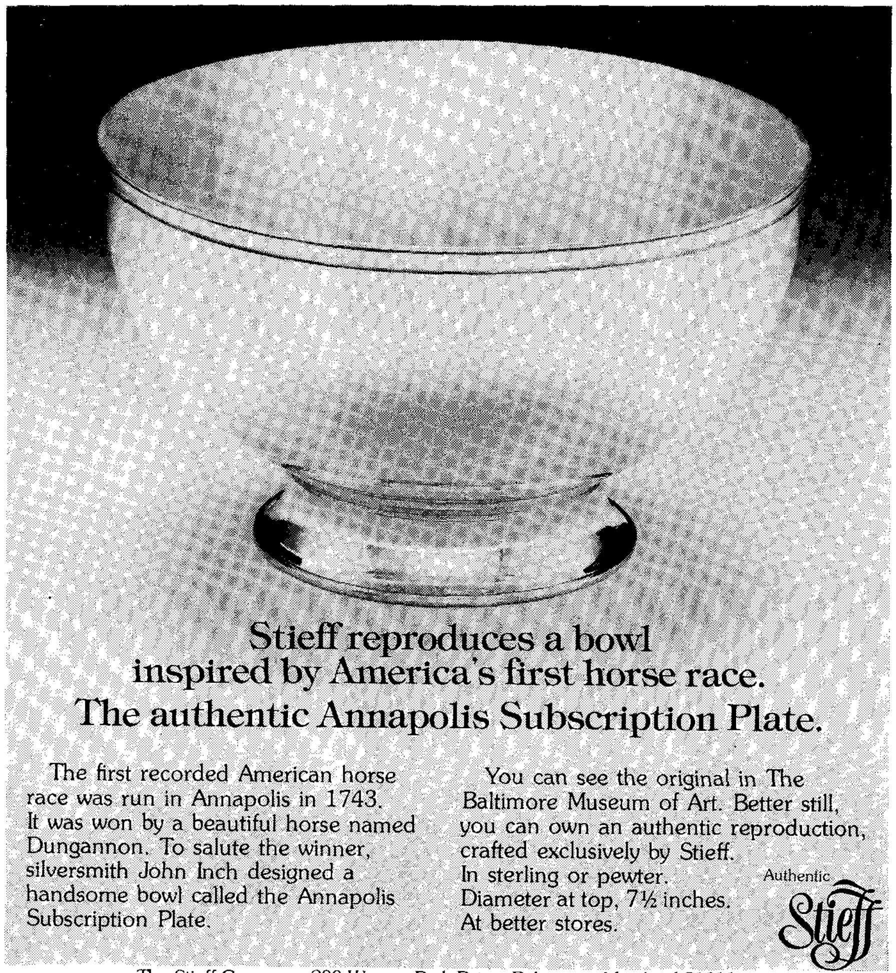
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a wide, high bed. It was spacious. I wanted to stay at least three months in it, fortified by all the Russian literature I had never had the time to read and the Moscow addresses written down in my flowered notebook. I wanted desperately to attend the underground meetings of young poets who half sing their verses, to go to the ballet and the theatre every night, to see the jewels in the Kremlin, to go visit the Pushkin Museum and look at the Gauguins, to take a side trip to Zagorsk.

I walked around that room, tired, still not recovered. And the day had begun in Sochi at five o'clock in the morning. Yet I couldn't bear to think of leaving at the crack of dawn the next morning.

I was able to order a meal in my room, and then, before it came, I realized with horror that very shortly my husband would go to the airport in Zurich to meet my flight and, as the Soviets do not announce plane crashes, would think the worst had happened.

I rushed down to the Intourist office to send a telegram, and was shunted from one desk to another, with long waits at each one, and was told finally that the wisest thing was to telephone from my room, which, after another long wait, I was able to do.

The operator downstairs gave me Operator Fourteen in Switzerland. I asked her to get me Kloten Airport in Zurich. A moment later, the call came through. It was a wrong number. I told the operator downstairs to get me Operator Fourteen again. Fourteen answered dully. In French, I said, "Look. I'm calling from Moscow. I've been with Russians for three weeks now, and everybody is capable and intelligent, and so everything finally works, and you're the first *idiot* I've had the misfortune to deal with in all this time." After that she got me the right number, and I left a message, with the flight number that had been booked for me at Vnukovo for the following day.

No sooner had I hung up than my telephone rang. I picked up the receiver, and a woman's voice with a heavy Russian accent, sounding both pleased and slightly awed, said, "*Vous parlez si bien français, Madame*," and hung up.

Moscow, June 15

I WAS awakened at a quarter to five the next morning. I had about finished dressing when the zipper on the back of my sweater stuck. I ran out into the corridor in search of help, and found only an excruciatingly sleepy-

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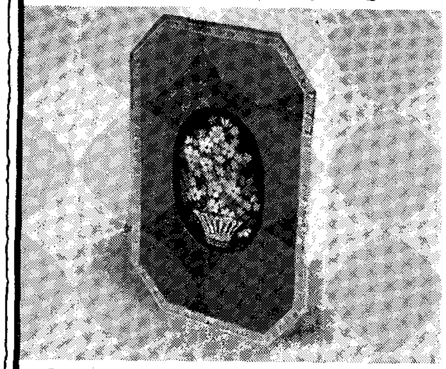

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looking young Japanese in bare feet and pale-blue pajamas. I don't know how many languages we tried, stupidly, until we hit on English. An old Russian in hotel uniform walked by, so I put him to fixing my zipper. The young Japanese said, "I'm going to Finland in ten days, and I don't know why this man woke me up at a quarter to five."

The man who was tugging at my zipper said it had been a mistake; he was supposed to have awakened me but someone else had already done it. I told the young Japanese he could go back to bed. "Oh, thank you," he said, and bowed, and walked off scratching his head.

The ride to Sheremetevo, in another pale-gray dawn, was sad. I sat alone in the back of my *machina* and felt I didn't belong anywhere. I had a family, but apart from that I belonged nowhere. Nowhere at all. I certainly did not belong where I was now, but the people were my people, and they spoke my mother tongue. I had taken to sighing long Russian sighs. It rained, and I didn't want to leave. The windshield wipers were working furiously, and the driver was silent.

In the waiting room, I bought a pastry, which turned out to be stale, and drank a very last glass of tea. In a corner, huddled at a table, sat two men with briefcases, who talked finance in Swiss-German. The sight and sound of them gave me such a fit of anxiety that I rushed out of the waiting room, back to where my suitcase had been checked. I knew that the one place where I *really* didn't belong, and that I didn't want to go back to, was the German part of Switzerland. I stopped in front of the Aeroflot counter.

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"Today, no," said the woman. "Only in three days." She looked up and recognized me. "But I thought you were all set."

"I was. I mean I am. It's just that I wanted, I was hoping . . ."

We stared at each other.

"I see," she said, pleased. "You just wanted to stay with us a little longer. How nice. I shall remember that."

—NATACHA STEWART

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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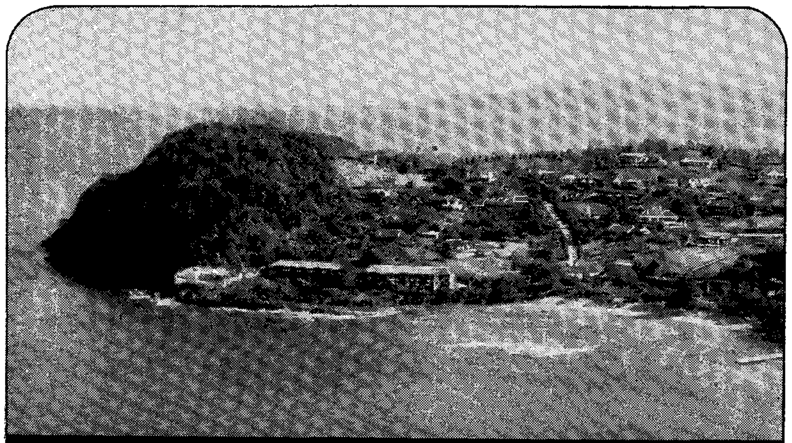

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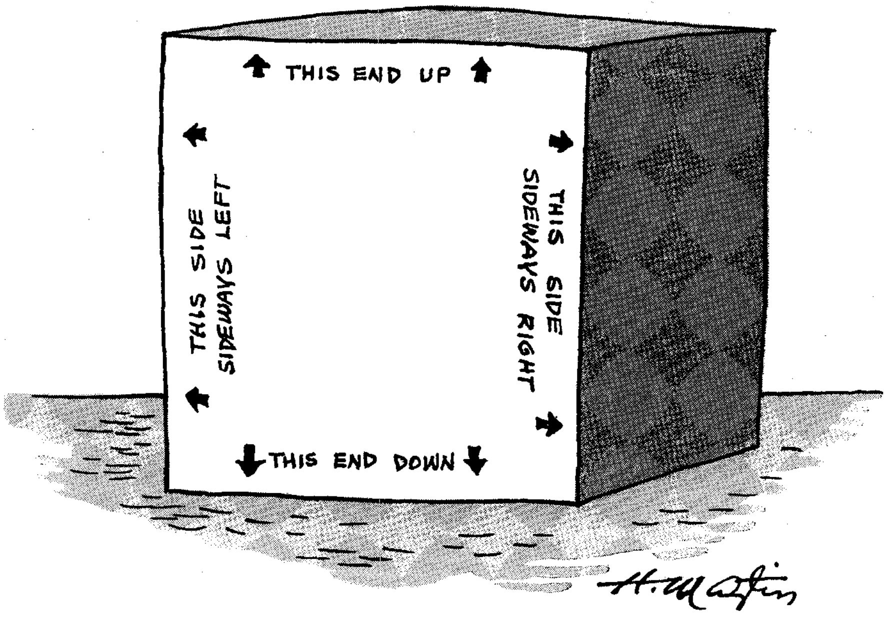
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lacombe, Lucien

INTRODUCING himself to a delicate, fine-boned Parisienne, the farm-boy hero of Louis Malle's new movie does not give his name as Lucien Lacombe; he gives the bureaucratic designation—Lacombe, Lucien. He presents himself, name inverted, because he is trying to be formal and proper, as he's been trained to be at school and at work, sweeping floors at his local, small-town hospital in southwest France. When he meets the girl, France Horn—and falls in love with her—his new job is hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. He likes it a whole lot better than the hospital. The title "Lacombe, Lucien" refers to the case of a boy of seventeen who doesn't achieve a fully human identity, a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctive are expected to be.

The time is 1944, after the Normandy landings, and the Nazis and their collaborators won't be in power long. Lucien doesn't know that. He had tried to join the Resistance, but the local Resistance leader was his old schoolmaster, who thought him stupid, and Lucien stumbled into a job with the Nazis. Actually, he isn't stupid; he has the kinds of talents that don't show at school—he has a country boy's skills, and he knows how to survive in the wild. The schoolmaster is right, though, in perceiving that Lucien is apolitical and unprincipled—that he just wants some action. Lucien is good to his mother, and in normal circumstances he would work on a farm, taking care of his own and not bothering anybody, and he'd probably be a respected, unconscionably practical member of the community. But in wartime he's a perfect candidate for Nazi bullyboy. Malle's film is a long, close look at the banality of evil; it is—not incidentally—one of the least banal movies ever made. The actions are handled plainly, with restraint—with no attempt to shock anyone, or impress anyone; the actions are what we knew already. There's no special magic involved in the moviemaking technique—it's simple, head-on, unforced. The movie is the boy's face. The magic is in the intense curiosity and intelligence behind the film—in Malle's perception that the answers to our questions about how people with no interest in politics become active participants in brutal torture are to be found in Lucien's plump-cheeked, narrow-eyed face, and that showing us what this boy *doesn't* react to can be the most telling of all.

In "The Sorrow and the Pity" we watched former Nazis and collaborators give their accounts of their behavior, and with some of them we were left staring at big empty spaces. That's the space Malle attempts to define. It can't be done by setting up a character for us to identify with; the whole point of the film is that we have always been unable to identify with these people, and yet we don't know what makes us different from them—if we are. Malle can't think himself into Lucien's shoes; he could think himself into the very soul of the burnt-out, self-pitying hero of "The Fire Within," but Lucien is outside the normal range of a dramatist's imagination. The screenplay Malle devised (together with the twenty-seven-year-old Patrick Modiano, author of three novels on the Occupation) tries not to dramatize and not to comment. The director sets up his wartime situation and puts in as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who has seen few films and has never acted before—a boy, that is, who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, animal shrewdness. Malle stages the action, but he uses the camera as an investigative instrument. His technique is to let the story seem to tell itself while he searches and observes. His gamble is that the camera will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off.



We look at Pierre Blaise's face in a different way from the way we watch a trained actor. We look *into* it rather than react to an actor's performance. The enigma of a Lucien, whether he is a bullyboy of the right or the left, is the enigma of an open face and a dark, closed mind. Professional actors have the wrong kind of face for this sort of unborn consciousness, and they tend to project thoughts and feelings from the blank area. Pierre Blaise doesn't, and we trust our readings of his silent face almost as if we were watching a documentary. We *examine* it in that way, and we're more engaged than at most fictional films. There's nothing about Lucien that one can take for granted. Even those close to him don't feel close; his own mother (Gilberte Rivet, in a fine performance) isn't sure how to talk to him. His incomprehensibility is a mystery we're caught in, and Malle astutely surrounds Lucien and the girl with unfamiliar faces (actors from the theatre, with little exposure in films), so that we won't have past associations to distract us. By the end, the case of "Lacombe, Lucien" has been presented to us. We know the evidence on which he will be judged a traitor, and we've also seen how remote that term is from anything he's ever thought about.

When things are going his way, Lucien is nothing more than a big puppy dog, eager for admiration, and his Gestapo mentor, a seedy, thieving French aristocrat, treats him as a pet, but the wrong tone, the wrong words, or a smile that suggests condescension, and he can be violent. The Parisian girl, France Horn, and her family—Jews who are trying to stay out of sight—have no weapons for dealing

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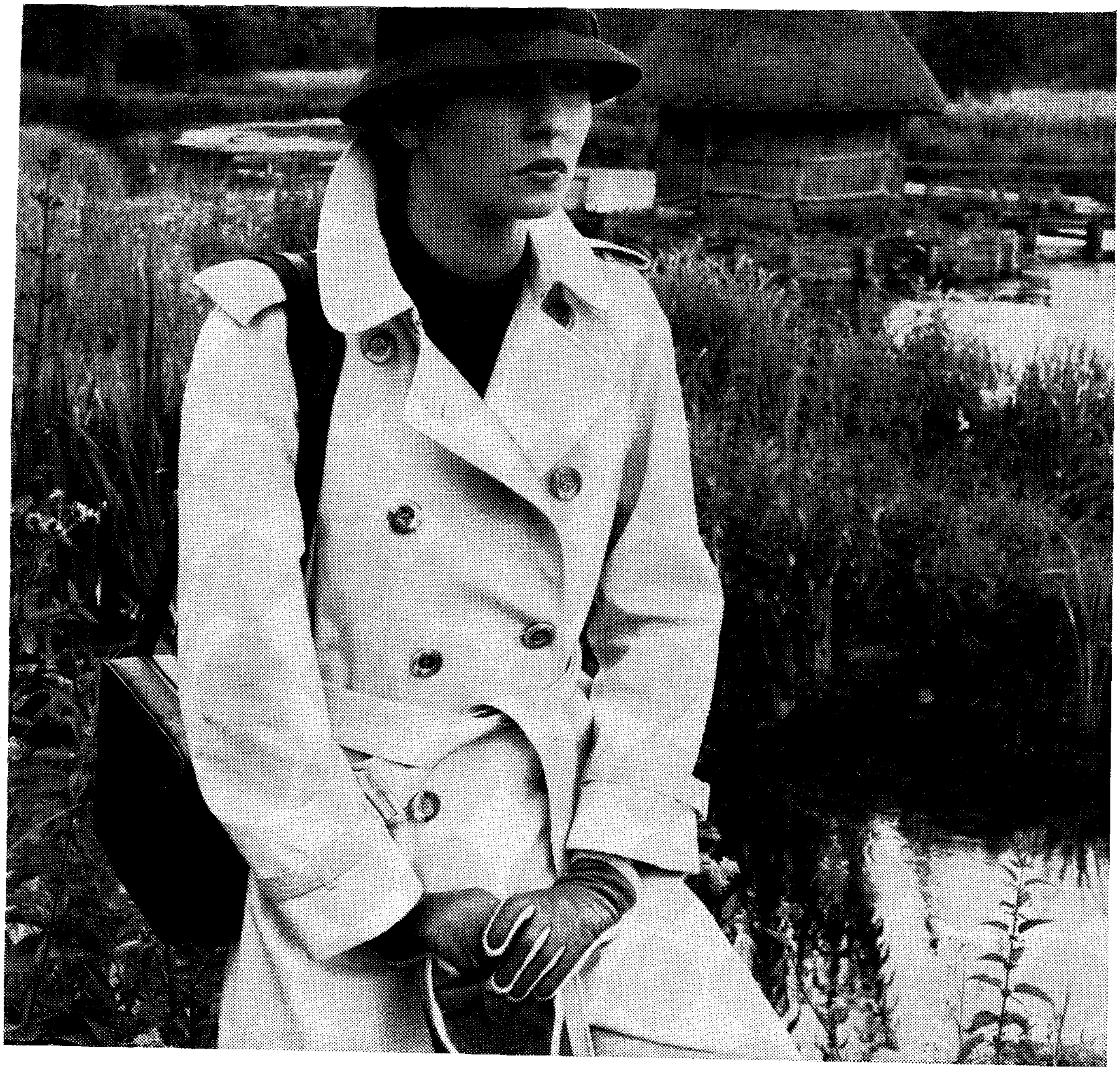

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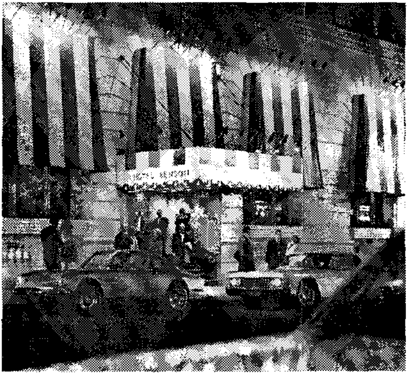

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with him. They're helpless when Lucien moves out of the Gestapo headquarters at the local hotel and into their attic apartment, sharing France's bed. Mr. Horn (Holger Löwenadler), formerly a tailor to fashionable Paris, is so meticulously cultivated that he seems precious; to Americans it may come almost as a shock that he *has* a daughter—we associate his pursed-lips concern for social proprieties with put-down portraits of homosexuals. But Horn's punctiliousness is a serious—tragic—expression of the dignity he believes in. He cares deeply about the smallest nuances of a class society, yet he finds himself paying extortion money to Lucien's buddy, the son of a count who was part of his own clientele, and he is forced to accept Lucien—an uncouth *child*—at his table and in his daughter's bed. And, worse, he knows that his daughter is not unwilling.

Aurore Clément, who plays France Horn, had not acted before; Malle must have selected her for her fair coloring and tall, slim fragility and her ultra-civilized, poignant little face. She lacks an actress's tension, and so at times she seems a passive camera subject, but she gives us the double nature of France's response to Lucien: her amused derision of his ignorant attempts to play the courtier, and the sensual bond that draws them together. We see, even, that underneath France's fastidiousness and her sharp sensitivity there's a practical animal streak. Aurore Clément's beauty is almost prehensile, like the young Nicole Stéphane's in "Les Enfants Terribles," and maybe it was this extra quality that attracted Malle. Her old-young face is incapable of surprise yet permanently marked by fear, like a doe's. The French heritage, in all its vaunted refinement, has made her hard in a way that connects with Lucien's pre-civilized obtuseness. She doesn't suffer, as her father does, from the humiliation of their position, and it may be Horn's recognition of this that makes him flail about and bicker with her—berating her as a whore and in the next breath begging her pardon. Lucien, we feel, is the last straw for Horn. After the long period of hiding, behaving prudently, and playing by whatever signals the scummy aristocrat sent out, Horn suddenly can't tolerate the pain of polite self-effacement any longer, and he begins to break. He dresses in his showiest boulevardier's finery and takes a promenade; he decides he must talk things out with Lucien "man-to-man," and when Lucien is too busy to talk at home

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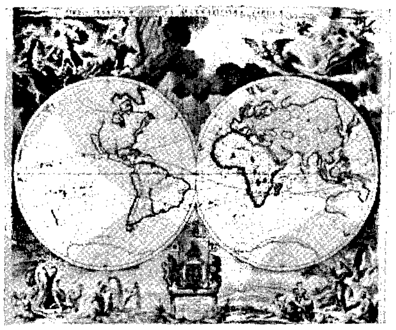

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he strolls over to Gestapo headquarters to wait for him.

Throughout the film, this Gestapo hotel-headquarters recalls the hotel gathering places in thirties French films, yet it has an unaccustomed theatricality about it. The collaborators who work there, live there, torture their victims there, and party there, too, have a wide range of motives. Nothing links them but their willingness to serve the Nazi cause, and that willingness is highly variable, since—not much more political than Lucien—they're primarily serving themselves. There's a former policeman who was discharged from his post; now, a high official, he gets shaved in his office while an adoring spinsterish secretary reads him the latest letters of denunciation from informers. The group also includes a onetime bicycle-racing champion (a nod, perhaps, to the bicycle champ in "The Sorrow and the Pity," who said he "didn't see any Germans in Clermont-Ferrand") and a movie starlet, the aristocrat's girl friend, waiting for him to gather enough loot so they can take off for Spain. They're much like the ordinary characters in a French film classic, but they're running things now. The hotel is almost like a stage, and, wielding power, they're putting on an act for each other—playing the big time. Nazism itself (and Italian Fascism, too) always had a theatrical flourish, and those drawn into Gestapo work may well have felt that their newfound authority gave them style. The Nazi hotel here represents this troupe's idea of government. Lucien, the country bumpkin, going into the maid's room, at her invitation, or peeking through a doorway to see his old schoolmaster, whom he has drunkenly betrayed, being tortured, may recall the quite different figure in "The Blood of a Poet" wandering in the corridors of l'Hôtel des Folies-Dramatiques. Like Cocteau's poet, Lucien has fallen into a dream world. And he and the other collaborators have landed on their feet: they have become criminally powerful and can act out their impulses.

There is nothing admirable in Lucien, yet we find we can't hate him. We begin to understand how his callousness works for him in his new job. He didn't intend to blab about the schoolmaster; he was just surprised and pleased that he knew something the Nazis didn't. But he's indifferent when he witnesses the torture, and he shows no more reaction to killing people himself than to shooting a rabbit for dinner or a bird for fun. After the

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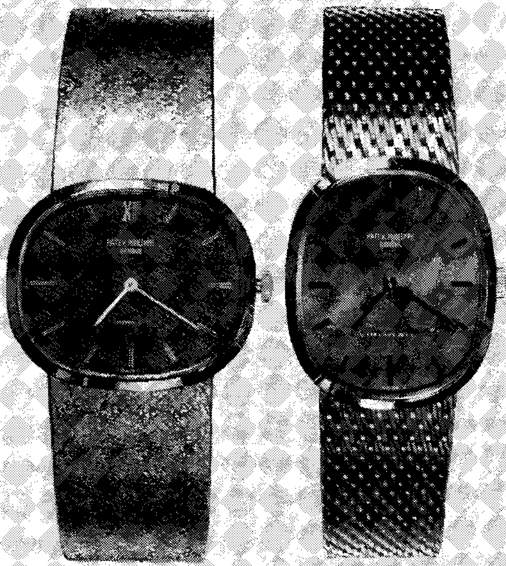

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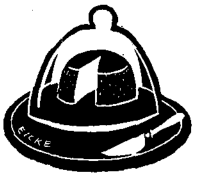
Maquis have raided the hotel, reprisals are ordered, and Lucien is sent, with an S.S. man, to arrest France and her grandmother (Thérèse Giehse). Lucien has no feelings one way or the other about hauling them in—so little sentiment that he reclaims a gold watch he looted earlier and gave to Mr. Horn in a buttering-up gesture. The German takes it away from him, however, and Lucien, piqued, shoots him. It is perfectly apparent that if the German had not pocketed the watch, which Lucien felt was properly his own, Lucien would have stood by as France was taken away. (He wanted his watch back because he didn't see why it should be wasted.) Yet with the S.S. man dead Lucien needs to get away, and he escapes, with France and her grandmother, to the countryside. When we see him in his natural environment, setting traps, killing game, making love to France, and once even lying flat on the ground and laughing like an innocent, confident boy, we know, with absolute conviction, that he has no sense of guilt whatever. His face is as clear as Lieutenant Calley's.



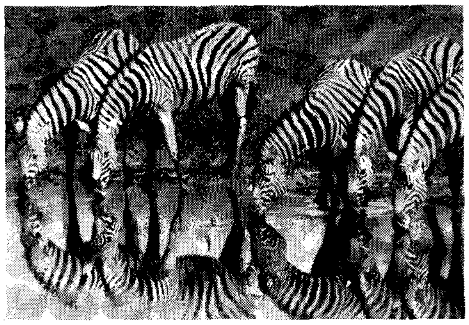
Malle's hero could have been placed almost anywhere at any time, but it is right for a French artist to place him where Malle did. The director Jean-Pierre Melville, who was himself a member of the Resistance, said in an interview that when he came out of the theatre after seeing "The Sorrow and the Pity" he saw Roland Petit and Zizi Jeanmaire in the queue waiting for the next performance, and his first reflex was to pretend that he hadn't seen them—he felt as though he'd been caught coming out from a pornographic film. The pornography of "The Sorrow and the Pity" is in the shameful ordinariness of the people who betray their fellows. The movies, with their roots in stage melodrama, have conditioned us to look for evil in social deviants and the physically aberrant. The pornography that Malle delves into makes us think back to the protests of innocence by torturers and mass murderers—all those normal-looking people leading normal lives who said they were just doing their job. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, "Lacombe, Lucien," in its calm, leisurely, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie I know.

Louis Malle has always been an alert and daring director who didn't repeat himself, but in recent years, since he broke with the smooth professionalism and surface sophistication of his early work and made the series of documentaries that form "Phantom India," he appears to have begun anew. The picture he made after that experience, the high comedy "Murmur of the Heart," set in 1954, suggested an artist's autobiographical first work, except that it showed a master's command of the medium. Now he has gone back farther, to the period of his childhood (he was born in 1932), to events he couldn't make sense of. "Lacombe, Lucien" is more of a test even than India: Malle could approach India in terms of his own sensibility, but in "Lacombe, Lucien" he is trying to seek out and create a sensibility utterly different from his own.

In all the most important ways, he succeeds, triumphantly. But in a million small ways he falls flat. Malle's earlier films were very precise, the work of an orderly, classical mind; they were films by a Frenchman who believed in reason, and although the Indian series brought out the humanist in him, he remained the *raisonneur.* This time, he's working on a subject that can't be thought out, and he's going on instinct. His greatest involvement is in the looser material, and when he stays with the gambler-improviser's intuitive method, he wins. In this film, Malle is best at what he's never done before—the almost wordless scenes, especially; he gets perhaps even more than he'd hoped for from Pierre Blaise's Lucien. In these scenes, it's not just that one can't separate Lucien's innocence and his corruption but that they really seem to be the same thing. However, Malle can't give a sense of life to all the situations he puts Lucien in. He seems to have lost interest in the scripted scenes, and there's a fatal hint of the obligatory in some of them. In setting up the atmosphere in the hotel, Malle probably knew that it was tricky to try to suggest that these Nazi collaborators, aping authority, are like bad actors. However, we have to extrapolate his subtle intentions, because the situations are often inert. The two scenes involving Lucien's affair with the hotel maid are glaringly unconvincing, and contradictory besides. In the first, before going to bed with him she gives him a little Resistance talk, telling him that the Americans are winning, and warning him against having any more to do with the Nazis; in the second, after he is involved with

France Horn, the maid suddenly comes on like a woman scorned, a provincial Mrs. Robinson full of anti-Semitic fury. We can guess that her outburst is meant to indicate how an angry person can blame the Jews for his frustrations, but this sort of worked-out reason (spite, jealousy) is what we're used to—it's specious, without resonance, like the perfunctory reasons that are given for why the various people in the hotel have become collaborators. No doubt Malle means to tell us that their reasons *are* banal, but his handling of the people is so enervated that we just feel we've seen all these types with their quirks before.

Some artists have a natural feeling for the riches of chaos; when they don't pin things down for us to know exactly what's going on, we understand that they're not giving us that kind of meaning—they're giving us more than that. And Malle achieves that with Lucien, but he isn't skilled yet at merging scripted scenes with found material, and at times we feel that something has been left out. (What is France doing with those piled-up stones? Has her grandmother died?) In the scene of a Resistance doctor's arrest, when the doctor's phlegmatic teen-age son shows Lucien his model ship, it looks as if Malle couldn't control the elements, and chose to retain the scene because of the overtones in the boy's physical resemblance to Lucien, and despite the boy's unconvincing lack of interest in his father's fate. Working with nonprofessionals in the leads and adapting the script to Lucien's emerging character, Malle probably had to cut scenes he needed that didn't pan out, but there are ellipses that aren't easy to account for—principally in Horn's sudden, suicidal carelessness. Some stages in Horn's breakdown seem to be missing, and his later scenes are lamely directed. Holger Löwenadler, a distinguished figure in the Swedish theatre for over half a century (he appeared in Bergman's 1947 film "A Ship to India," and in recent years he has toured Europe in Bergman stage productions, playing leads in Ibsen and Strindberg), prepares Horn's character so carefully in his early scenes that it's puzzling when the later ones are truncated. We miss Horn's shift to recklessness, and not enough is made of the moment when he appears all dressed up, his hat tilted rakishly over one eye. Is he deliberately calling attention to himself? There are brilliant ideas, like that "man-to-man" talk Horn wants with Lucien. (How can a Jew talk man-to-



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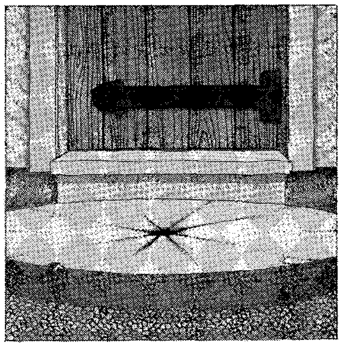

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man at Gestapo headquarters, and what could Horn and that thug Lucien possibly talk about?) But Horn's breakdown is too fast, and we can't perceive why he is doing what he's doing; this is the wrong place for Malle to stand back and let the story just seem to happen—he has failed to provide the necessary information.

The picture is a knockout, and the flaws don't diminish its stature, so it may appear silly to discuss imperfections—which could be passed over as ambiguities. But it's because the picture is a major work that it seems necessary to distinguish between the great ambiguities of its theme and the piddling, diversionary gaffes and gaps in its execution. There's another reason for bringing up the crudenesses: they are the price that Malle the aesthete is willing to pay for discovery. Here is a director who achieved sleek technical perfection in his early, limited films and who is now saying that perfection is cheap and easy (which seems to be true for him). He's looking for something that he doesn't have the tools or the temperament to grab hold of, and he's catching it anyway.

Malle's renunciation of conventional drama—or his new indifference to it—cripples him in places where he still needs it. He hasn't fully cast off the hard shell of the brilliant young pro who made "The Lovers" and "Viva Maria!" and "Zazie," but he's lost his slick. He's in the process of turning himself inside out and reaching into the common experience. Malle isn't used to playing by ear; he keeps looking at the notes and seeing they're wrong, revising them and hoping they're better. Yet somehow, with all the wrong notes he hits, and parts of the bass left out, he gets sounds that nobody's ever heard before.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Among the dozens of letters we received giving sources for miniature weather vanes in response to Delmar Leather's letter in Nov-Dec., 1973 issue was one from Al Atkins, "The Village Smithy," 73 Kensington Rd., Bronxville, N.Y. 10708. Mr. Atkins, who is extremely modest, and only 6½ in. tall, makes hand-forged miniatures.—*Workbench.*

Well, you'd hardly expect the little guy to tackle a full-size vane.

•

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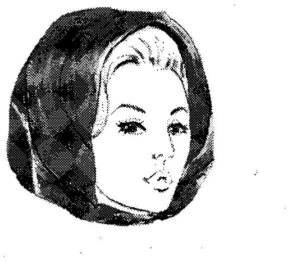

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FOOTBALL

Stormy Weather

A PAUSE for status identification: Penn State, which is disinclined ever to give up, could not manage to simultaneously take care of Navy and a wet field, so it was Navy up top, by 7–6, and Penn State's social standing has thereby been grossly diminished. Navy carried on, wayfarers homeward bound from the mountains of Pennsylvania declare, as though the buckets of rain were duck soup; the losers handled (or mishandled) the ball as though it were slippery elm. It was Jackson, the Navy fullback, who made the first decisive move of the downfall. Fullbacks are scarcely ever called upon to throw the ball (that was Calvin Hill's patented device in his Yale years), but Jackson, whose running had helped more than anything else in Navy's long push toward the Penn State goal, took a handoff at the State four, fled to his left, stopped dead, then popped the ball to a young friend in the State end zone. Jackson, it turns out, had put in a semester of spring practice at quarterback, just to make himself doubly damaging. The second decisive move was Jeter's: down toward the tail end of the afternoon, after State had finally acquired a matching touchdown, Jeter, a cornerback, brushed the ensuing pass, which would have made the count Penn State 8, Navy 7, away from the man toward whom it had been launched. George Welsh, a famous performer for Navy years ago, had for nearly a dozen years been an aide-de-camp to Paterno, who runs Penn State football; before going back to Annapolis to run Navy football, Welsh had, the story goes, tried to persuade Jackson to switch allegiance from Navy to Penn State. Rather than get this sequence of thought any more complicated, let's drop the topic right here.

It rained on Saturday at West Point, too, but moisture was of no great help to Army, which went down, slowly and gallantly, against Tulane, 31–14. Tulane, an indigenous Louisiana institution, abounds in performers with soft-on-the-palate French names, and it floated picturesquely but firmly toward touchdown after touchdown no matter which of its three quarterbacks was in charge. Army, full of vim and what is termed individual effort, had spasms of brilliance and moments of depression, and offered the spectacle of many players, new on the job, learning under heavy fire how to act and react. Gilloglv and McGlasker will in time become truly effective quarterbacks for Army, and Thigpen is already a ferocious runner up the middle, but the speed that is needed in a backfield committed to the wishbone offense is yet to be found. Hard lines!

Air Force, the third Service team, which delights in high-scoring afternoons, got what it was looking for once again, but the majority of the high scoring this time was the work of Oregon, and Air Force came in second, at 27–23. Air Force will be the final visitor at West Point this fall, in case any Easterner wishes to study close at hand its style of ball-popping.

And the Ivy League, making its first venture of the year into the outside world (in fact, playing its beginning match of the season), sent Brown out to meet Holy Cross. It was Holy Cross 45, Brown 10. In a spirit of mercy, no comment.

JOHN BRODIE, who for ever so long was the master quarterback for the San Francisco professionals, now talks about his favorite sport from the sidelines, as a commentator, and a long-needed one. The professional quadrant of it is his range, and he dwells with a pleasing fondness upon the characteristics of the many players he has (in every sense of the phrase) come in contact with. Life with the television tube is more informative and less hyperthyroid since he drifted into view, and his innocent delight at being afforded his first look ever at Joe Namath enormously augmented the delight everyone else in front of the tube was experiencing. For Namath, in what people keep saying must be his last term of duty, was proving—against the fairly disjointed Kansas City Chiefs—that he is very nearly the best (if not, indeed, the best) quarterback in the professional leagues. He lost to the Chiefs—in part because his final pair of passes were abruptly intercepted—without in any way damaging his aura, and he improved that aura no end in winning his match, 23–21, on Sunday last from the Chicago Bears. Oh, he had assistance, notably the running of Riggins and Boozer, but the game was really his. Too bad Brodie was not on hand; he would have been burbling not only about Namath but about the awesome presence of Barzilauskas, the impossibly huge and sprightly new interior defensive lineman the Jets have latched on to.

—J. W. L.

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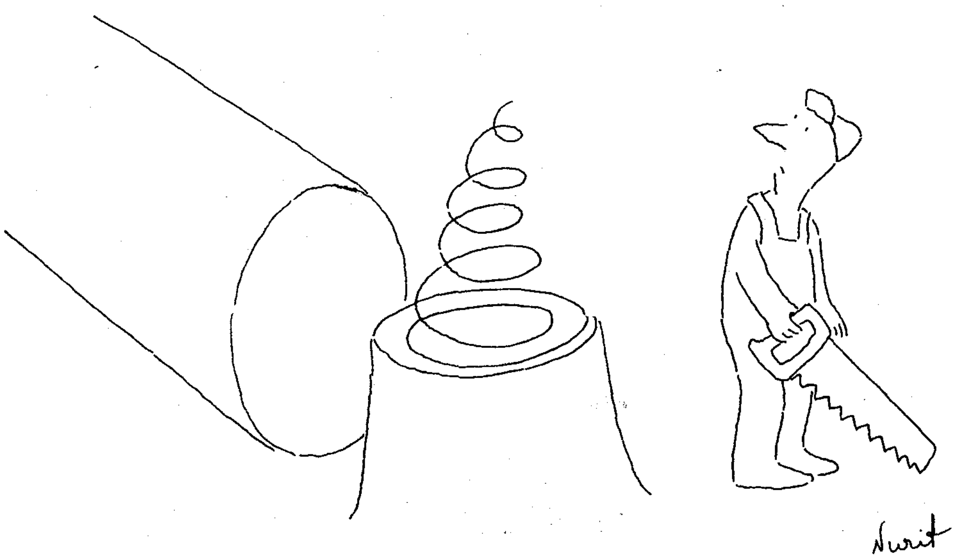
AROUND CITY HALL

CHOOSING SIDES

IN this year's state elections, whose first phase came to a merciful end earlier this month with the posting of the results of the party primaries, the most challenging issue facing the candidates seemed to be how to get their names in the papers during a period when public attention was focussed on more momentous events elsewhere. On the day before the primary, for example, the local newspapers were understandably preoccupied with reporting Richard Nixon's receipt of an absolute pardon and, a few hours later, Evel Knievel's falling free and clear of his strenuously advertised dangers and climbing out of his red-white-and-blue vehicle to collect his multimillion-dollar reward—and with the related questions of whether either or both miraculous escapes had been rigged ahead of time. On that morning, so crucial to local politicians, not a single primary candidate's name appeared on the front page of the *Times*. Howard Samuels, who was defeated in the race for the Democratic nomination for governor, insists that one of the reported events of that day, the Presidential pardon, was what caused his downfall: it is his view that even though he had never been elected to public office, the voters, confused by the fact that he had been trying to be governor for more than a decade, thought he was the incumbent and, in their consternation and rage over President Ford's action, voted against him in what he calls "a total anti-establishment thing."

Although President Ford's action may have had some effect on the primary and, the way things look now, may be even more helpful in November to those perceived as anti-establishment types, the most influential figures in the election so far have probably been two men whose names didn't appear on any slate: Thomas Nast and Nelson Rockefeller. It has been a hundred and three years since local reformers, aroused by Nast's savage *Harper's Weekly* cartoons depicting the Tammany boss William Marcy Tweed as a wholesale buyer of votes and a looter of the city treasury, drove Tweed out of office and into political folklore as a gross symbol of corrupt municipal power. It has also been several decades since the power of most local Democratic bosses was regarded as much more than vestigial. (Everybody knows that Tweed's bailiwick was Manhattan, but it is doubtful whether one New Yorker in ten thousand could come up with the name of Manhattan's present Democratic leader, Frank Rossetti.) Nevertheless, candidates loudly vowing to drive the tyrannical Democratic bosses from power have continued to turn up in every local election, and, as the careers of Fiorello LaGuardia and John Lindsay demonstrate, have occasionally even prevailed—if they succeeded in impressing enough voters with the fact that their opposition was "in bed with the bosses," as Brooklyn Representative Hugh Carey, the winner in the Democratic primary for governor, said of Samuels, and that they themselves were the strong men who could rescue the city from this unseemly arrangement.

The spectre of Tweed-style Democratic bossism inspired the 1967 state law providing that the party leaders' slates of nominees, traditionally chosen in smoky convention back rooms, could be contested in primaries, with the primary winners going on the November ballot. The passage of this law was hailed as a triumph for the people over the bosses by its sponsors in the State Legislature—largely Reform Democrats. The Republican legislative leaders didn't mind helping them push it through, since it wasn't likely to cause Republicans any inconvenience: it is the New York Democrats who, through the years, have specialized in intramural guerrilla warfare. Thus, in 1974, as in 1970, the only previous gubernatorial election in which the law was in effect, the Republicans had no statewide primaries, having settled everything tidily at their June convention. The Democrats could probably have done the same but, instead, ended up with what, as the summer wore on, seemed to be platoons of brawling primary contenders. This development also had something to do with the spectre of Tweed in the old Nast cartoons, and the present-day bosses' conviction of the political wisdom of being ostensibly more *pro bono publico*. At their convention this year, retreating slightly before the clamoring charges of "boss rule" from candidates not scheduled for endorsement by the organization, the county chairmen, led by Brooklyn's Meade Esposito, rearranged the voting totals to make it easier for several candidates, including Carey, to enter the primary race. (According to the 1967 law, if a candidate not on the organization slate receives as much as twenty-five per cent of the vote of the convention delegates, his name automatically goes on the primary ballot; otherwise he must gather twenty thousand petition signatures from all over the state—a complicated and expensive procedure, which might have caused some of the candidates this year, possibly including Carey, to withdraw.) As a result of this apparently philanthropic gesture by Esposito and his colleagues, all but one of the five men on the organization ticket faced at least one primary opponent. So now, in these final weeks before the election, the Republicans, unwinded and with their campaign chests virtually intact, are running against Democratic rivals whose energies and financial resources were depleted first by their campaigns for the convention designation and then by a gruelling primary race, which was accompanied, New York Democratic style, by the hurling of damaging charges and mutual insults that, as expected, provided the Republicans with free campaign material beyond their most partisan dreams. Politics is not an exact science, however. Not one of the



four candidates nominated at the Democratic convention who faced opposition in the primary was a winner earlier this month, and those who did win, now fired up and riding the anti-bossism issue for all it is worth, may not end up as part of still another chapter in the story of how, thanks to a multitude of mistakes ("They are our unseen army," the state Republican chairman announced complacently at his party's convention this year), New York Republicans, who have a million fewer registered voters than the Democrats, have nonetheless remained in power in Albany for all but four of the last thirty-two years.

THE traditional election-year hassle over bossism began amiably last March, when Carey, announcing his candidacy for governor (Samuels had formally announced a month earlier), declared that henceforth he would divide New York's county leaders into two categories: "enlightened leaders who have seen fit to endorse Hugh Carey, and bosses who have not." In all, there were four candidates in the race, the other two being the Westchester representative Ogden Reid, of the *Herald Tribune* publishing family, who two years earlier had left the Republican Party, which his grandfather helped found, and Donald Manes, the borough president of Queens, who had been endorsed by the Queens County leader, Matthew Troy. During the long spring of backstage maneuvering, it became obvious that Samuels was going to get the support of the county leaders in the city (the home of nearly three-fifths of the state's registered Democrats) for the first time in his political career. Samuels is an able and energetic man from upstate Canandaigua who made several million dollars as a plastics manufacturer. (When he complained later about the million and a half dollars made available to Carey's campaign by representatives of the oil industry, Carey pointed out that the base for plastics is oil.) A dozen years ago, deciding that he was "tired of chasing money," Samuels set his sights on being governor of New York. (Asked during the campaign why he was so determined to win the governorship, he answered, "Why does a man climb a mountain?") In 1962, he fought unsuccessfully against the Party-organization candidates for the nomination; in 1966, after a similar fight, he was nominated for lieutenant governor on a ticket that lost in November; and in 1970 he was narrowly beaten out in the primary race by the organization

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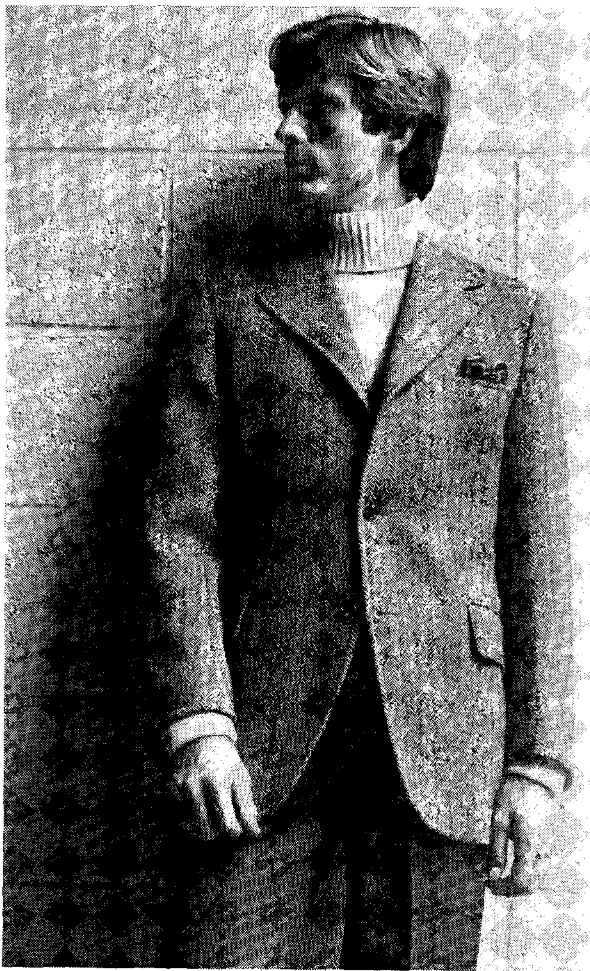

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candidate, Arthur Goldberg, who lost in November. After that, Samuels, who had long since moved to Manhattan, was named the first head of the city's Off-Track Betting Corporation and became a symbol of the successful managerial type. OTB thrived under his direction and won him the nickname of Howie the Horse, which he said he much preferred to "upstate industrialist." In his fourth try for the governorship, Samuels decided not to fight the county-organization leaders but to court their support, and he was successful.

The Party convention was to be held in Niagara Falls in June, and as the time approached, Carey, having failed to get the endorsement of any of the city's five county chairmen, set up the cry of bossism, just as he had said he would do. About the same time, Reid announced that the candidates endorsed at the convention would only be "creatures of the bosses," and implied that the reason he hadn't won the bosses' backing was that he had refused to make patronage deals with them. In reply, Troy sent Reid, whose nickname is Brownie or Brown, a letter beginning "Dear Browning." (In the minds of many practical politicians, there is nothing more insulting than referring to another politician by the name of a poet; Troy later apologized.) "I know you're new to the Party," Troy wrote, "but I also know that for the past six months you have done everything but mow my lawns, do my dishes, and iron my shirts for my support."

By the time the convention opened, both Manes, who had spent about three hundred thousand dollars on the race, and Reid, who had spent three-quarters of a million, had withdrawn, on their way out describing the proposed organization slate as boss-ridden. It was after this that Esposito and the other county leaders saw to it that the delegates voted in such a way that Carey and several other candidates received the crucial twenty-five per cent of the convention votes. (Even bossism in decline knows its prerogatives. When Abraham Hirschfeld—a millionaire parking-garage builder, who had been nominated for the senatorial spot by Troy—threatened to upset the balance by attempting to switch his votes to another candidate, former Representative Allard Lowenstein, the chair simply refused to recognize him. "Those aren't your votes, Abe. They're my votes," Troy told him.) "I think Carey is entitled to a shot at it," Esposito explained, in making things easier for Carey to run. Many of those at the convention believed that the Brooklyn leader's opposition to Carey's nomination was primarily geographical. With Abraham Beame, an organization man from Kings County—Brooklyn—as mayor of New York, and with Carey, another Brooklyn man, as governor, there might be some opposition to the promotion of Brooklyn Assemblyman Stanley Steingut, the current Assembly minority leader, who is a longtime ally of Esposito and a partner of his in the insurance business, to speaker of the Assembly if the Democrats should win the Assembly. (Sure enough, two days after the primary, Republican Perry Duryea, who is the present Assembly speaker, was reminding upstate residents that a Democratic victory in November would mean that they would have "a governor from Kings County and a speaker from Kings County," causing Albany to be overrun with Brooklynites, some of whom, he added, would not "know one end of the cow from the other.") After the convention endorsed Samuels, the Washington columnists Evans and Novak, having made a quick trip north, declared that by failing to back Carey the Democrats had proved that they had "not fully satisfied their death wish after sixteen years of trying."

AS usual, bossism hasn't been an issue in the Republican campaign. Possibly because the notorious Tweed was strictly a big-city phenomenon, and the Republican strength in New York is upstate and in the suburbs, the pejorative "boss" is rarely laid on Republican county chairmen, as it routinely is on their Democratic counterparts, and the term didn't come up at the Republican convention, held in June, at the Nassau Coliseum, in Uniondale, although everybody there apparently did pretty much what he was told to by Joseph Margiotta, the Republican chairman of Nassau, which gave Richard Nixon the largest percentage of votes of any county in the nation in 1972. ("Nobody goes until Joe smiles on him," explained Hempstead Township Presiding Supervisor Francis Purcell, who badly wanted, but failed to get, the nomination for lieutenant governor. "He did not smile on me.") The four significant statewide nominations went through with virtually no discussion: for governor, the incumbent Malcolm Wilson, of course; for lieutenant governor, Nassau County Executive Ralph Caso;

and for state attorney general and United States senator, the veterans and famous vote-getters Louis Lefkowitz and Jacob Javits. Not a single speaker at the convention mentioned Richard Nixon. As for Watergate, "Let's not talk about something that someone may have done on the banks of the Potomac a few years ago" was the way it was dismissed by Duryea in his keynote speech. Nelson Rockefeller, who was then, of course, only a former Governor, and not a designated nominee for Vice-President, strode back onto the state political scene to address the convention, making his designated successor look more mousy than ever. The former Governor, however, loudly praised Wilson's "strong, cool, perceptive, independent brilliance" and mentioned his name thirteen times in a five-minute speech.

Rockefeller's active interest in this year's state-election campaign didn't end last December 18th, when he resigned, in order—so it was widely assumed—to concentrate on one final drive for the Presidency, free of such Albany distractions as having to curry favor with importunate legislators in the struggle to get his annual budget through. (During one legislative crisis a couple of years ago, Vito Battista, a chubby Brooklyn assemblyman, whose support was needed for an upcoming vote, demanded that the Governor feel his thigh muscles to certify how strong they were. Rockefeller felt his thigh muscles.) Instead, the former Governor would be able to concentrate on his nonpolitical speaking trips around the country and his chairmanship of the Commission on Critical Choices for Americans. This enterprise, heavily funded by the Rockefellers, would require him to hold hearings, issue periodic pronouncements on what he thought was best for the country, and consult publicly with other national leaders, including politicians. (Among those who agreed to join him on the commission was Gerald Ford, then the Vice-President.) None of the commission's expenses would be reportable under any campaign laws, since Rockefeller would not formally be a candidate for anything.

To have a chance to capture his party's 1976 nomination, however, Rockefeller would have to be certain of the support of the large New York delegation to the Republican National Convention, as he surely would be if Malcolm Wilson should be elected this November. As the members of Wilson's campaign organization were announced over the spring and summer,

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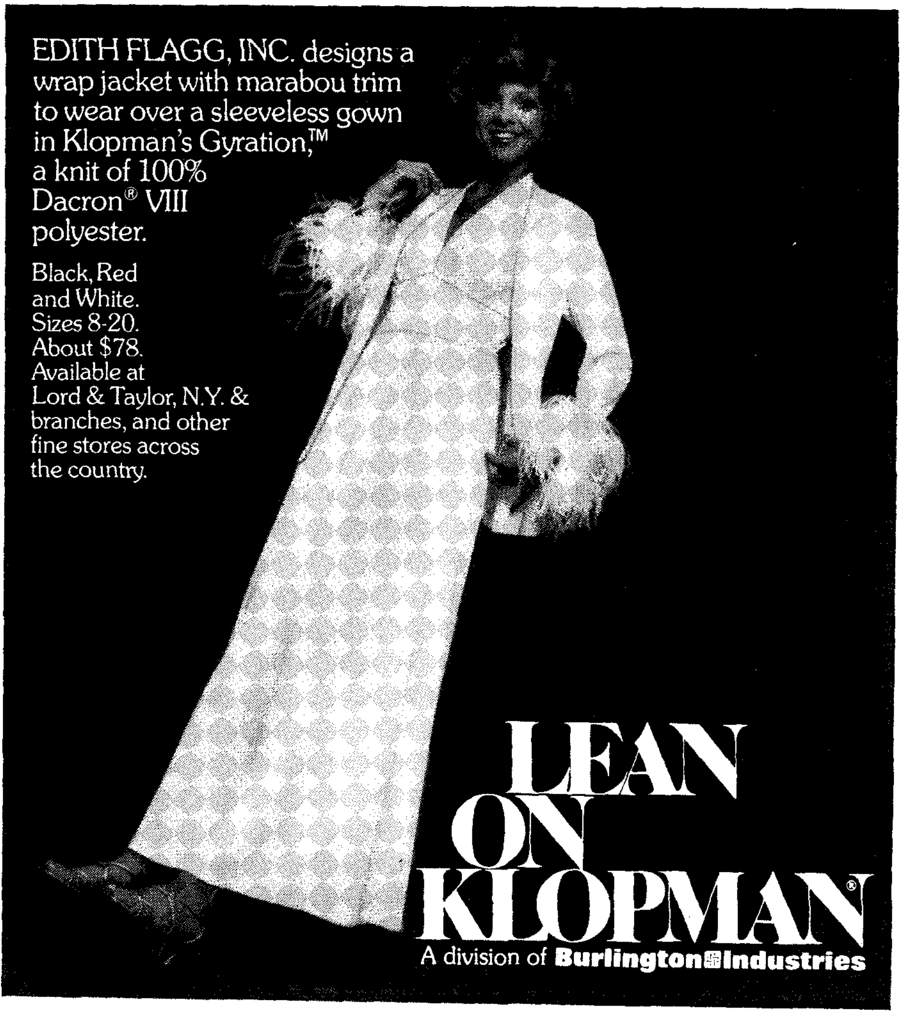

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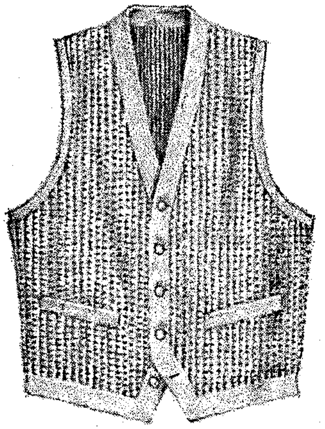

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they turned out to be virtually the same team that had run Rockefeller's winning race for the governorship in 1970. As for providing financial support for Wilson, "I'll do whatever I can to help," Rockefeller announced. Asked by the *Times* reporter Frank Clines whether such a presumably very large contribution from a single source might not run afoul of the new state law limiting campaign funds from one individual, Rockefeller said, "Is that for all political purposes? Is that for the whole family?" and broke into laughter. One catch to his plan, however, was the fact that the new Governor, a native of Yonkers, is a mild-mannered, colorless man of conservative bent, who had operated almost entirely in Rockefeller's hyperactive shadow during his fifteen years as lieutenant governor, and would be recognized by only a handful of New York voters. The first significant bill that Wilson sent to the Legislature, last February, was a resolution changing the New York primary from its scheduled date in June to September 10th. "The people are bored with long, boring campaigns," he explained solemnly. The postponement would give him three extra months to go about the state making statesmanlike addresses in the line of gubernatorial duty. It would also give the Democrats three months, rather than a few weeks, to cut each other up. Among those New Yorkers whom recent events have confirmed, no less than other Americans, in the conspiracy theory of public life, there are some who have suspected that Brooklyn Boss Esposito's willingness to make it easy for Carey to get on the primary ballot, which would assure a Democratic bloodletting, might be one more favor that Esposito was doing for Rockefeller. The Brooklyn leader and the former Governor developed a remarkably chummy relationship during Rockefeller's last years in Albany, when the Governor came to rely on Esposito to provide Democratic votes for any pet legislative project that the Republican legislators were giving him a hard time over. The Brooklyn Republican leader, George Clark, complained that Rockefeller seemed to have far less to say to him than to Esposito. Asked about this relationship earlier this year, Rockefeller said, reasonably, "Just because a man is a county leader doesn't mean he's a crook."

IT was only at the cost of much ill feeling and all those cries of bossism that the Democratic state-organization leaders had painfully produced a geo-

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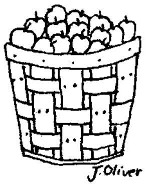
graphically and racially balanced ticket (Samuels, an upstate Jew, for governor; Mario Cuomo, a Queens Italian, for lieutenant governor; Robert Meehan, a Rockland County Irishman, for attorney general; and Lee Alexander, the Greek Orthodox mayor of Syracuse, for senator). And then on primary day the Democratic voters defeated every one of them and, all by themselves, came up with a wholly different balanced ticket (Carey, a Brooklyn Irishman, for governor; Mary Anne Krupsak, a Polish-American from upstate Canajoharie, for lieutenant governor; Robert Abrams, a Jew from the Bronx, for attorney general; and Ramsey Clark, a Wasp transplanted to Manhattan from Texas, for senator). The question of a balanced ticket was a particularly touchy one with the Democrats, in view of their 1970 disaster. That year, their ticket consisted of four downstate Jews and a downstate black, and three of the Jews and the black went down to overwhelming defeat. (The fourth Jewish candidate was Arthur Levitt, now seventy-four, who has been automatically nominated as state comptroller and automatically elected by vast majorities ever since the days when Averell Harriman was Governor, and who was duly nominated again this year. One of the few light moments at this year's Republican convention came after Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, one of the handful of Republican legislators from the city, predicted that the Republican nominee for comptroller, Mayor Stephen May, of Rochester, might upset Levitt in November. Waves of laughter rolled through the convention hall.)



Speaking of the Democratic problem this year, Adam Walinsky, one of the candidates defeated in 1970, said, "You can't tell Irish, Italians, and upstate Wasps that they're not good enough to be on the ticket and then ask them to vote for you." Because of their decision to follow his advice, however, the state Democratic leaders were accused, in charges brought before city, state, and federal human-rights commissions by Robert Abrams, one of the candidates the convention did not endorse, of having "cynically manipulated the ruse of ethnic and religious balance" at the convention. The critics who were upset by the 1970 ticket, incidentally, did not at once complain of the fact that in the coming election all four major-party candidates for governor and lieutenant governor will be Catholics. Among other considerations that defeated Howard Samuels earlier this month may well have been both a certain amount of general anti-Semitism in the state and the curious reluctance of the large Jewish electorate (Jews account for forty per cent of the state vote) to support one of their own at the top of a ticket. In the largest Jewish city in the world, Beame is the first Jewish mayor, and there has been only one Jewish governor of the state—the dignified Herbert Lehman, who was never at any time in his life in danger of being called Howie the Horse. Carey took forty-seven per cent of the Jewish vote this month.

The final Democratic ticket doesn't have an Italian representative, but if any charges are filed it will have to be an action against the voters. One point on which the state's Democratic and Republican leaders were in firm agreement this year was the importance of having an Italian-American candidate for lieutenant governor. Caso, from Nassau County, on whom the Republicans settled with little fuss, and who is expected to appeal also to the increasingly powerful suburban vote, is a portly man who dyes his hair and wears high-heeled patent-leather boots and Las Vegas-style suits, in considerable contrast to the mortician-like garb of his running mate, Malcolm Wilson, which includes pencil-thin neckties. ("I figure that if I wear them long enough they'll come back in style," he said recently.) There are all kinds of ways of balancing a ticket. "It is logical to assume that my being of Italian-American heritage will have a certain appeal to my *compari*," Caso said in his acceptance speech. The Queens lawyer Mario Cuomo, on whom the Democratic leaders finally settled, had never been nominated for office but had made a name for himself as a mediator in various neighborhood disputes, beginning with one that involved the Queens Italian-American community of Corona. Among the Italian-American officeholders passed over for Cuomo was Manhattan Assemblyman Antonio Olivieri, who ran anyway and came in third in the primary. Also passed over for Cuomo was Mary Anne Krupsak, who decided to make the run, too. "I love Mary Anne, but she isn't Italian," Esposito explained. As it turned out, during the primary campaign Cuomo tended to take a rather jocular view of his ethnic assets. "I'm really Jewish, but I changed my name for business reasons," he remarked at

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one rally, to the evident pain of his campaign aides. The primary winner was, of course, State Senator Krupsak, whose campaign literature emphasized not only her Polish-American heritage, her legislative experience, and her upstate residence but the fact, appealing to a constituency the county leaders hadn't reckoned with, that she was a woman. In addition, her campaign slogan, "She's not just one of the boys," had a nice anti-bossism twist to it.

PROMINENT Democrats weren't the only politicians whose plans were shaken up this year. There was, of course, the dramatic change in the Presidency and in Rockefeller's relationship to it. In mid-August, as President Ford was confronting the problem of naming a Vice-President, he received some advice that gave local Democrats a bit of hope that, for a change, it might be their turn to be spectators at some bloodletting among the state's Republicans. A circumstance that might have seriously interfered with Rockefeller's plan of last winter to get his designated governor elected this November was that Assembly Speaker Perry Duryea, who has never been a particular friend of Rockefeller's, also had ambitions to be elected governor this year and might well win the Republican nomination after a divisive primary campaign. The day after Rockefeller's announcement of his resignation last December, however, Duryea found himself indicted by a Manhattan grand jury for violation of election laws in the 1972 Assembly election—an indictment based on evidence first sent to the local D.A.'s office by State Attorney General Lefkowitz.

Duryea has not spoken to Lefkowitz since, and in his speech at the Republican convention he did not mention Wilson's name. The Duryea indictment was dismissed late in January, on the ground that the law under which it had been brought was un-Constitutional, but it effectively prevented Duryea from running for governor this year. In mid-August, as President Ford considered his Vice-Presidential choice, Mrs. Perry Duryea released to the press the text of telegrams she had sent to the President and various legislative leaders of both parties urging Ford not to name Rockefeller; accusing the former Governor, along with Wilson and Lefkowitz ("Now referred to as 'Leakowitz' ") of having been responsible for her husband's indictment, which she described as "tantamount to political assassination;" and calling Rockefeller "unfit to fill the second-highest office in the land or, for that matter, even the office of dogcatcher." Although this communication didn't cause the President to reconsider, New York Democrats and some Duryea Republicans are naturally hoping that Wilson's and Rockefeller's role in the Duryea indictment will receive a going-over in the congressional hearings on Rockefeller's nomination just in time to provide a nice lot of free campaign material for the November election.

THE *Times* endorsed Samuels in the primary, the *News* has a policy of not endorsing primary candidates, and the *Post* and *The Village Voice* supported Carey. The latter two endorsements were somewhat surprising, since most of Carey's nearly two million dollars in campaign funds were provided by his brother Edward, president of the New England Petroleum Company, which is said to be the largest privately owned oil company in the world. Ordinarily, even a few thousand dollars in oil-company support for a candidate is enough to send either paper into an editorial tailspin. (Defending his reliance on contributions from one special-interest group, Carey said, "I didn't want to go to a thousand special interests." Ramsey Clark, who, in a sense, *did* want to rely on multiple special interests, having raised over two hundred thousand dollars for his primary campaign from some six thousand individuals giving no more than a hundred dollars apiece, took a tolerant view of Carey's problem. "Is Carey in debt to his brother?" he asked late in the primary. "Well, we're all in debt to our brothers. We love our brothers. That's what love is all about.") The *Voice* also, to the surprise of some, endorsed Cuomo for the lieutenant governorship, although he was wholeheartedly against abortion—not a position widely popular among *Voice* readers. Indeed, Cuomo was the only statewide Catholic candidate in the Democratic primary whose position on the subject coincided with that of the Catholic Church. Senator Krupsak and Assemblyman Olivieri had voted for the state's new liberalized abortion law, and on several occasions during the primary campaign Carey's rallies were broken up by pickets carrying signs that read "The Unborn Child Is the Biggest Minority," representing anti-abortion Right to Life roups, which objected to his refusal to upport the congressional bill demandng a Constitutional amendment reealing the 1973 Supreme Court deision on abortion. (Indeed, one of the nore ironic sights of the campaign was hat of Carey, the father of twelve, ınd Samuels, the father of nine, deending themselves against fierce antiıbortion activists.) The *Voice* editors lescribed their support of Cuomo, who hey believed would help the Demorats beat Malcolm Wilson, as a "morl imperative"—a somewhat uncomnon application of the phrase.

IF the ticket supported by the regular Democratic organization was repudiated in this month's primary, the first slate endorsed by New York City's organized Reform Democrats didn't do very well, either. Among the reasons the recommendations of the New Democratic Coalition are accorded respectful attention in local political circles are the large number of tireless campaign workers and the substantial financial support that in many cases the group can come up with, despite the narrowness of its geographical base (largely the West Side of Manhattan) and its traditional preference for candidates whose appeal is similarly narrow rather than for those who might have some chance in a statewide election: the N.D.C., according to some critics, really stands for November Don't Count. Of the candidates on the original N.D.C. slate, only Abrams won. The coalition's choices for governor and lieutenant governor, Samuels and Olivieri, both lost, and the man they had originally backed for senator, former Representative Allard Lowenstein, withdrew to run for Congress on Long Island. Only then did the N.D.C. endorse Clark, after originally rejecting him by a substantial margin. The specialists who replay old elections will be arguing for years over whether Clark would have stood a chance if the liberal, and very popular, Lowenstein had stayed in the race.

As for the impression that the Democratic slate that emerged from the primary is made up entirely of indomitable fighters against the descendants of Boss Tweed, that is not much more than a useful myth. Carey is a product of the Brooklyn Democratic organization, which supported him in each of his seven races for Congress, and not only has Senator Krupsak been a regular Democratic candidate throughout her political career but her husband, Edwin Margolis, has long had the patronage job of counsel to

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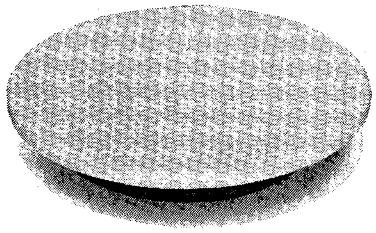

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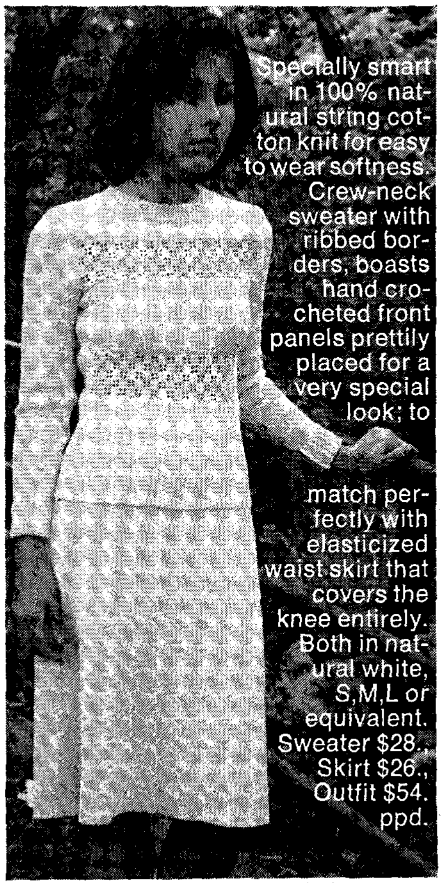

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Esposito's friend Assembly Minority Leader Steingut. Abrams, the present Democratic candidate for attorney general, has been an opponent of the regular Bronx organization during most of his career, but recently he appears to have made his peace with its leaders, and, indeed, the man who nominated him at the June convention was Patrick Cunningham, the regular Bronx County leader. ("To my knowledge, Bob Abrams has won many a political fight, some of them even against Republicans," Cunningham joked.)

The fourth person on the winning Democratic slate, Ramsey Clark, is, of course, a true political maverick, but even he may benefit from certain indulgences considered to be due the son of Tom Clark, who, before he went on the Supreme Court, was a staunch Democratic regular throughout his political life. "How's your dad? Tell him hello for me" was a frequent greeting to Ramsey Clark from assorted old pols during intermissions of the Knapp Commission hearings, at which Clark represented Frank Serpico, who last June flew over from Switzerland to nominate Clark at the Democratic convention. The day after the primary, Clark, who had been accused by his opponents of being "pious" and "an extreme leftist," indicated a practical interest in broadening his constituency. "People have been calling me a radical," he said, in his Texas drawl, which is certainly something new in New York politics. "It's kind of a shame. I'm so square it hurts."

ALTHOUGH Rockefeller's relationship to the Presidency has changed, some sense of the hazards of political life as they have been demonstrated in the last few years—and, indeed, in the last few weeks—has presumably encouraged him in the theory that anything can happen, and it seems likely that he will continue to be deeply involved in an attempt to prevent a Democratic victory in November, which would appear to be a repudiation of his record as governor. As it happens, the three-month postponement of the primary date was probably what caused the Democrats to end up with a candidate for governor who many think has the best possible chance of beating the Republicans: the delay gave not only Wilson but the fairly obscure Brooklyn Representative time to establish his statewide identity through, among other things, the use of six hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth of television and radio commercials.

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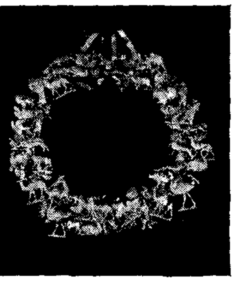

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The prospect of Carey's being in charge in Albany as a result of Republican miscalculation would probably not distress Rockefeller as would another Democrat's victory, however. In recent years, long before Carey decided to run, Rockefeller had often mentioned Carey as a possible Democratic candidate, and he and the Representative have generally been on good terms for reasons other than their common access to oil funds. (Certainly the Republicans will not be in a position during the campaign to complain of Carey's excessive support from oil interests.) Rockefeller, who managed Nixon's 1972 campaign in New York State, presumably did not think less of the Brooklyn Representative when, during the last weeks of that race, newspaper ads appeared in Carey's Brooklyn district showing him shaking hands with President Nixon and urging readers to vote for Nixon and Carey—a ploy that many people think helped Carey to his narrow victory that year in an increasingly conservative neighborhood. (Carey has said he had nothing to do with the advertisements.) Until well along in the primary, the Representative had to be prodded to include Rockefeller among the Republicans he disapproved of, and two days before the election, when he was beginning to be more critical, Samuels asked him about his description of Rockefeller last spring as "a good governor." By that, said Carey, he had meant that "all human beings are good."

About the fact that the postponement of the primary undoubtedly also benefitted the campaign of another Democrat, Ramsey Clark, who was given time to prove to large numbers of the state's voters that he was not necessarily a fool or a bomb-thrower, Rockefeller undoubtedly feels less complacent. The man who seconded Clark's nomination at the Niagara Falls convention was Herbert X. Blyden, a former Attica inmate who is now under indictment for the 1971 uprising, during which thirty-two prisoners and eleven guards were killed, most of them by state troopers whose invasion of the prison was ordered by Rockefeller's men. This is another controversial Rockefeller action that will undoubtedly be discussed in the congressional hearings on his nomination.

A WEEK before the primary, Evans and Novak, taking another look at the New York political scene, quoted a leading Democrat as saying that there seemed to be no way to stop Clark from being chosen as the Democratic nominee for senator—a situation that, they wrote, symbolized "the politics of suicide that has produced two decades of Republican victories." Two days later, however, they seemed to detect some hope for the New York Democrats if, as by then appeared to be a strong possibility, they were to nominate Carey and "rebuild the Party's old F.D.R. coalition." What Carey strategists were offering, the columnists wrote, was "nostalgic identification with the glorious past of New York's Democratic Party." In the final days of the campaign, Carey frequently invoked Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal. "Let the rich stay home!" he cried at one rally, and, of primary day, "Let those who run fancy cocktail parties for the rich stay home . . . because the people are coming out." Among those invited to the people's party at Carey headquarters on primary night were Mrs. Herbert Lehman and Averell Harriman (whom someone once called "the poor man's rich man"), both of whom had endorsed Carey. The same night, overtaken by nostalgia for the glorious past himself, Esposito, relaxing in his office in the Thomas Jefferson Democratic Club, in South Brooklyn, talked to his listeners of the good old days when the Party chairmen picked the ticket without any nonsense about primaries. "The old system of leadership deals was better," he said. "The back room gave you great men—Lehman, Roosevelt, Smith, Harriman."

"The key word for the ticket is 'independent,' " announced Carey's public-relations man on primary night, and Carey has seemed to use that word or the term "people's party" in every second sentence since. It seems clear that, at least from now until after the election, the Democratic candidates' theme will be their independence of the Party organization, whose endorsement each one of them, including Clark, tried very hard to get. Meanwhile, the regular Party leaders, most of whom by late summer were freely allowing their district captains to support Carey, may not be as dismayed as has been advertised over the fact that the Democratic candidates for governor and lieutenant governor came up through their party organization instead of being rank outsiders, as Samuels and Cuomo were. However, there may be no truth to the rumor that the whole thing was rigged and had been planned that way all along.

—ANDY LOGAN

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THE RACE TRACK

Singing in the Rain

THE Beldame Stakes has been full of surprises ever since the day Pete Bostwick's Nellie Bly won the first running at old Aqueduct, back in 1939, paying 50–1. (By the way, Nellie Bly was the nom de plume of a reporter for the *World* who beat Phileas Fogg's track record around the earth by eight days.) There was a heavy rain not long before the Beldame at Belmont Park last Saturday, and the footing changed suddenly from fast to the muddiest I've seen this season—a circumstance that usually leads to unexpected results—so to me the big surprise of this year's race was that there were *no* surprises. A few strides after the start, the favorite, Desert Vixen, splashed past Twixt and Quaze Quilt, and from there on she was never headed, winning by twelve lengths from Poker Night. Tizna, a filly from California, was third, six lengths farther back. However, until the runners turned into the stretch the race was by no means a procession, for Maud Muller and Quaze Quilt challenged repeatedly—and were cooked for their pains, because Desert Vixen stepped right along, doing the quarter in 0:23, the half in 0:45⅗, the six furlongs in 1:09⅗, the mile in 1:34⅕, and the nine furlongs in 1:46⅗, only two ticks slower than her time last year, when she won the race on a fast track. It's seldom that a horse looks its best after a gallop in the sort of weather we had Saturday, but I'll string along with Tommy Root, who trains Desert Vixen and who said that she never looked better or ran better. Her next races will probably be the Matchmaker Stakes at Atlantic City on October 14th and the Ladies Handicap at the Big A a month later. After that, she might take on the boys.

To start the week off, Ogden Mills Phipps's *Alpine Lass brought off a* 20–1 chance in the Matron Stakes, one of the prized events for two-year-old fillies. Which might be a sign that the *Phipps luck is changing. She came out* of the gate sidewise, and Cordero, who rode her, banged his ankle, but he got her straightened out and she went on about her business, to beat Copernica, a daughter of Nijinsky II, and eleven others comfortably.

THERE'S a nobbler abroad at Belmont Park. A nobbler, as you know, is an individual who tampers with horses—usually drugging them to prevent them from winning. This fellow, however, has given an odd twist to his operations, which have involved four horses. One of them, Dolls and Dreams, received a stimulant, and won, but was disqualified when a urine test showed positive. Another—Desert Vixen, if you please—also got something, possibly before the Maskette, a couple of weeks ago, but the Racing and Wagering Board's report didn't say whether it was an analgesic, an anesthetic, or a diuretic. Apparently, it was just her cup of tea, if we can judge by the Beldame. The nobbler is still at large, but the authorities say they're hot on his trail.

Also, a jockey has been charged with possession of a device for stimulating horses electrically, which in race-track vernacular is called a buzzer or a joint. This is a tiny dry-cell battery with an induction coil that steps up the voltage so that it gives a powerful shock. The thing is small enough to be carried in the palm of your hand, and when it is applied to the neck of a racer, it is more effective than a mule skinner's whip. Last Friday, the paddock judge at Belmont and a Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau operative got a tip that Sandino Hernandez, a jockey who doesn't ride many winners, had one of the devices, and when they walked over to question him, he threw something into the grass. The something was a buzzer. Hernandez was suspended immediately and barred from the track, and will shortly have a hearing before the State Racing and Wagering Board.

WELL, we're a step nearer racing the year round. Last week, the New York State Racing and Wagering Board gave the New York Racing Association permission to extend *the coming fall and winter meeting* at Aqueduct six more days—through January 4, 1975. There will be racing on Christmas Eve, but, with a thought for the last-minute shopper, post time for the first race will be 11 A.M. No races on Christmas Day. Colonel Martingale says, "Button up your overcoat." —AUDAX MINOR

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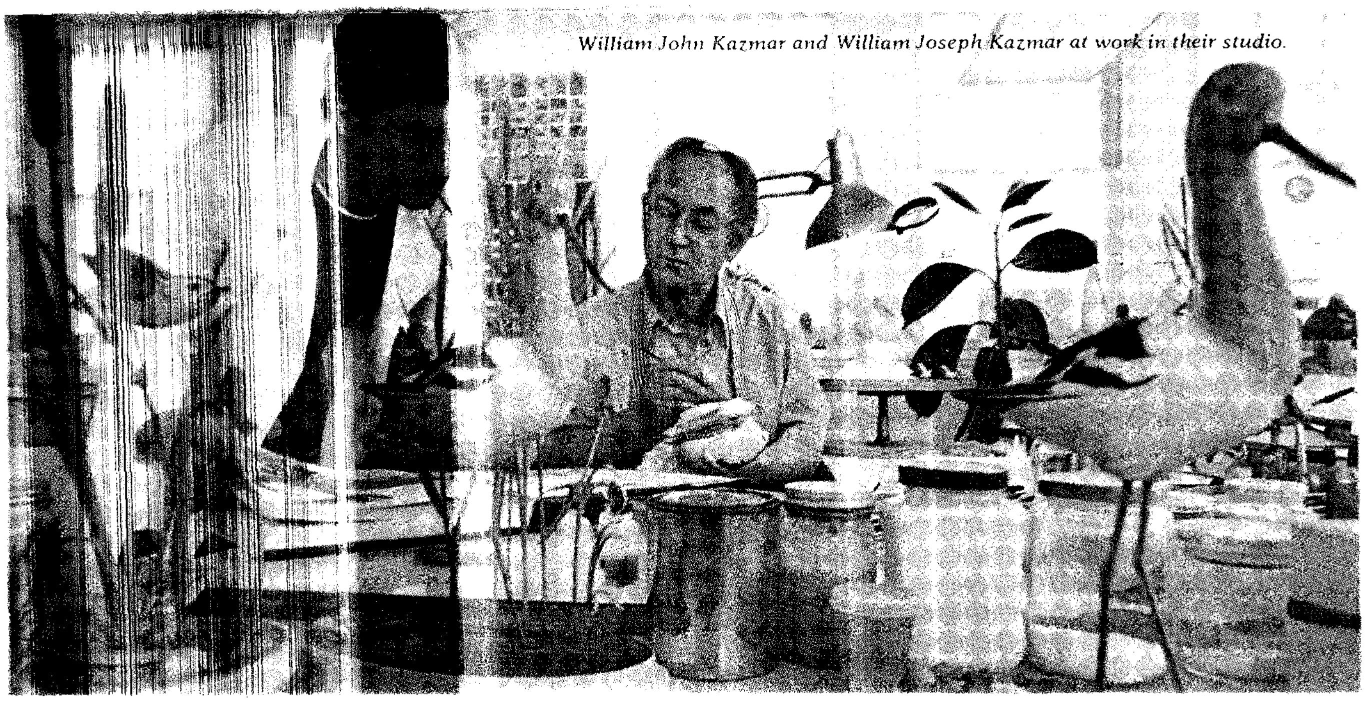

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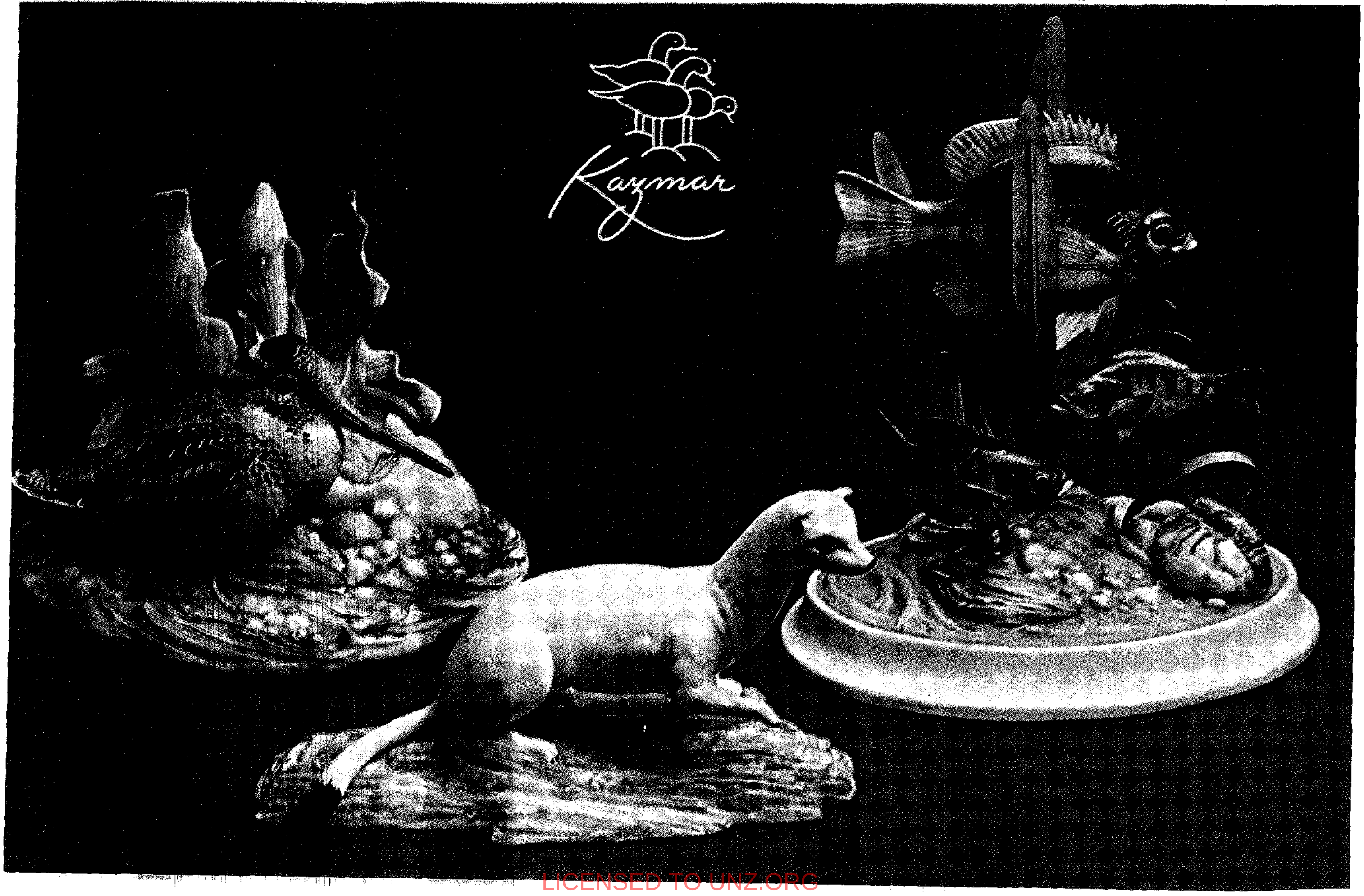

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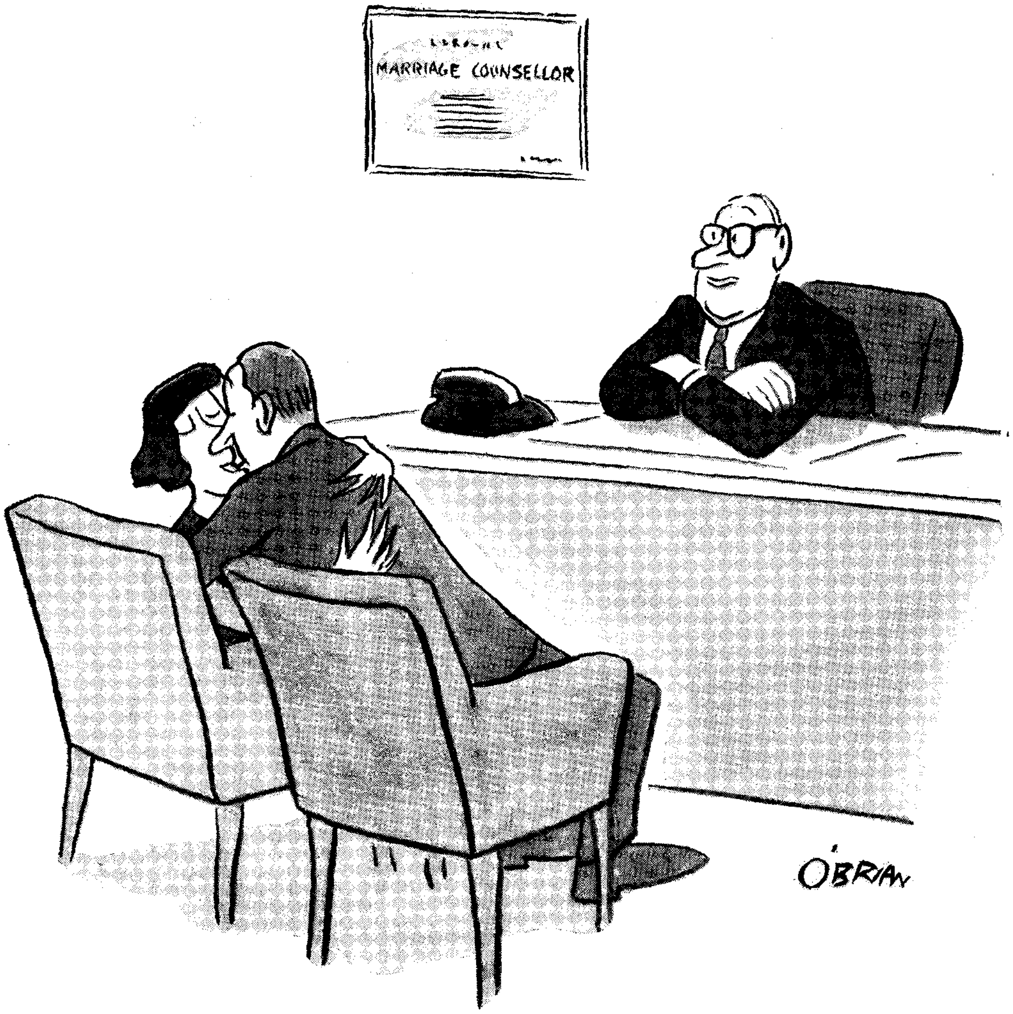
THE AIR

Time, Memory, and News

MOST television news programs have been gradually switching over from monolithic anchormen to a more informal and comradely setup, but when the President wants to tell us something he still goes one-on-one against the audience. "My conscience tells me clearly and certainly that I cannot prolong the bad dreams that continue to reopen a chapter that is closed," said President Ford the other morning before proclaiming his pardon of Richard Nixon. President Ford's head stayed squarely in the center of the television screen, filling the picture—whose dim background was the Oval Office of the White House, into which a camera's glimpse of sunlight and green leaves had been symbolically admitted at the start of the announcement and then, perhaps also symbolically, focussed out. The President, in the modern fashion, referred to dreams in his address to the nation. Equally contemporary were the television reporters who later tried to analyze Mr. Ford's action and who frequently found themselves employing the new twentieth-century language of relative time. Thus, Bruce Morton, of CBS, spoke of the likelihood—or, at least, the possibility—that the repercussions of the pardon might "in time blow over." On NBC, there were references (many expressed by members of Congress) to the President's "gamble" in supposing that the public would "wish to forget" and to "move on to other things." Everywhere on the airwaves, there were allusions to "time's healing" and the "healing processes of time," but perhaps it was in print that the essence of this view was most clearly stated, when Peter Lisagor, of the Chicago *Daily News*, wrote of the President's having "counted on a short public memory and the American penchant for responding favorably to an 'act of mercy.' "

In 1967, in a dour and compelling book titled "The Political Illusion," the French social philosopher Jacques Ellul wrote, "The man who lives in the news . . . is a man without memory." By now, there are even more reasons to believe that news and its relationship to time and memory are more than casual concerns of citizens of our epoch—especially of those in this country, who are members of the most advanced broadcast audience on earth, and whose subjection (or attraction) to the news has come a long way since that not so distant period (no farther back than 1934) when early radio stations were restrained by formal agreement from broadcasting more than ten minutes of news per day. In the past ten years, "all-news" radio stations have become a commonplace here. More recently, commercial television has discovered that television news is profitable, or can be profitable if it is suitably presented, and earlier this year WNBC-TV, the NBC affiliate station in New York, inaugurated a program consisting of two hours of continuous news each weekday evening—"NewsCenter 4." In our day, the concept of "future shock"—by which is meant the effect on the individual of an increasing bombardment of change, of technical and communications stimuli—has itself proceeded rapidly from a danger recognized only in the academy to a truism and on to the title of a best-seller, which was then sold to (or bombarded upon) customers in bookstores by means of book covers in six different colors. Evidently, we have seen the enemy and have tried to package it.

The proliferation of communications in our society, then, is a phenomenon peculiar to the past few generations, and in its explosive geometric rate of increase it has much in common with the proliferation of people—of world population—since the eighteenth century. With this difference: that the explosion of communications is generally regarded as "good" and the explosion of population is generally regarded as "bad." But perhaps with a certain similarity of approach on the part of the public, which is to say that much of the popular disinclination to deal seriously with either phenomenon seems to stem from an interior assertion, or hope, that both occurrences are somehow commonplace—that is, are not unique, are part of a trend. In the matter of population growth and world hunger, there have been numerous studies published which show that the extraordinary rise in world population since around 1750 has indeed been unique, and was not in any way a predictable extension of an existing arithmetic progression. Yet the response of many persons to this phenomenon has been to take shelter,



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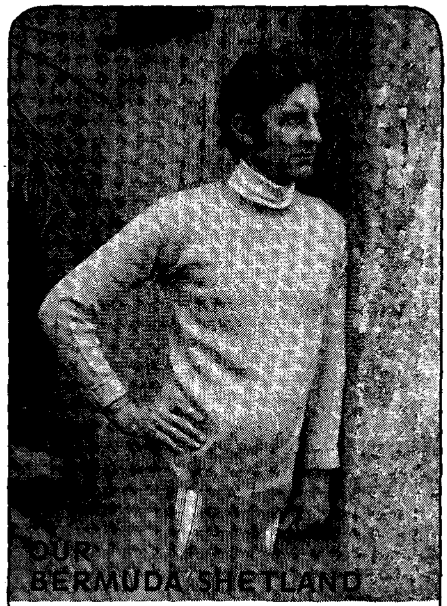

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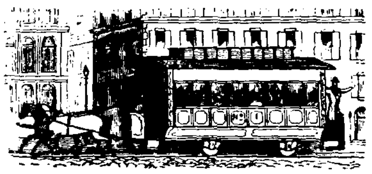
as it were, in the false impression that this is not actually so—that population growth is somehow part of a continuing human equation, that what is happening now has always happened, and that *that* concept itself will somehow take care of us.

So, too, with communications. In spite of the exponential growth rate of communications in this country within only the last two generations; in spite of the miles of cable, the transmitters, the satellites, the millions upon millions of telephonic and television receivers in homes, in cars, in boats; in spite of the kind of capacity which just over ten years ago enabled ninety per cent of the population of this country to learn of the assassination of President Kennedy within an hour and a half of the event—in spite of all these—one constantly comes across a type of homespun characterization of these communications systems which serves mainly to reinforce a public belief that what exists now is merely an extension of a historical enterprise, part of an ongoing trend.

The press, for example, which, with the United States Department of Defense, owns one of the two most extensive electronic-communications *apparats* in the history of the world, is fond of referring to itself, or to its members, as "messengers" (often in the self-pitying context of "slaying the messenger"), as if its enormous array of equipment, its outpouring of "information," and our willing acceptance of it were but an up-to-date version of the town crier—or a Phidippides jogging along a microwave beam to Athens. Mr. McLuhan's term "global village," with its askew conception either of village life or of the modern citizen's relationship to homogeneous commercial broadcasting, has noticeably remained with us, becoming an accepted part of our idiom, and, in doing so, implying (an implication not lost on commercial broadcasting, which often employs the phrase in advertising, to provide a touch of class) not merely a kind of popular coziness but also a free flow between audience and broadcaster. Indeed, the implication goes deeper, conveying the idea of yet another traditional continuity: if we are still in a village, as we were once in a village, then nothing too much has changed; we are safely positioned on our dot upon the parabolic curve; there are no new dangers.

THESE thoughts have come to mind in connection with the President's recent appearance on tele-



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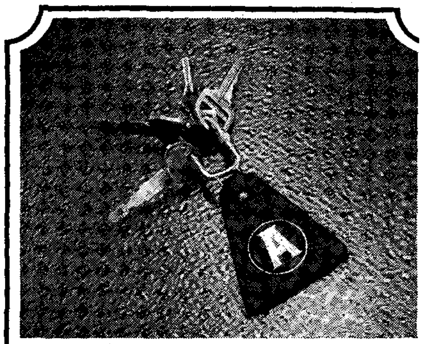

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vision, and with the television reports and comment that filled the ensuing days, because both events—that is, the news of the pardon and the subsequent "news" of the reaction and comment—seemed somehow to frame an unusual moment: a moment-in-time. For it seemed then that we had reached a point where the common denominator that connected the President, the press, and us citizen-viewers was communications itself—not merely as a transit for an announcement from our President and for comment from the broadcasters but as a substantive part of the social and political process. In other words, news was now being broadcast to us at such a rate that public distractedness in the face of such information volume might be seriously taken into account in the political process.

Back in May, our previous President, Mr. Nixon, was revealed in published transcripts of White House discussions to have also had an interest in relative time, at one point counting on the public's interest in Watergate to blow over within "a couple or three weeks." One mentions relative time in this connection because Mr. Nixon could then hardly have been supposed to be relying on a monumental, mystical act of forgetfulness taking place in millions of brains; more likely, he had in mind a kind of replacement—an inevitable (or so it seemed) supplanting of Watergate by the deafening onrush of other pieces of information. In this specific instance of communications guesswork, Mr. Nixon was wrong. He was not entirely off the mark, though, for this year, in June, when it was possible for the White House to supply the communications system with information about the President's coming trip to the Soviet Union, which thus replaced information about Watergate, the public—deprived of one set of news, immersed in another—granted Mr. Nixon (according to the polls) a rise in popular support. Even so, the texture of Watergate was sufficient to remain intact within the public's memory.

But now (at least for an instant) we are in the present. Was President Ford also wrong in his appraisal of the public's "memory"? We will not know for some time, and in a way this is a relief. But what a paradox it is that as the nation has achieved this supposedly desired end of rapid communication and a mass audience, the system should already seem to be turning on itself: each item of news implicitly created so as to subvert a previous item. Will the

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public (which is us) learn this new language of relative time—learn to sort out "input" and to reconnect the items of information which the news process has fragmented? Or will we, in the manner of the aged, many of whom retain new facts, addresses, telephone numbers only at the expense of forgetting old ones, sit before our videos, washed over by nearly continuous news, wondering vaguely from time to time which piece of information is replacing what?

As if in counterpoint to this scenario, a week or so ago, on CBS, Roger Mudd spoke almost matter-of-factly of the "tide of public opinion" which had apparently formed and expressed itself *within a period of twenty-four hours*, and had inhibited President Ford from pardoning the remaining Watergate defendants. Clearly, there are intimations these days that the airwaves and cables of the nation are beginning to carry the smallest traces of a *two-way* communications traffic: from us to them; from the receiving sets to the transmitters. At last, the hushed (or shushed) streets of the global village, which have been largely silent throughout history save for the sounds of loudspeakers blaring in the central square, may be slowly waking—with the first, faint electronic murmurs of villagers directly talking back. If so, perhaps it is the fact of these "messages"—startling, powerful, human, with effects still unpredictable—which will turn out to be the crucial phenomenon of our time. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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We'll be glad when the fog lifts, though.

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There are many theories why the perennially contending Orioles do not attack more fans in Baltimore.—*Washington Post.*

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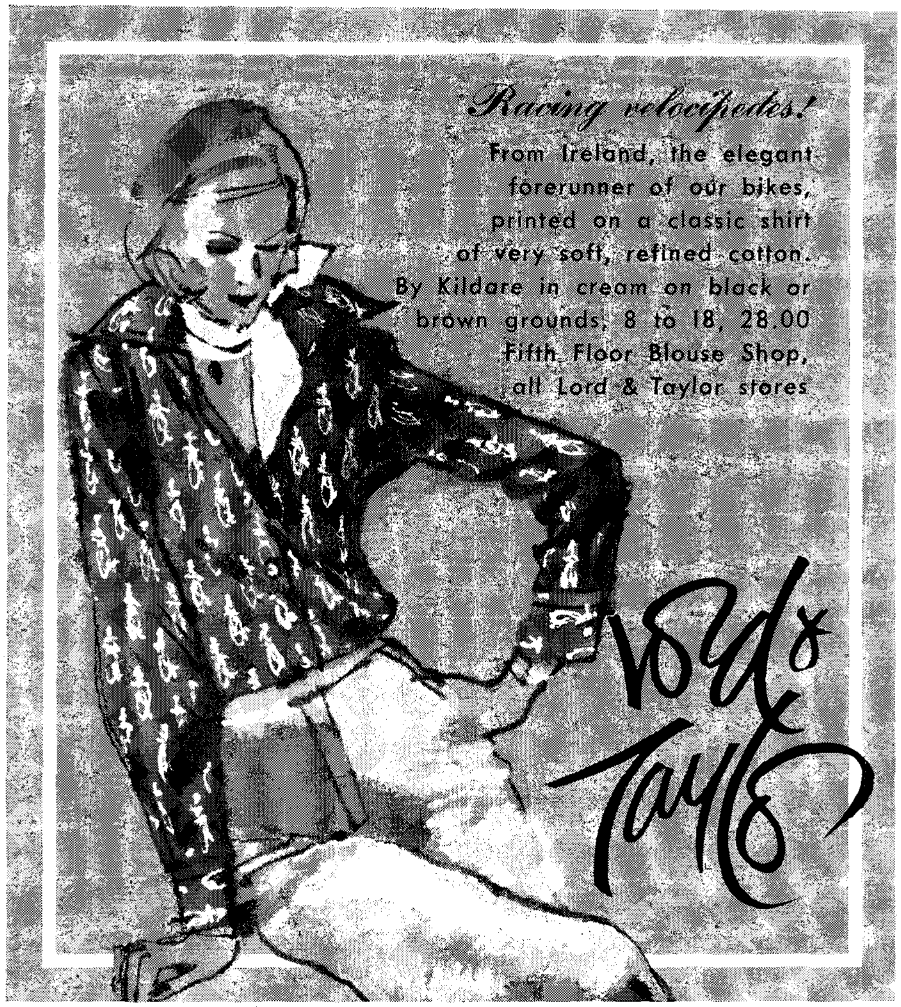
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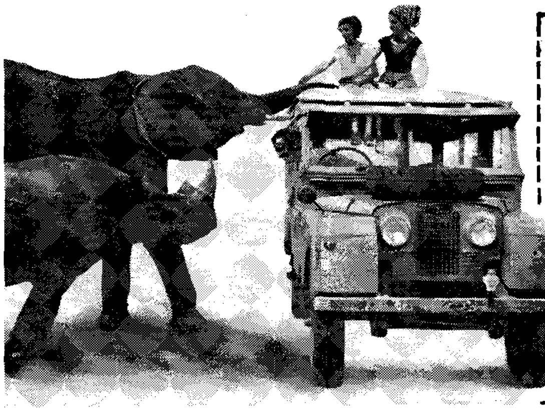
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U.S. JOURNAL: KANAWHA COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

SOME ELEMENTS IN A DISPUTE THAT RESULTED IN THE CLOSING OF SCHOOLS, THE SHUTTING DOWN OF INDUSTRY, THE WOUNDING OF MEN, AND THE CANCELLATION OF FOOTBALL GAMES

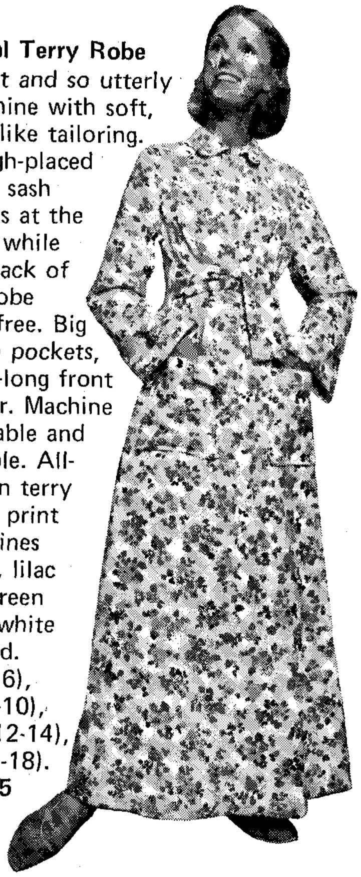
A STRANGER trying to guess the identity of people walking into a public meeting in Charleston might mistake Alice Moore for the research director of the local League of Women Voters. When Mrs. Moore ran in 1970 for a position on the Kanawha County Board of Education, which presides over a unified system of city and suburban and rural schools, the League of Women Voters might have felt comfortable with her diction but not her program; she said the schools were being taken over by a "humanistic, atheistic attack on God." Mrs. Moore won the election by focussing her opposition on a pilot program of sex education then being tried out in a few Charleston schools—a program that was eventually abandoned under pressure. During the campaign, L. T. Anderson, a Charleston *Gazette* columnist who does as much as one man can do to keep the spirit of Mencken alive in West Virginia, wrote, "Here was a pretty and womanly woman, poised and articulate, spouting the ideas usually associated with the John Birch Society, pool rooms, and gospel tabernacles."

This spring, when the Board of Education was asked to approve the new English and literature textbooks that a teachers' committee had recommended for adoption, Mrs. Moore asked that a final vote be delayed. Her initial concern, she said later, was that the new books might follow a recent trend in treating certain slang and dialect as acceptable usage—one of a number of types of relativism to which she is opposed. Then, having found passages she considered offensive on moral or religious or patriotic grounds, Mrs. Moore began making the books available to people around the county who might be expected to share her views. In June, at a noisy school-board meeting attended by a thousand protesters, the board voted, three to two, to give final approval to the new textbooks—after eliminating eight books that contained most of the passages parents had found offensive. That concession seemed to quiet some critics of the new books—including the executive board of the Parent-Teacher Association, which had officially stated its opposition to some of them—but among fundamentalist Christians opposition grew over the summer as the books were displayed in church halls and roadside parks around the county. By August, a loose movement seemed to be taking shape. "Bawl-and-stomp preachers, who must feel something like nymphomaniacs at the Legion convention, cannot conceal their pleasure at being sought out and questioned for television audiences by men wearing neckties," L. T. Anderson wrote toward the end of summer vacation. "A Great Day of Retribution is at hand."

THE settlements along Cabin Creek are only a dozen miles from Charleston, but they don't look like anyone's idea of suburbs or urban sprawl. Strings of bungalows and shacks and general stores and evangelical churches, all wedged into a narrow strip of land between two mountains, they seem as remote as mountain coal-camp towns that are hours from the nearest city. When a school boycott against the new textbooks began on the first day of school this fall, virtually all the missing students were from places like Cabin Creek—places that people in Appalachia refer to as "the creeks and hollers." In most of the schools within the Charleston city limits, attendance was normal. Some of the absenteeism obviously had to do with such factors as the disruption of school-bus service, but a lot of parents in rural Kanawha County believed that their children had to be kept from school in order to fight books that would corrupt them.

In rural Kanawha County, even a coal miner who might regularly succumb to a variety of the Devil's temptations—an "ole sinner boy"—is likely to sympathize with the fundamentalist view of how much respect his children should have for the gospel and what

"Let's face it, Tom. A society that's paying its Frank Sinatras and Johnny Carsons more than its yous and mes is out of whack."



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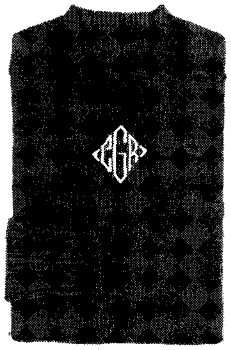

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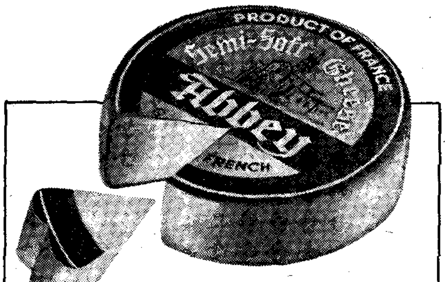
kind of language his wife should hear in mixed company. Rallies of school boycotters had the flavor of Christian revival meetings—a preacher insisting that the Lord would bring victory over corruption and evil, the audience responding with shouts of "Amen, Brother!" and "Praise the Lord!" The new books—which reflected a state mandate favoring "inter-ethnic and inter-cultural" texts and a textbook-publishing trend to adjust to the times with touches like a skirt on one of the three little pigs—did not read or even look like the books any parent had studied in school, and the protesters brought up the objections about foul language and anti-Americanism and Eldridge Cleaver usually heard in such controversies. But they also objected to implications and nuances that would have escaped parents not brought up to believe in the Bible as the Holy Word of a God who gives everlasting life to the saved and deals harshly with sinners. They objected to a third-grade text containing a story in which a little boy who cheats a storekeeper out of a penny is afflicted with a bad conscience—the affliction that fits such a crime in Cabin Creek being swift retribution. They objected to a teachers' manual suggesting that students be asked to compare the myth of Androcles and the Lion and the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den—an implication that the tale of Daniel might be a myth as well. School officials said that the passages reprinted in handbills distributed by the protesters were taken out of context, which, although it was true, didn't sound like much of an argument to fundamentalists. Evil is evil, they said, in whatever context.

A MOVEMENT dominated by right-wing ideologues—one of the usual movements against sex education, for instance—ordinarily has some intellectual pretensions. At public meetings, someone who is introduced as "a real student of this whole thing" drones on about which sex-education expert contributed to which Socialist periodical and what Lenin said about capturing young minds and where interested citizens can find several thousand footnotes on the subject. The movement formed by the Kanawha County boycotters had none of that. Its leaders claimed not that they were more expert than the teachers who chose the books but that experts were not to be trusted. (When Arnold Miller, the national president of the United Mine Workers, went on television to argue for accept-



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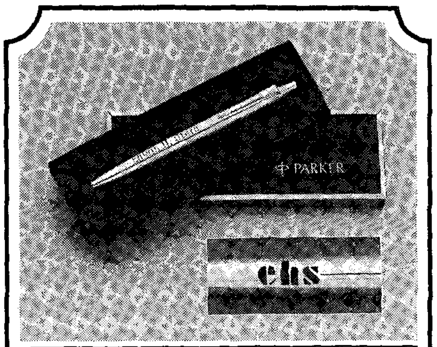

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ance of a proposal made by the school board to the boycotters, he emphasized the point that a textbook-review committee called for in the proposal would include no teachers.) Mentioning his own background in one meeting with the school superintendent, the Reverend Marvin Horan, who emerged as the movement's best-known leader for a while, did not say that he was a longtime student of the humanistic conspiracy; he said, "I drive a truck for a living, and I preach the gospel because the Lord called me." The people who found themselves negotiating with the school board on behalf of the protesters were poorly educated working people and made no pretense of being anything else. What the boycotters were trying to do, one speaker said to the crowd that gathered outside the school-administration offices during the negotiations, was to "get this government down to where they'll listen to us little old hillbillies."

One reason the textbook controversy became so bitter was that it was class warfare. The protesters implied in speeches and signs ("Even Hillbillies Have Constitutional Rights") that they had been ignored by the school board because it had contempt for them. There was never any doubt about where the opposing class stood. The proposal the school board finally made to the boycotters was that almost all the textbooks in dispute be removed from the schools while they were being reviewed by a citizens' committee, but students at the high school in Charleston's wealthiest neighborhood refused to hand their books over. On the day the school board agreed to remove the texts, the local paper printed a statement by a group of Episcopal clergymen saying that the books in question were "creative and timely." The protesters often said that they and their religious beliefs were being mocked by those who were educated or rich or powerful. They were right, of course. Their opponents called them "borned-again Christians" and "the Armies of Ignorance." Office workers at the Board of Education talked about people who phoned in to object to the way the books were "wrote up." The protesters were not good at ridicule themselves, but they did have at their disposal the one weapon they have always used in class warfare; their use of it transformed the school boycott into an industrial strike. "The common man don't know what to do except what he's done, and that's to go home and sit down," Marvin Horan told the school superintendent. "It's his strong

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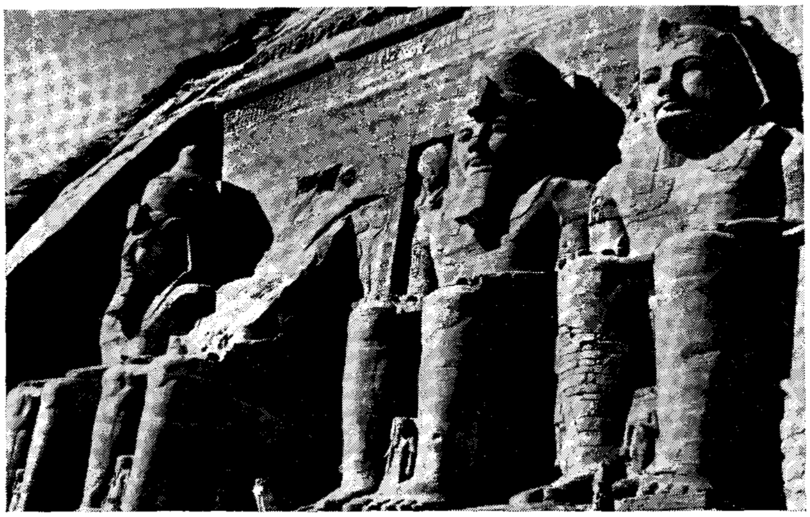

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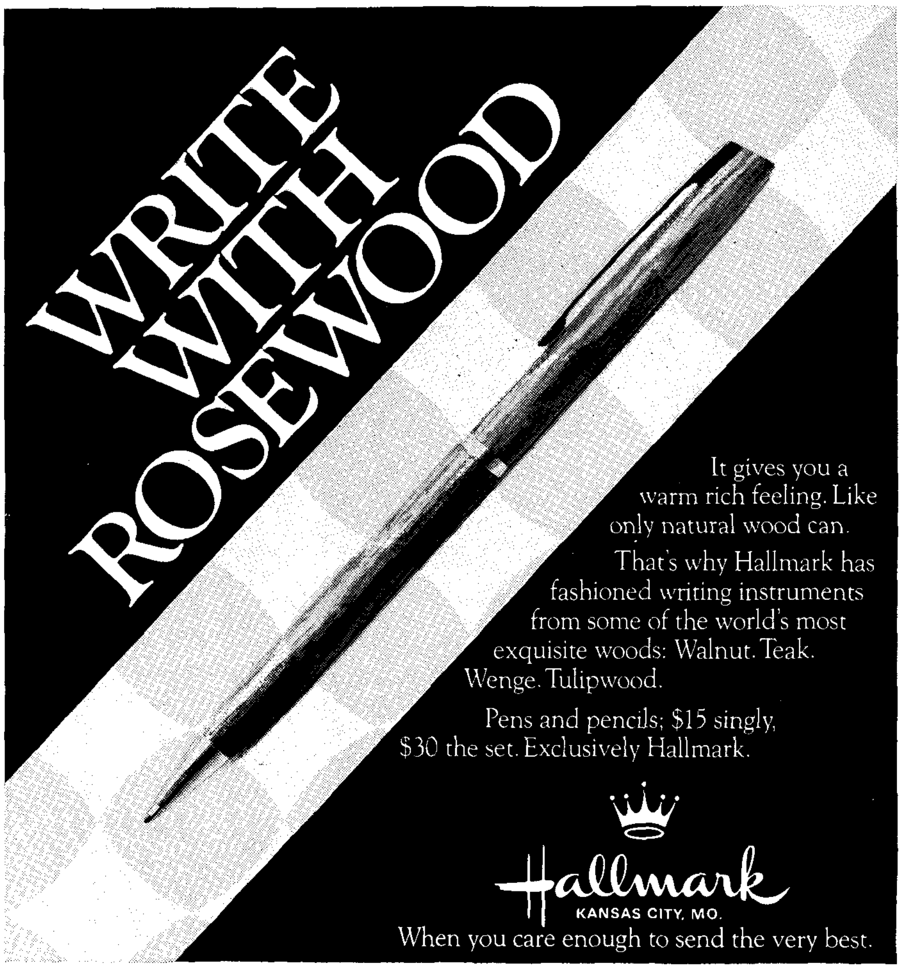

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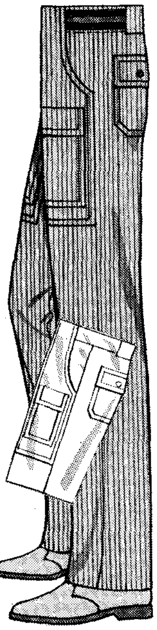

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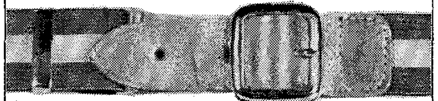

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CRAFTER

back that keeps the system going, and when he don't like something he just goes on home and sits down."

SCHOOL boycotts are not easy to hold together. Some boycotting parents begin to worry about breaking the mandatory-attendance laws, and some begin to worry about their children falling behind, and some begin to worry about how they're going to manage without what amounts to free child-care services. The Kanawha County boycott—which, according to school-board figures, involved less than twenty per cent of the school population—might have sputtered out in a week or two except that a few women with placards stationed themselves in front of some coal mines. The next day, thirty-five hundred coal miners in Kanawha County were off the job, and the strike was spreading to adjoining counties.

Coal miners are traditionally strong believers in the weapon of going on home and sitting down—a weapon that is effective, of course, only if no one else works as long as anyone feels he must stay home. It is often said in West Virginia that coal miners will never cross a picket line—any picket line. ("A stranger holding up an eye chart could probably keep them out for at least one shift.") In Kanawha County, of course, some of the pickets were miners' wives or friends, and the children involved included miners' children. Given sympathy for the cause among some miners, and their tradition of solidarity, it could have been predicted that their reaction to the pickets would be to go out on strike. Why they stayed out—even after the boycott leaders seemed to accept the school board's proposal, even after they were urged by their district president and their national president to go back—has more to do with coal miners than with textbooks.

In the view of a lot of people in Charleston, the miners stayed out of the mines simply because the union, which would be fined if it violated its contract by officially supporting a strike over a non-labor issue, really wanted them out—there being an advantage to the union in depleting coal stockpiles before a three-year contract expires this November. "If they hadn't gone out over the textbooks, they would have gone out over the changing of the leaves," a businessman in Charleston said. There are many observers of the industry, though, who argue that the U.M.W. would be working against its own interests by secretly encouraging the strike—because the miners will lose wages that could theoretically provide some cushion if there is a strike in November (the U.M.W. has no strike fund), because wildcat strikes support the contention that coal miners cannot really be controlled by their union, because going out over textbooks is an invitation for anyone with a cause to further it by keeping miners from work and wages. Those who believe that the strike is neither a U.M.W. conspiracy nor a miners' uprising against naughty language can offer any number of reasons miners might stay out of the mines. Maybe the miners feel like flexing their muscles after the union's triumph in organizing the Brookside mine in eastern Kentucky and the wildcat triumph at the height of the "energy crisis" in making the governor of West Virginia back down on his order limiting the sale of gasoline. (Miners are already talking about refusing to go along with a state ban on studded tires.) Maybe there are young militants in the field who are taking it on themselves to reduce the stockpiles, or anti-Miller people who want to undercut the authority of the president. Maybe miners feel the tension of working under an old contract they consider unfair and anticipating negotiations for a new one at a time when the energy shortage may give them the best chance they have had to win the wages and benefits they believe they deserve. Maybe the textbook issue just provided an outlet for unfocussed rage. Maybe the mass actions of men as resentful as West Virginia coal miners are not susceptible to analysis.

Whatever kept the miners out of the mines provided the anti-textbook movement with enough power to force concessions. Factory workers on the way into their plants found miners suggesting strongly that they go on home and sit down. Construction projects stopped. On the day the city buses were halted, the president of the Charleston *Daily Mail*, who is also president of the city's industrial-development drive, sent someone over to talk to the school superintendent. Although the *Daily Mail*, the kind of business-oriented pa-

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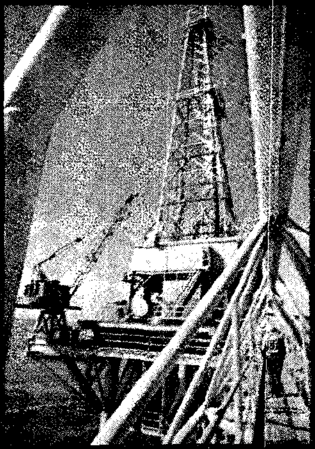

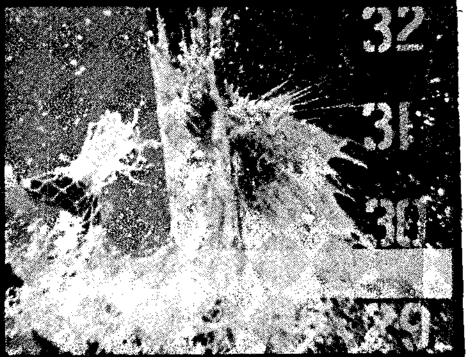

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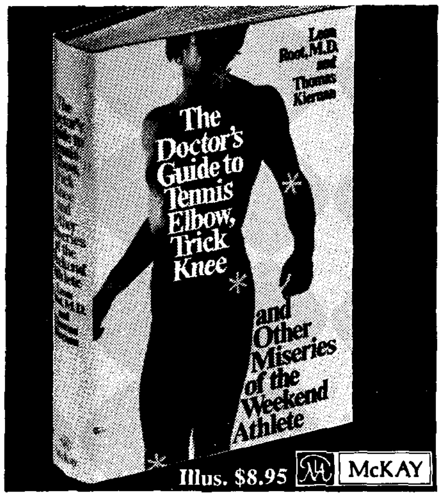
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per that could headline most of its editorials "On the Other Hand," had not been as outspoken on the textbook issue as the much more liberal *Gazette*, which had written that the proper place for people leading an illegal boycott is jail, it had until then given mild support to the school board and the new books. The day after the buses quit running, it ran a front-page editorial called "Make Texts Concession," which said, "The ordinary trade and commerce upon which all of us depend must not be impeded." The textbooks, the *Daily Mail* had decided, were "not worth the fight that is being made over them." On that day, the school board agreed to have the books removed from the schools while a citizens' committee reviewed them.

THE need for solidarity means that an unauthorized strike in a place like West Virginia almost has to lead to violence. There is bound to be someone who, having decided that neither he nor his union is involved in the matter, insists on going to work despite the presence of pickets—pickets who may react by breaking his headlights or his head. Within a week or so of the mine shutdown, a few people had been shot and a few people had been badly beaten. Even without the confrontation of unofficial picket lines, there is an assumption that any dispute involving mountain people—particularly mountain people who are miners—will end in violence. When schools were finally closed in Kanawha County—and in a couple of nearby counties that were not even using the controversial texts—the reason given was that the safety of the children could not be guaranteed. While a protesters' committee was waiting at school headquarters for the school board's proposal, there was constant talk of how long the miners in the crowd outside could be controlled and when miners would start coming in from out of state and what was being said over citizen-band radios around the county and whether someone was about to be hit on the head with a No. 4 coal shovel or a ball-peen hammer. The talk went beyond its use as a negotiating pressure; the ordinary way of talking about disputes in Kanawha County is to talk about violence. One morning during the negotiations, a man on the protesters' committee mentioned to an acquaintance that he had finally had a good night's slee because his house had been watche over by two friendlies, each carrying " thirty-ought-six with a scope." Th person from whom the man might logically have expected vengeance wa some enraged high-school Englis teacher.

WHEN the school board finall expressed willingness to remov the books from the schools at least temporarily, a lot of teachers and schoo officials considered the offer a capitulation—a disgraceful surrender to know-nothing mob. The offer wa taken by Mrs. Moore to the committe of protesters, who met in a boardroom of the school-board building whil their supporters sang country-gospe outside, and she described it as a victory for the anti-textbook forces. Mrs Moore had kept her distance from th protest movement—partly because o strategic considerations (she said that school-board member could not be i the position of advocating a school boycott) and partly, it could be inferred because of having tastes in leadershi that favored the grammatical over th grass-roots. (Her emphasis to an out-of-town reporter was that, contrary t what one might gather from attending Marvin Horan's rallies, opponents o the books included a lawyer, an established businessman, and someone who once taught at a college.) Mrs. Moore seemed puzzled when committee members—particularly Horan—warned that the crowd outside might find the proposal unacceptable. A young miner who had said he was unofficially acting for the union argued strongly for accepting the proposal, and a school-board member-elect who was to head the review committee as much as said that he would stall until January, when his ascension to the board would give textbook opponents a three-to-two majority. But when Mrs. Moore announced the agreement to the crowd she was booed. Horan finally made a speech of qualified support, but by that evening he and the others on the committee said that the proposal was not satisfactory after all. They mentioned a lot of reasons for their reversal, but what all the reasons amounted to was that they found the proposal unacceptable because the people they were supposedly leading found it unacceptable.

After a couple of days, Horan said

e was satisfied with the agreement, ut the miners remained out and the oycott remained on. By that time, Ioran no longer seemed to be the novement's leader, and people were eing urged to continue the boycott by nother preacher—a member of a gosel quartet, whose previous role in the novement seemed to have been as a ong leader. "Why should we settle or one thing less than we've been holerin' for?" he said at a rally. "It's the lifference between Heaven and Hell or our children." No two members of he crowd had precisely the same reaon for finding the agreement with the chool board unacceptable; basically, hey didn't like the idea of an agreenent. It took a couple of days—and he enforcement of some court injuncions—before the school population reurned to normal and some miners tarted back to work. Compromise is rdinarily not acceptable in matters of Heaven and Hell, and not easy in class wars.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

ANIMAL

I live beneath a house,
a large animal
no one can name.

I know the owl wakes in the sunset
and his lenses do not change.

I have heard the cat
that steps with itself
from room to room.

The bear in his own den
protects what he has claimed.

All animals are domestic.
Even the snake
bakes on his own rock.

Nothing is out of place.
Nothing inappropriate.
Nothing is too thin
to endure the danger.

I am a cousin
of the crow's collection.

I am keeping
for the girl her tea
for the dragon his silver
for the mouse his grain
grass for the herds that graze.

I am that other animal,
comfort. All things,
even the winds that threaten,
come to me.

—LAURA JENSEN

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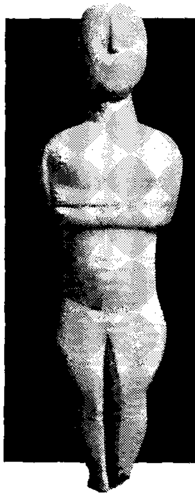

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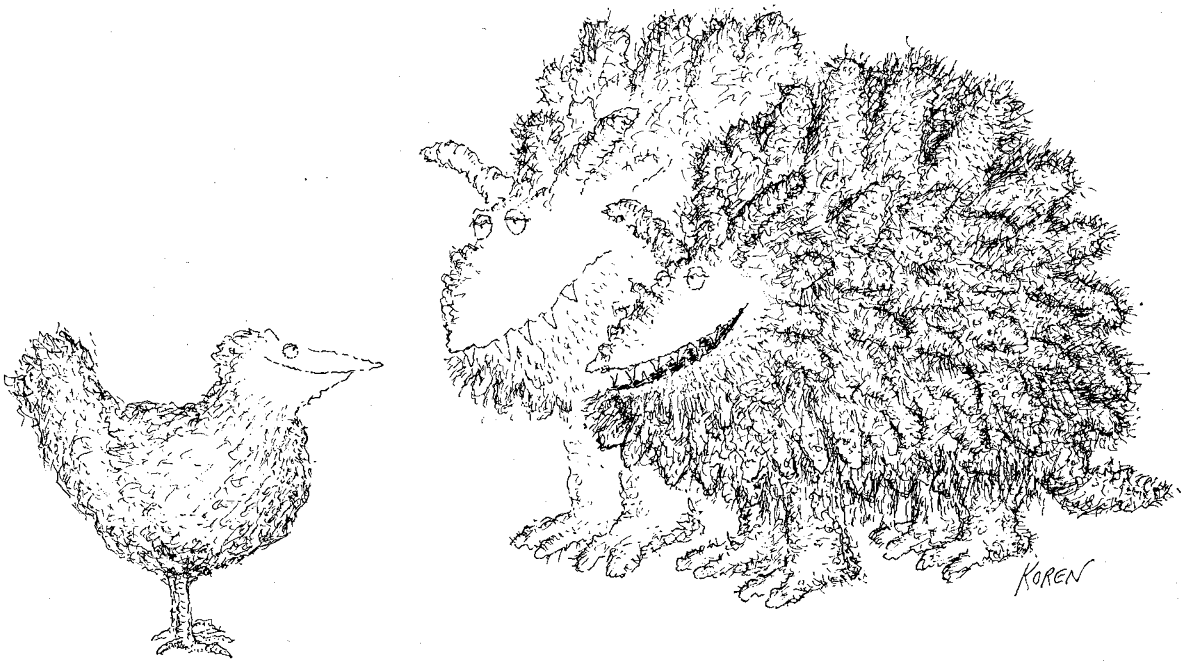
BOOKS

Ethics and Economics

At least some of the arguments aroused by "Time on the Cross: The Economics of American Negro Slavery," a study by Robert William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman (Little, Brown), may be reactions to manner as much as to matter. The authors, who are practicing what they call cliometrics—the application to the past of the techniques of modern economic analysis, measurement, and what economists call model-building—have separated their text from their sources. These—the authors' documentary, literary, and mathematical evidence—along with their explanation of their methods, appear in a second, separate volume. Unmitigated by footnotes, then, the prose of the first volume marches in declarative sentences, attacking earlier historical theorists—sentences that recall the steady tread of Roman legions on their way to finish off the Senones (Hinton Rowan Helper, maybe), the Arverni (Ulrich B. Phillips), the Treviri (Kenneth Stampp), or the Nervii (Stanley Elkins). Yet were Caesar himself writing today, his opening statement about the tripartite division of Gaul would immediately be noted "Personal observation of the author," and his ensuing estimates of the fighting capabilities of the Belgae and Helvetii would quickly refer the reader to monographs by Crassus and Labienus, available at the (Roman) Senate library. Our authors, Fogel and Engerman, are not really as dictatorial as they appear; they admit that the information about the racial status of prostitutes comes from only one city, Nashville, and that their source on slave beatings is only one plantation. A paragraph that begins, confidently, "A study of slave trading in Maryland . . . revealed" rapidly shifts to the wary proviso "if that ratio is projected . . ." Their supporting material, in the second volume, is still more courteous and cautious. When Fogel and Engerman present their documentation, they frequently admit its limitations, which on some subjects are considerable, and they explain the procedures they have used to calculate, say, slaves' food consumption, or to judge the efficiency of a business enterprise. Many of the procedures were invented or perfected rather recently—at the time of the Second World War and after. The authors assume that such modern statistical techniques can be usefully applied to the past, and to a society quite different from our own. I do not know whether this is so; it is an issue American historians and economists are currently debating. In the second volume, too, Fogel and Engerman pay their respects to some of the historians whose theories they have demolished in the first.

Fogel and Engerman believe they are proving that Southern plantation slavery was an economically rational enterprise (they do not claim that it was moral), that slavery did not retard the economic growth of the South, that the slave system would not have died of its own weight, and that, as in any sensible business venture, the slaves were pulled by inducements as well pushed by force. Some of these contei tions are corroborated by the works (other men which are not always stati tically oriented: specialists agree th conditions on typical Caribbean sug plantations were far harsher than th were on typical American plantation today's agricultural experts find t plantation a particularly efficient for of agriculture; students of econom development are more and more i clined to consider efficient agricultu the basis of a sound economy. A natio needs heavy industry for war (a fa that our two authors' rational plan ers overlooked in 1861), but an agr cultural-products-exporting region country is not necessarily a backwa one—e.g., the United States toda Nonetheless, when a reader adds wh he has learned from other sources what Fogel and Engerman offer, t Southern planter appears a cross b tween Milton Friedman and Bonn Prince Charlie. This may suggest drawback that is inherent not only i cliometrics but in econometrics: yo look at the models and read the stati tics, and then you remember that pe ple are not really like that. Economi may be, as the authors maintain, "hard" science, but it may also be tha its "hardness," its ability to formulat exact outlines and diagrams, removes i from life: a skeleton is not a man.

I do not mean to condemn "Tim on the Cross." Despite its argumen tative style, it is continually interesting even absorbing. And, still more important for any contribu tion to historical under standing, it is productive of reflection. History is concerned witl what people were doing, what they though they were doing, and when what they did dc turned out badly, what alibis they gave. Ou authors want to stem one strong current in American historical theory—one that has been a sort of a Confederate alibi, akin to the German stab-in-the-back theory. This notion—that slavery was unprofitable—was used to "prove" the Civil War unnecessary; an ancillary prop-



"We've decided not to have children."

sition held that it was caused by intol- rant abolitionists, not by Southern hot- eads. Lincoln's Cooper Institute ad- lress ought to be—but apparently is ot—sufficient refutation. And our au- hors' primary purpose is not to reha- ilitate slavery or slaveholding; rather, hey mean to raise the low assessment f the slaves (one that is common to oth friends and enemies of the Amer- can black population) which calls American blacks lazy, incompetent, servile, dishonest, sly, and promiscuous—in all, inferior to white workers both as workers and as human beings. Fogel and Engerman want to destroy the odd unanimity about the deficiencies of slaves which has existed among white historians who thought blacks were inferior and among white historians who thought slavery was wrong. "Time on the Cross" says that, though deprived of liberty, blacks under slavery were not totally deprived of opportunity; that many blacks acquired a variety of skills, such as agricultural techniques and artisanship; that many attained managerial posts on plantations; and that, especially in cities, others were hired as skilled workers. The authors insist, too, that Southern plantations were not hotbeds of anything except seedlings; that tales of promiscuity and concubinage are exaggerated, and that most planters encouraged, and got, stability in their slave families. "Masters," Fogel and Engerman say, "apparently used their control over slaves not primarily for sexual objectives but for economic objectives." They point out that the boom years of slavery in this country coincided with the heyday of Victorian prudery, which, they assume, influenced planters' behavior. I myself imagine that widespread sexual repression may have evoked widespread gossip, anxiety, and fantasy about sex; sex has caused at least as much confusion in the Western world as race.

At all events, the authors' aim—to replace "the myth of black incompetence" with "the record of black achievement under adversity"—is creditable. It seems to me that one difficulty about the approach of historians to slavery has been the speed—in terms of history, "suddenness" is not too strong a word—with which moral attitudes toward slavery changed. In less than a century, slavery became unimaginable. That leads to a question everybody, including these authors, finds it necessary to discuss—slave rebellions. Slavery was ubiquitous for millennia, as the authors say, and yet in those thousands of years only one slave rebellion achieved enough success to echo down history—the one led by Spartacus, who

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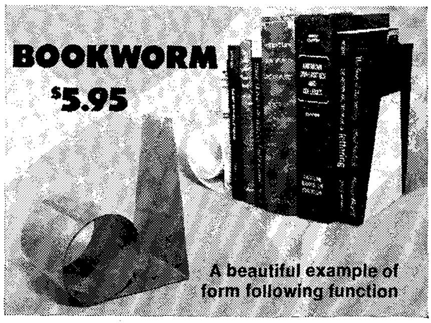

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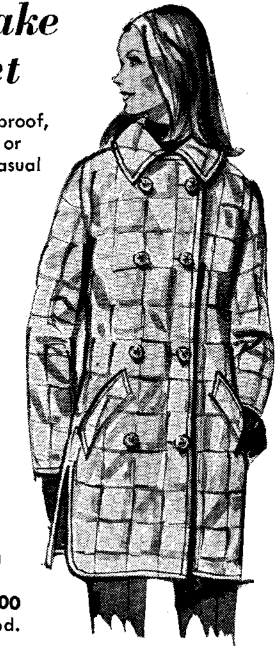

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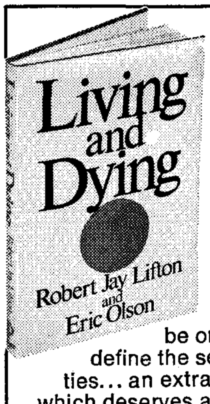

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fled from a gladiatorial school, where he had been trained in the use of arms, *and who was not at first attached to a* number of noncombatants (parents, children, siblings, a wife) whose lives would be imperilled by martial action. Later, as his army acquired the usual number of camp followers, he lost what had become a war. The famous and successful, though small-scale, mutiny of the slaves on the ship Amistad bears out what I think is a self-evident point: the mutineers were young men unencumbered by the need to protect their grandmothers.

In most societies—most societies at least until lately—in which slavery existed, to be a slave was considered a misfortune, but that did not mean there *was something the matter with you.* Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon speak of victors' selling the vanquished; they do not suggest that the captives were inferior. The work of Fogel and Engerman reminds us that "unlucky" is not the same as "defective" or "deficient." That service is a great step toward common sense and common humanity, all the more welcome because advanced social thought in this country, across this century, has tended to move from questioning the morality of getting rich to doubting the normality of staying poor. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE VOICE OF THE CRAB, by Charlotte Jay (Harper & Row). This strange, brooding anthropological entertainment is charged with suspense, but it is not in the ordinary sense a thriller. It is set on a small New Guinea island and seems to be a dramatized projection of the Cargo Cult—the millennial faith of many South Pacific primitives that the arrival of a treasure trove of the white man's manufactured goods (bluejeans, cameras, watches, candy bars) is imminent and must be prepared for by the destruction of every reminder of the native culture. Cargo speaks here through the voice of a crab, and its manifestations are seen but misunderstood by a small group of whites. These people are the principals, but they share the scene with a shadowy multitude of blacks and a horror of bejewelled insects, thrusting creepers, and dripping heat.

A CRY OF ANGELS, by Jeff Fields (Atheneum). Throughout this fat, exuberant first novel about racial strife in the South in the fifties and early sixties you will shake your head at the corny situations the author is forever concocting; at his larger-than-life moody Indian, Em Jojohn; and at Earl Whitaker, his relentlessly plucky fourteen-year-old orphan narrator, who lives with Em but has grown up with a covey of equally relentlessly intrepid geezers in the boarding house of his great-aunt. You will swallow with reluctance the eccentricities of Jayell Crooms, an idealistic young architect "absorbed in one of his all-consuming fevers of creation," and you will thump your foot with impatience whenever Doc Bobo, the evil black undertaker of the small Georgia town where the book is set, slinks into view; Melville's demonic Babo, upon whom he is obviously based, is a ewe lamb compared to him. However, thump and cluck though you may, you will read the book straight through. Mr. Fields is a truly superb storyteller, he has a fine ear for dialogue (when he isn't preachy), and his fresh and funny easygoing narrative style keeps you eager to know what happens next.

NOTE: "Long Distance," a novel by Penelope Mortimer, which first appeared in somewhat different form in this magazine, has been published by Doubleday. . . . "The Camberwell Beauty and Other Stories," by V. S. Pritchett, has been published by Random House; "A Scandalous Woman and Other Stories," by Edna O'Brien, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; "The Slightest Distance," by Henry Bromell, has been published by Houghton Mifflin. Many of the stories in these collections originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

INNOCENTS AT HOME: AMERICA IN THE 1970'S, by Tad Szulc (Viking). The author, who has served the *Times* as foreign correspondent, decided to report the United States as a foreign correspondent might—to look over this country, its people, and its problems with a cool, inquiring eye. He wastes little space on scenery; amber waves of grain merely demonstrate to him increasing agricultural mechanization, which has created rural poverty and depopulation. He finds our society out of whack: poverty engulfs many, while the inhabitants of the dressier suburbs seem trapped in a nouveau-riche, spend-and-be-bored existence. Class as well as racial and ethnic antagonisms have become keen, and, in Szulc's opinion, with good reason. Yet he is not at all without hope. He keeps meeting men and women of all ages, shapes, colors, and backgrounds who are trying to make the country work better and who appeal to what he believes is the strong vein of decency in their fellow-Americans.

RESS AND SOCIETY, 1560-1970, by Geoffrey Squire (Viking). This attractive and intelligent work ignores the theories that dress displays social rank or status, preferably high (for those who can afford it), and that it is a means of sexual beguilement. (Some specialists think men dress for dominance, women for seduction.) Mr. Squire believes that the dress of both sexes during the period of European history he examines expresses the artistic spirit of an age, and is all of a piece with the painting, architecture, furniture, and craft styles of an era. Though the clothing of the two sexes at whatever time has usually been identifiable as masculine or feminine, Squire holds that men and women wear clothes that are shaped by, and reflect, identical stylistic currents. The only period in which he finds clothes expressing sex more than art is the Victorian. The book is full of pithy, shrewd observations; both the prose and the ideas sparkle. And whether or not Squire has said the last word, there is no doubt that a study of clothes is essential to an understanding of the only animal that wears them. The illustrations are handsome and apposite.

A BRIDGE TOO FAR, by Cornelius Ryan (Simon & Schuster). An exhaustive account of Market-Garden, an Allied defeat in the Netherlands in September of 1944. An ambitious airborne attack on two Dutch towns, Arnhem and Nijmegen, to secure bridges across the Rhine and the Waal failed for a number of reasons, among them the wishful disregard of accurate intelligence reports about a strong German force right in the drop zone. The Allied ground troops arrived in time to rescue the surviving parachutists. Mr. Ryan relates the sanguinary mess with his familiar prodigality of details, collected from German soldiers and Dutch civilians as well as from Allied participants. The work is undeniably vivid, but its plethora of minutiae obscures its purpose. Why is Ryan telling us all this? As a tactical lesson? To demonstrate the limits of airborne operations, few of

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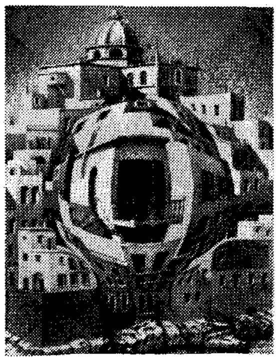

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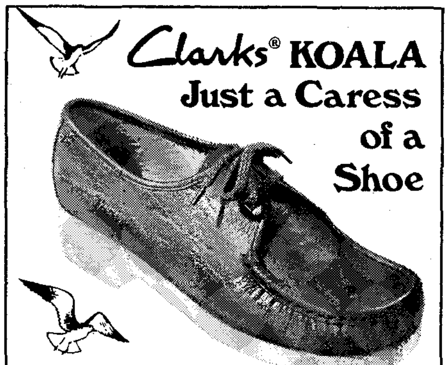

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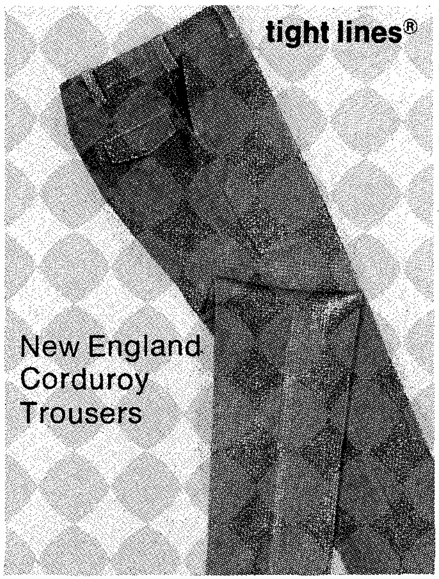

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which have accomplished all that was expected of them? Or to prove what most of us know: that when generals goof soldiers die? A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

FROM COLONY TO COUNTRY: THE REVOLUTION IN AMERICAN THOUGHT, 1750-1820, by Ralph Ketcham (Macmillan). A pithy, readable, entertaining, and original study of the transmutation of Englishmen into Americans. Professor Ketcham (history, Syracuse) believes Americans did not know when they had ceased to be Englishmen, or that American institutions were not duplicates of English ones, or that a host of circumstances had created two divergent societies. They learned these things in the process of rebelling. After independence, the more thoughtful Americans, at least, asked themselves who they were and what the new country should be: what should "American" mean. Ketcham thinks our perennial American divergences stem from the earliest responses (Jefferson versus Hamilton, of course, for one), and he offers other illuminating contrasts, among them Gallatin with Marshall. Professor Ketcham finds that the difficulties of defining Americanness were particularly acute in the arts: the father of the painter John Trumbull warned his son that "Connecticut is not Athens." Yet by the eighteen-twenties there was (and the book tells how it came) something new here, all right, and the word the author uses to describe it is "self-confidence."

NOTE: "The Power Broker," Robert A. Caro's study of Robert Moses and his works, has been published by Knopf. Part of the material originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "William Hamilton's Anti-Social Register," a collection of William Hamilton's cartoons, has been published by Chronicle Books. Many of these cartoons first appeared here.

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[*Loren McIntyre in National Geographic*]

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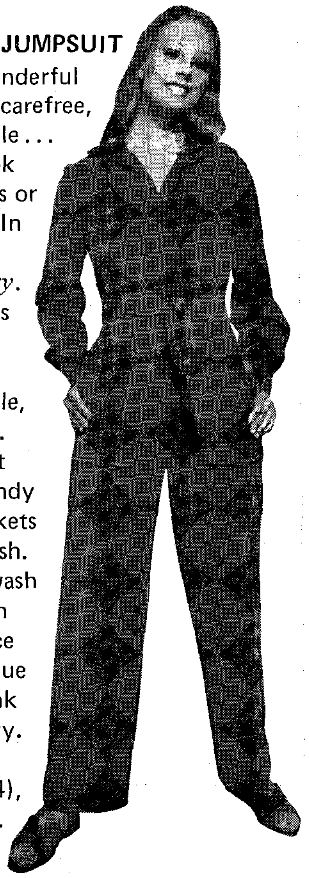

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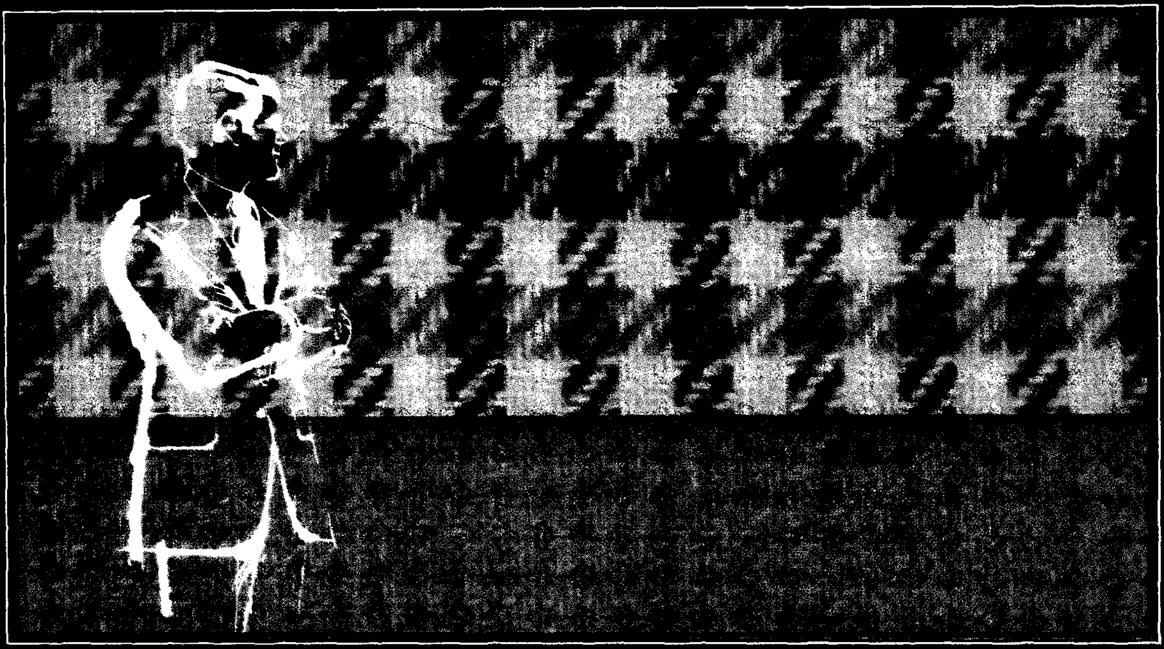

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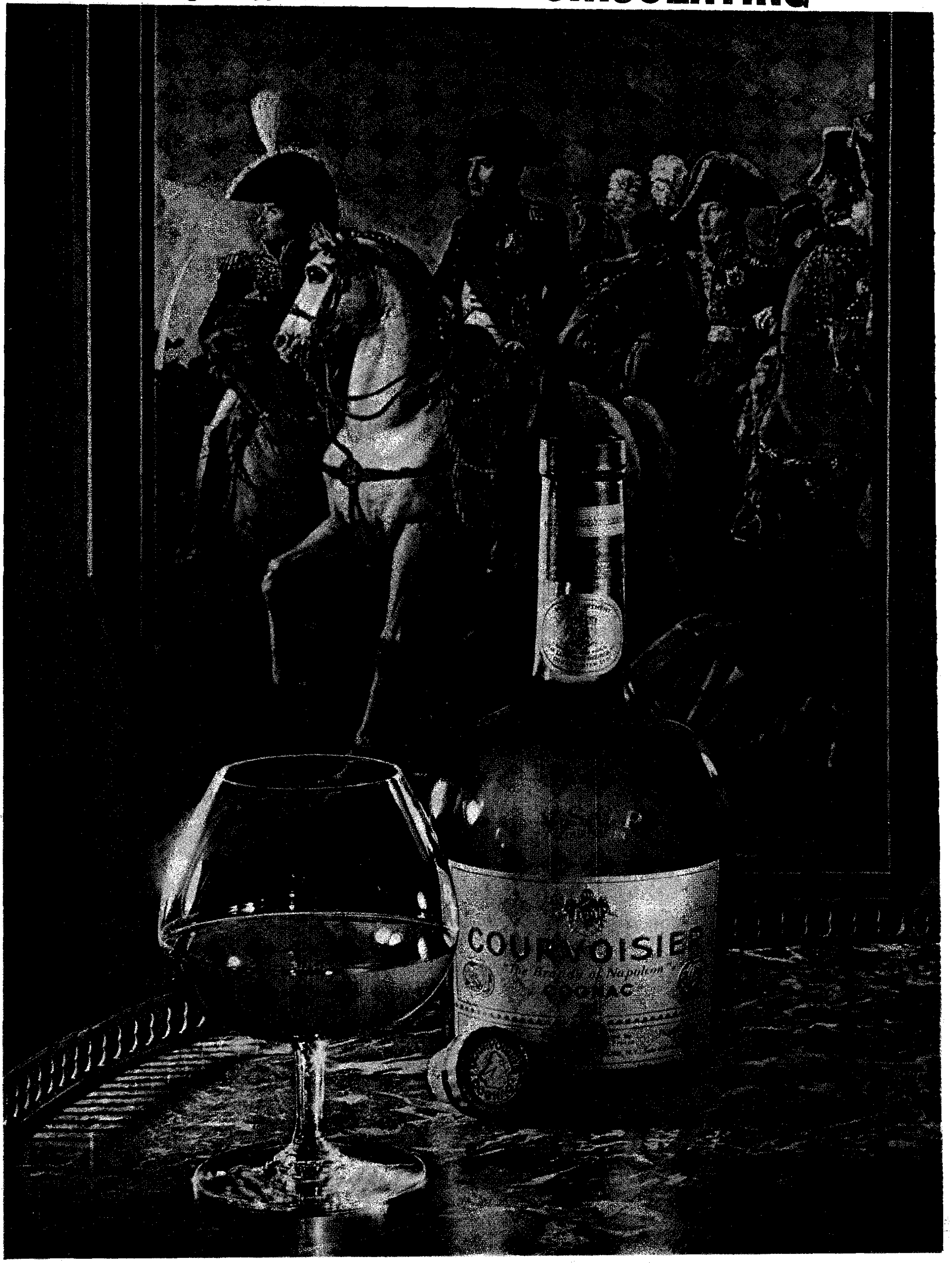
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